3 1761 04659765 9

E BOOK STORE

2/6

Francis Edward Hoen
Nov. 6th 1897

NINETY-EIGHT.

"You shall hang for this!"

Frontispiece.

Ninety-Eight:

Being the Recollections of Cormac Cahir O'Connor Faly

(late Colonel in the French Service) of that awful period. Collected and Edited by his Grandson, Patrick C. Faly, Attorney-at-Law, Buffalo, N.Y. and Illustrated by A. D. McCormick.

London: Downey & Co. Limd., 12 York Street, Covent Garden: 1897.

LIBRARY
AUG 17 1977
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

DA
949
F3

LONDON:

PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,

ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, CLERKENWELL ROAD.

J. P. Haskell.
Monmouth.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION. PAGE

THE PIKE-HEAD 1

CHAPTER I.

WHO I WAS 11

CHAPTER II.

I SET EYES ON THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD 21

CHAPTER III.

MOSTLY ABOUT MISS DOYLE 35

CHAPTER IV.

EFFECTS OF THE CONNAUGHT AIR 44

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER, AND STRIKING, EFFECTS OF THE CONNAUGHT AIR 58

CHAPTER VI.

I FIND MYSELF IN A HOLE 65

CHAPTER VII.

A NEST OF STORM-PETRELS 77

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW CAPTAIN FALY STRUCK BACK 88

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE

FOREWARNED 100

CHAPTER X.

AN ANXIOUS NIGHT 111

CHAPTER XI.

BITS OF OLD DUBLIN 123

CHAPTER XII.

I AM PUZZLED 136

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ERRAND OF FATHER O'COIGLY 148

CHAPTER XIV.

A DANGER AND A DELIVERANCE 157

CHAPTER XV.

THE LION ROARS, BUT IS DISSUADED FROM BITING THE SNAKE 171

CHAPTER XVI.

YET A LITTLE WHILE 180

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HIDDEN HAND 189

CHAPTER XVIII.

DUBLIN GETS A LITTLE TOO WARM FOR US 200

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RISING MOON 206

CHAPTER XX.

PAGE

THE SLEEPY HOUSE AWAKES 220

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN FALY HOLDS A COURT OF JUSTICE 229

CHAPTER XXII.

WHILE SOFT WINDS SHOOK THE BARLEY 237

CHAPTER XXIII.

OCH! DAR-A-CHRIST! 'TIS SHE THAT STILL COULD STRIKE THE DEADLY BLOW 245

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUSPENSE 256

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TIDE RISES 267

CHAPTER XXVI.

THREE ROCK HILL 274

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TIDE IS WITH US STILL 287

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEW ROSS 293

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RACES OF CASTLEBAR . . . 305

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

"You shall hang for this" . . . . . *Frontispiece*

"Here stand I for Ireland" . . . . . *to face page* 9

"I had on a bonnet when I came out" . . . „ 37

"There came down the mountain to us a strange and terrible old man" . . . . . „ 53

"He stood before us with his head bent" . . . „ 91

"A miserable and anxious night" . . . . . „ 109

Corrigan overheard by Lord Edward . . . „ 171

Captain Faly holds a Court of Justice . . „ 229

On the march to the Three Trees . . . . „ 237

"I looked, and beheld in a common peasant's dress but carrying her musket—Mary Doyle" . . „ 273

New Ross . . . . . „ 297

"Seating herself on the gun" . . . . . „ 301

"NINETY-EIGHT"

INTRODUCTION.

THE PIKE-HEAD.

I FIRST saw my grandfather in the early part of the year 1868, and thought him a dreadful old man. He has since then become an angel—at least we hope so—and left me the task of deciphering and copying out his memoir of what was to him the most important and eventful part of his long and, for the most part, violently diversified career. There was little else that he did leave me, except one object which was more dear and sacred to him than the wealth of the world.

At the date above mentioned, we—that is, my mother, my sister, my young brother and myself—had just come over from America to join my father in partaking of the hospitality of my grandfather's roof for a while until better times should come, and we were living in restricted comfort, and what some people might call excessive numbers, in his small apartment in the Rue Médicis, in Paris, which is conveniently near to the pleasant gardens of the Luxembourg, where the old man would take his bit of an airing on fine days.

At this time I was a mere lad, having been born in Ireland in the troublous year of 1848, while my father, Denis Cahir O'Connor Faly, was on the *seàchran*—that is, wandering and hiding in the Tipperary mountains—after the unfortunate affair of Ballingary, and I was baptized Patrick Cahir O'Connor Faly. (We all keep the Cahir in our names in memory and in proof of our descent from Cathair Mor, King of Leinster and Ard-righ, or monarch, of all Ireland.)

My father found his way in due course, *viâ* Tasmania, to the United States, being provided with a passage for the first and colonial stage of his pilgrimage by the English Government, like Meagher of the Sword.

Now, at the ripe but vigorous prime of fifty-five, a Major in the army of the United States and Brigadier-General in the army of the Irish republic, who had been wounded at Fredericksburg while in Meagher's Brigade, and taken part in the first invasion of Canada (which only failed through the treachery of a salaried informer in shaking British rule in North America from the summit to the base), my father was once more a refugee from the English Government in consequence of the active movement in Ireland in the early part of '67, and the Chester Raid, in which he was one of the numerous leaders who had gained their experience in the great American Civil War. He had many friends in Paris of like sympathies to his own, who were at that period still indulging in hopes of another and more successful Fenian war in Ireland, though, as it turned out, Canada again became the actual scene of conflict a year or two later, and he was naturally very busy with organization, correspondence, and arrangements for the escape of suspects from Great Britain and Ireland.

I, naturally, was not taken into his confidence on all

these matters, though I had a fair general notion of what was going on, being considered at present too young to be admitted regularly and responsibly as a Fenian; and to tell the truth, I was more interested in the splendour and novelty and bewilderment of Paris, which was just then in all the glory of that Second Empire which people little thought was destined so soon to fall, than in politics. The great Exhibition had taken place, Madame Schneider was delighting the world with the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein, and the Jardin Mabille in the Avenue Montaigne was in full swing. Can you be surprised if a lad of twenty found Paris more attractive for awhile than the purchase and storing of revolvers and rifles, especially if that lad's life had been hitherto spent, since early childhood, at Buffalo, N.Y.?

It might be a very praiseworthy and desirable thing to go and get hung or be sent to penal servitude for Ireland, and it would probably happen to me in due course if all went well, but I did not want to begin yet, I thought, but to try, so far as my very modest and limited resources went, to enjoy myself and study this marvellous Paris now being revealed to my astonished gaze for the first time.

But my serious attention was brought again to bear on the affairs of my unhappy native land by the singular conduct of my grandfather, Colonel Cormac Cahir O'Connor Faly—Colonel Fally the French called him, in whose armies he had served, long years ago, when another Napoleon reigned. Until I came to Paris I knew little of my grandfather save that he existed, that he had been an officer in the French service, and that my father had been born in Paris in 1813, at which time my grandfather was taking part in the great and terrible Armageddon of

Leipzig, where the nations were gathered together for slaughter for three whole days. And of late years, during which I was turning from a boy into a man, my father was so taken up with war, and then with schemes for making war, that I had not much opportunity for asking questions about my ancestor, so that he came upon me rather as a surprise.

I can see him now in his big old chair by the fire, an originally gigantic and powerful man, now stiff and slow in his movements, thin, and bent with the weight of the years he bore, and remembering the remote much better than the recent past. His face was long and bony, his eyes dark brown, and still able to gleam with kindly mirth and flame with wild ferocity, his nose something of the aquiline, and his hair was white and rather long. He had a white moustache and a short pointed beard, something in the style of the Emperor of the French, only in no way dandified or waxed, as were those of that unfortunate monarch. A man used to come and trim his beard sometimes, a man who kept a little barber's shop in the Rue Vaugirard.

He wore usually a long large *redingote* of antique cut and doubtful colour, whereof some of the buttons were missing, their places being indicated by tufts of thread like brown grass springing out of an old wall, and a black silk handkerchief tied in a crooked bow round the stick-up collar of his shirt (which same collar was sorely frayed at the edges, though the beard hid some of that and the kerchief the rest), while his long bony legs were decked with black cloth pants of the same apparent age as his coat, terminating in large grey felt slippers with thick soles. Unless the weather was unusually warm, he habitually wore his hat indoors—a tall hat, which might have been

rather fashionable in the days of Charles X., and he always had a black clay pipe either in his mouth or in his gnarled old right hand, with the elbow resting on his knee, but he did not always seem to know whether it was alight or not. When the sun came in through the little window where the flowers tried to grow, in bits of boxes, and shone upon him, it made him look very old indeed.

He was a terrible person, this ancestor of mine, as I came to learn. A man of wrath and of war from his youth up, of a despotic sternness of temperament, a terror to his opponents in the days before age had rendered him helpless, the keynote of his character was a deep fierce sorrow for the sorrows of that native land he had not seen for so long; and the years that passed added to rather than decreased that sorrow, and stored up more and more the latent heat of his wrath against her secular enemy, as each successive effort for her liberation ended in the imprisonment, death or exile of the brave souls that loved her, and hoped to set her free. And as bodily decrepitude came upon him and prevented him from doing anything active, he brooded more and more over the past, and became less hopeful for the future.

Yet he had always a kind word for the children, and a kind look for those he loved, and a hearty welcome to any wandering exile driven by poverty or persecution or the fortune of war from the old land.

For he loved the Irish race all the world over, right and wrong, rich and poor; the poorer the better for him, as he looked on wealth only as a means of purchasing arms for the more effectual chastising of the Government of Great Britain.

The one unpardonable sin in his sight was for an Irishman to take service under that Government, unless of

course for the meritorious but risky purpose of plotting the more easily against it, *à la* John Boyle O'Reilly. Of course he was fond of the French as well from lifelong association as that traditional sympathy, which has existed since the first days of the "wild geese," between France and Ireland.

There was an old priest, Canon Tilly, who sometimes called and took a glass of whisky with my grandfather and played a game of cards—well I remember those old cards! you could not distinguish the spades and clubs from the rest of the surface—and the Canon one day, wishing to be polite, said as he drank,—

"Vive l'Irlande, Monsieur!"

My grandfather bowed, and added with indescribable bitterness,—

"Et périsse l'Angleterre!"

Of course the incursion of a whole family of (mostly) hitherto unknown kinsfolk from America into a small apartment high up in the Rue Médicis would have been regarded as an inconvenience at least, if not an intrusion, by most solitary old men, but old Colonel Faly was not like most men. He merely welcomed us heartily, and gave directions where we were to camp, so to speak, the girls and my mother in one room, the men and boys in the other: on the floor when there was not bedstead enough, with some blankets and a pillow—oh! we did very well, and mother cooked the dinner for us young ones, while my grandfather went, as he had been accustomed for years, to a little restaurant, *gargotte*, in fact, in the vicinity, where he took his modest breakfast and *petit vin*, while we boys and girls dined with mother in the kitchen. Father sometimes went out with grandfather, but more often preferred to foregather with friends who belonged to his

own generation, men from Ireland and America, as well as Continental conspirators who had been his allies, and these were to be met mostly in another part of Paris.

The girls soon picked up the language and were able to do the marketing for my mother, who never succeeded in acquiring the most elementary grasp of French, not having had the advantages of her smart Yankee-fied daughters who had been born and educated in America, and had the keenness of ear and elasticity of tongue which are the privilege of the young.

After a time I got into the habit of going out to breakfast at the *gargotte* with my grandfather, leaving my younger brother Ambrose to take the head of the kitchen table. It was much more according to my ideal of Parisian life (derived from story-books) to take meals at a restaurant, however humble and unpretending, as this certainly was; it improved my French, and it enabled me to become properly acquainted with my grandfather, who came in course of time to take rather a fancy to me.

I was trying to be literary at the time (and am still), and I need hardly say that I had the romance of the *quartier des écoles* on the brain pretty badly, and these meals in the Rue Vaugirard, where the *entrées* were made of lost dog and the wine of dilute lilac ink, were more sacred to me than all the luxuries one of your dazzling, plate-glass, gas-lit (there was no electric light in those days), gilt and plush establishments on the other side of the water could furnish to the ideal Brazilian millionaire. The Parisian type of rich stranger who is to be fleeced if possible is always Brazilian—I cannot tell why.

And so it came about one day, the 17th March it was, the first St. Patrick's Day I ever remembered spending in Europe, while the girls were mixing the punch in the

evening to drown the shamrock in which one of father's friends had got sent over from the Wicklow mountains, and mother was boiling a kettle in the kitchen, and father and a few friends were sitting around smoking (I do not know their names, he introduced them as "some of the boys"), that my grandfather said,—

"Patrick, my child, fetch me here that box you see on the shelf."

It was a kind of desk or workbox, and I handed it as requested. My grandfather held it on his knees, and said,—

"Are you all here, my children?"

"Mother's in the kitchen," said Rosalin, my eldest sister. "I'll tell her to come right now."

My mother shortly came in, carefully wiping the soot off her hands with her big apron before shaking hands with the stranger gentlemen.

"Children," now said my grandfather, "and you, good friends, who are heartily welcome, (and I wish there was more of you, and devil sweep the roof off the house you wouldn't be welcome in!) it's borne in on me that this is the last Patrick's Day I'll keep, the last time I'll drown the shamrock till I do it in the society of the blessed saint himself, and I think it an occasion to say one or two things for you to remember, while the speech is left in me, things for you to tell your children's children, things far back from the bottom of an old man's memory which he has seen himself. Now listen while I tell you. In this box here is my story, my true account, written from time to time, in fragments, by myself, of the things I saw and heard and did, which I here and now hand over to this clever lad Patrick to reduce to a connected form, and a clean appearance, for the good of the family, and of any

"Here stand I for Ireland!"

good Irishman who likes to read it. Get it printed some day, if you can, and circulate it, not for any literary merit that I am vain of, but because it deals with facts from the point of view of an eye-witness and participator. And with it I give you also this, Patrick." And here the old man stood up, with a long rusty kind of spike, or spear-head without a handle, in his hand. Including the socket and cheek-pieces intended for the handle's reception, it was perhaps eighteen inches long. With a strange wild look in his eyes as the wave of memory carried him back to days so far away, my grandfather said: "Here stand I for Ireland! A poor, broken-down, useless old man as you see, and for all that I am Cahir the King, King of Leinster and rightful Ard-righ of Ireland! And with this pike-head I fought more than one pitched battle for my country in the great and memorable Insurrection of 1798. I am one of the very few, perhaps the last left, of the men of '98. The papers I spoke of will tell you, and help you never to forget, never to tire of seeking, never to sell the hope of Ireland, and never to forgive her enemies—" and his eyes flashed darkly as he concluded—"bitter may their pillow be, the salt water their drink, bloody their end, and hell their everlasting portion!"

I have said that my grandfather struck me as a dreadful old man, but never so much so as when he stood there in decrepit grandeur and squalid majesty with the burden of ninety odd years upon him, and the pike-head of '98 in his hand, uttering the above Christian sentiments. He was the legend of a past age and a bygone century incarnate. "Good heavens!" I thought, "when he was my age the Directory was sitting in this very Paris where we live."

My grandfather sat down again, exhausted in body and mind by the temporary spurt as of flame and smoke from

a nearly extinct volcano, and stared at the fire, muttering and taking whiffs at his pipe, which Rosalin relit for him with a hot ember.

My father and the other men took their whisky and talked together. I put the papers and the pike-head back in their box. The pike-head now lies before me as I write, and the papers are, substantially, the narrative which begins in the next chapter.

My grandfather shall henceforward speak in his own person. It will be seen that his style is a trifle stiff, occasionally pedantic, and not altogether *balancé* in the best literary manner, but it must be remembered that he was essentially a man of action, and did not pretend to be a scholar or a stylist, beyond having the ordinary acquaintance with humane letters necessary to a gentleman. I have altered the original as little as possible, compatibly with its due comprehensibility by the educated public, in Great Britain as well as in America and Ireland.

THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF COLONEL FALY.

CHAPTER I.

WHO I WAS.

In case it should occur to any one who may do me the honour to read the ensuing pages to accuse me of having written my narrative under partisan influences, let me at once admit that I have, and to add that I have been strongly under partisan influences since I was born, and even before my birth, my premature birth and my mother's concomitant death having been brought about by the shock of an attack upon the house we dwelt in by the savage opponents of the Catholic Relief Act of 1778.

We were in Edinburgh at the time when I was about to be born, and the feelings of the local exponents of Protestant Christianity were relieving themselves mainly by wrecking houses and burning furniture, with the logical aim of thereby preventing the removal of the Catholic penal laws in Scotland as well as England.

My father, Miles Faly, was an only son, and under the laws of any humane government would have succeeded, in the course of nature, to a handsome estate in Ireland, had not his first cousin Augustine turned Protestant, and so obtained the property under the infamous Orange Act, which (after condemning Papists to perpetual imprisonment for educating their children, in order apparently to be able to taunt the next generation with their ignorance)

decrees that the next-of-kin who is Protestant shall inherit, howsoever remote his kinship, to the exclusion of the direct succession if Catholic.

Augustine not only obtained the property, but was rewarded by the Government with a magistracy for this loyal and conscientious act of apostasy which plunged his kinsman into poverty and greatly enhanced his own personal prosperity.

My father was therefore suddenly called upon to make a home and a living somewhere, and having fortunately studied surgery in France, went to America, where he was of great service, I believe, in the Continental army, under that memorable and excellent man, General George Washington, to whom, far more than to any feelings of compassion or remorse—far more even than to the splendid eloquence of our gifted countryman Burke, we Irish owe the grudgingly conceded instalments of such of our personal liberties as we obtained, such concessions as inflamed the mob of Edinburgh to kill my mother in February, 1779, and a year later provoked the still more formidable outbreak in London notorious as the Gordon riots, the most savage and brutal persecution, the most appalling orgie of wanton destruction and massacre that ever was called into being by an idiot and excused on the pretext of religion.

My father had been wounded in America, and disabled from further service, and accepted the offer of a friend and countryman domiciled in Edinburgh to receive him as an assistant and dispenser of medicines, and that is how I came to be born, with the crackle of flames, the yelling of a mob and the clash of weapons in my ears, and the blaze of our poor household goods in my eyes. And truly I think the clash of arms and the flash of fire have been in

my ears and eyes ever since that awful night in the grim old High Street of Edinburgh.

My mother had married my father in America, of which country she was a native, though of French descent, after nursing him with the tenderest assiduity when he was suffering from the gun-shot which crippled him for life, a shot fired at him by King George's Hessian Grenadiers while he was engaged in the inexcusably treasonable act of binding up the leg of a wounded man. It is a wonder that I ever lived at all; and yet I did live, and grew up strong and healthy, and have been through labours, dangers and sufferings which were enough to try the most robust, and here am I still, a wanderer on this earth, at an age when most have already said their *Nunc dimittis*.

The earliest public event of which I have any recollection was the Peace of Versailles. I did not, of course, at the time, understand the political and historical aspects of the thing, nor did I for some years afterwards grasp the importance of England having been made to bow a reluctant knee in tardy acknowledgment of that infant Republic across the Western sea, that young Hercules that had succeeded at last, after long suffering and gallant effort, in strangling the serpent of English ascendency. Much less, of course, did I foresee that that Republic would grow to be the mighty nation it is, and the home of millions of my countrymen, and their refuge from persecution and extortion, under a flag which meant freedom and a career open to their extraordinary and versatile talents.

All this was in the veiled bosom of destiny as yet. But I remember the public expressions, not of joy, but of relief, at the termination of a long and disastrous war, to be succeeded by a long and disastrous bill to pay for it. I remember being called in to see my father and his friendly

employer and a priest of our acquaintance drink a toast to the prosperity of something I did not understand, which they called the United States. That is, I remember the room, the table, and the chairs, and them sitting there, and the words "United States." That was near the time of my fourth birthday. I have noticed that I have a particularly keen recollection of things in my childhood, but they were mostly trivial things, and of no moment to the present narrative.

I was given some sort of education, as I grew older, by the good *soggarth* Father Lehane, who taught me as much French and Latin as I could be induced to absorb, which I fear was not much, and mathematics and geometry which I took to more kindly, and the history of my own land which I took to most kindly of all, that ancient and lovely history which has the romance of chivalry, the dignity of learning and piety, and the fragrance of a far-off fairy tale.

He also endeavoured to teach me the beautiful Irish tongue, which had a literature when England was a camping ground for pirate savages, for venturing to speak which little children were beaten at schools in Ireland even at a date far later than that of which I am speaking. *Mallachd ort an Sacsan!* As I grew up I longed more and more to set my foot on that ancient and sorrowful land my eyes had never seen, though I little dreamed under what strange and awful circumstances I was destined to do so.

When I was peacefully pursuing these studies, the world was suddenly awakened and Europe made to reel with amazement by the French Revolution, though we now recognize that it was but the logical outcome of the American Independence, and not wholly uninfluenced by the writings of certain English philosophers, who little knew for what they were paving the way. By the time the French king's

head had been cut off—poor, well-meaning head!—and His Royal Highness the Duke of York had led an expedition to the Low Countries, made a miserable mess of the same at considerable expense to the English and to his Hanoverian countrymen, and come back again, I was a lad of fourteen, tall for my age, and fairly strong, as some of the Edinburgh High School boys knew. I had a healthy complexion and plenty of black hair. The latter I have still, only it is white.

By this time I had learnt that it was not only fervour for the Protestant religion which so provoked the animosity of the English against such of the Irish nation as were not renegades, time-servers, soupers, or planters, but something that appeals more deeply to the sincerest feeling of the English public—the prospect of losing money.

It is well known to those who have studied history, though it may seem hardly credible to such as have not, that the principal industrial products of Ireland, such as cattle, woollen stuffs, linen, cotton yarns, glass and other commodities, were for a long period absolutely forbidden to be exported, for the purpose of maintaining the profits derived from such things exclusively in English hands, and of preventing any reduction of price which might ensue if Irish goods came into the market. The result in Ireland was naturally prolonged misery and starvation. The woollen manufacture had indeed been entirely suppressed in 1692, and in the 19th year of George II., in view of the fact that marked progress in the manufacture of glass had taken place in Ireland, an Act was passed prohibiting not only the sale of Irish glass, or even the placing of it on a carriage, but also the importation to Ireland of glass, other than that manufactured in Great Britain.

In 1778, under pressure of the American difficulty, it

was proposed to remove some, but by no means all, of these restrictions. Against these moderate indulgences the English trading and manufacturing towns lost no time in protesting, by numerous petitions, as well as by the assault and battery of any Irish who happened to dwell in them, and the measure was lost. It was revived in the winter of '79, and permission was actually given to export woollens and to trade with the so-called British colonies in America. The reasons for this were as follows, and were stated with cynical and convincing candour by the politicians who supported the measure :—

The English Government wanted money badly, and if the Irish were not allowed to earn any, they could hardly pay taxes to carry on the expensive and unsuccessful English wars.

The "British Colonies" of America had constituted themselves some years before as the United States, consequently there was considerable fear that the Irish might either follow the colonists' example, or emigrate and join them, and their earnings and services be thus entirely lost to England.

The Irish "military associations" were strong and well-organized, and England had no troops to spare. So much indeed was this the case, that when the Mayor of Belfast one day applied to the Lord Lieutenant for troops for the defence of the completely unprotected coast in the neighbourhood, the latter replied that he could spare half a troop of horse (without their horses) and half a company of invalids. In the meantime the Irish voluntary military associations are computed to have reached the formidable total of 30,000 armed and drilled men by the end of 1778. By 1781 they had arrived at a still higher and consequently more formidable state of efficiency. At Belfast alone a

review was held of 5000 men whose imposing aspect was emphasized by the presence of thirteen pieces of cannon.

Be it remembered that these volunteers did not exist for the purpose of insurrection against the English Government, but for the protection of the country which the English Government could not afford men or money to defend from aggression, and for the enforcement of the liberties of the Irish people by the moral effect of their presence as an armed and disciplined body beyond the power of a crippled and defeated England to overcome or even encounter. It would be only unwillingly and in the last extremity that they, many of them highly respectable and law-abiding persons, would follow the example of the Americans, and declare the independence of Ireland. Would that they had done so! They could have done it then, and much subsequent sorrow and bloodshed would have been spared. The meagre concessions tardily and unwillingly offered by the English Government under pressure might have convinced them how much faith was to be put in English justice when England should no longer be in the straits to which it was at that time reduced.

However benevolently and discreetly a conqueror may behave to a conquered race, it is a matter of historic experience that he is seldom popular with that race, though he may be respected. The Britons may have respected the Romans, but it will not be pretended that they liked them, in all the four hundred years of their sojourn. And the English are not the Romans. What then must the feelings of the Irish people have been, when, after six centuries of persecution, harassed by relentless greed and egoism, their industry forbidden, their language proscribed, their religion made a crime, their land plundered, there

broke upon their astounded eyes a free America across that sea that beat their rocky Western isles and promontories, and immediately afterwards the lurid dawn much nearer home, the upheaval in flame and blood of the old order of things, known to history as the French Revolution?

The Americans had sent their king adrift; the French had sent their luckless king to join his ancestors. What could the Irish do? It was the supreme moment, in which agony and hope strove together, to produce—what?

Ireland was writhing under what an English nobleman and Cabinet Minister has since called "one of the hardest tyrannies which our times have witnessed," the tyranny of the hateful Ascendency party, carried on by a system of public persecution and private intrigue and corruption which has never been paralleled in history, by a number of men among whom the most pre-eminently wicked found the readiest way to the highest and most lucrative positions.

I trust the reader will bear with me in these perhaps dry old historic details, for they are needful to make my narrative clear at the outset, and are neither dry nor very old to me.

I was destined for the medical profession, and more or less apprenticed in an informal manner (without either indenture or premium) to Dr. Armstrong, and was just then wrestling with the (to my mind) unnecessarily numerous bones in the human frame, for which purpose I had the run of a fine skeleton the doctor kept on the premises, which was lodged for the present in my small bedroom. Nanny Macan crossed herself whenever she saw it, and muttered prayers for the wretched thing's soul. I think she imagined him (or it) to have been guilty of atrocious

crimes when those glistening bones were clothed with muscles and connective tissue and skin, and that he was paying for it now by the double penalty of earthly indignity and purgatorial discomfort. Nanny Macan, I should mention, was an old woman who had been tenant to my grandfather and nurse to my father, and when Augustine the Turncoat evicted her in favour of a Cromwellian settler's descendant who bid a higher rent, she came over and joined us in the good (or bad, according to my opinion) town of Edinburgh, where she cooked our food, kept our dwelling what she called clean, took no wages to speak of, and spent the considerable leisure which the above occupations permitted her in a seated position at the entrance of our close, which led into the South Back of the Canongate, smoking her pipe, with an old hooded cloak on. She was of vast age, and had been credited by the neighbours for some time past with being in league with the Deil. However that may be, she was a faithful friend and servant, and told me endless stories of the old land, both natural and supernatural, which, with the vernacular in which she told them, formed an interesting and illustrative *scholia* or commentary to Father Lehane's lessons. She vividly recollected Thurot's expedition in 1760, which seemed an immense while ago to my boyish mind, though now I can look back much further myself, even to those same days when Nanny Macan used to talk to me. I remember her saying that the real name of the hero of Carrickfergus was O'Farrell.

I can see them all now, in the shabby old room with the two worn leather arm-chairs and the round-backed wooden one between with the weak near foreleg: the doctor a stout, burly man of sixty or so, rosy as to the face, blue-eyed, round-headed, thick-necked, with the

underlip of a ready speaker, and a white wig; my father, tall, thin, lame, aged beyond his years by sorrow and misfortune, having the big, sad, brown eyes and strained, wrinkled skin peculiar to some apes (which have at times more pathos in their faces than all animals), and wearing his own grizzled hair tied behind like Mr. Franklin; and Father Lehane, of moderate height, fairly plump, with keen eyes that could be stern and merry under black brows. His hair was long and nearly white. He dressed in black, like a lawyer or a physician, but of course in no distinctly clerical manner. That would never have done in those good old times. Three quite commonplace types of humanity to look at, it will be thought, no doubt. But those three ordinary-looking men had kind hearts, strong brains up to their lights (which are, no doubt, as darkness to the luminaries of these latter days), and were the best people I had ever known in those days—and I have not altered my opinion of them since. Brave, true old men, God rest their souls in glory!

CHAPTER II.

I SET EYES ON THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD.

As the next few years crept on, slow as they seemed to me, pursuing my quiet studies and indulging in such limited recreation as our modest means and restricted opportunities allowed, the events of history were rapidly shaping themselves in sinister and startling directions.

It was a period of sudden change and wild, strange rumour. There was a foreboding superstition prevalent among many that the dying century would not expire without dragging down the old order of things with it in some awful apocalypse, a kind of judgment which would reap a vengeance of all the iniquity which the old order represented and would die hard in defending, before a regenerated society could dawn phœnix-like from its smouldering and blood-stained remains.

But the more hopeful among us trusted that that sunburst would ultimately come, dark as the night now was, and full of premonitory storm-flashes and lowering stillness.

Of course, a century is born every second, and it is mere fantasy to attach importance to dates, and yet the ends of so many centuries of our era have been marked by great struggles preceding great social changes, that it is impossible for the imagination not to be somewhat impressed by the fact.

The end of the fifteenth century saw the discovery of the New World by the adventurous sailors of the great maritime Catholic powers, Spain, Portugal and Genoa, the invention of printing, the revival of learning, and the Protestant schism—and what all those things meant to European society is patent to all.

The end of the sixteenth century witnessed the uprisal of Puritanism, which plunged England, Scotland and Ireland in revolution and bloodshed, and, in a way unforeseen by any then living, laid the foundation stone of the sturdy Republic across the Western ocean.

The end of the seventeenth century was marked by the last English revolution and the consequent introduction of the Orange Ascendency.

The eighteenth century, which was not yet ended, had already given us the Independence of the United States, the French Revolution, and a promising but somewhat wayward and mysterious young man of the name of Buonaparte. Work upon that! as Shakespeare would say.

In the last decade, now approaching its climax, we have seen, in 1791, the development of the Society of United Irishmen, originally formed for the purpose of promoting Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform on constitutional lines, standing on the ground of their undoubted rights, but since goaded by the Ascendency government yearly more and more into Jacobinism. In 1794 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, which means that the people at large were at the mercy of the private malice and public malignity of the infamous Irish Government and its gang of hangers-on, of informers, magistrates, and yeomanry.

Suddenly, with the fickleness of a perturbed mind, it

was decided to send over Lord Fitzwilliam, on what was generally accepted as an errand of peace, and liberty seemed really within reach of peaceable attainment. That, of course, was welcomed by the joyful acclamations of all reasonable people, who flattered themselves that everybody was to fall on everybody else's neck and sing pæans, while the Defendering lion was to repose alongside the Ascendency lamb with the Orange billy-goat to lead them.

Equally, of course, that would never suit the book of the Irish Government, who knew their own business quite well, and on which side of their dirty bread the butter was spread. They knew that parliamentary reform meant a clean sweep of their corrupt Augean stable, and that the way to retard such reform was to keep the Catholics and Orangemen in a cat and dog condition. That was what they called *Divide et impera.*

Consequently they sent over old Beresford, him of Riding House celebrity, the Right Honourable John, in a hurry, to explain to the King that Fitzwilliam and his message of peace would not do at all; and he is said to have convinced that luminous-minded monarch that concessions to Papists would mean breaking his Coronation oath, and King George would never touch Catholic Emancipation with a pair of tongs afterwards. Fitzwilliam was recalled, and, on the day of his departure, March 25th, the streets of Dublin were hung with black, and all the good was undone again.

On the 4th May, 1795, the bill for the relief of Catholics was rejected by the English Parliament by a majority of 71, and the maddening torture of the population went on more merrily than ever, the friends or relations of suspected United men being drafted into the fleet by force, their

dwellings burnt, sometimes thirty houses in a night, and their women insulted, while innocent persons were flogged and made to stand barefooted on pointed stakes to induce them to give incriminating information against others as innocent as themselves. The country, in short, was at the mercy of a perfectly ruthless horde of privileged ruffians, dignified by the title of ministers, magistrates and military, against whom there was no legal defence or remedy, to term whom savages would be a libel on the latter.

Every man, woman, and child was at the mercy of some bullying soldier's caprice, which could be indulged with perfect impunity under the ægis of the Commander-in-chief, Luttrell, Lord Carhampton, whose infamy made him conspicuous even in those days, when so many persons of note were outvying one another to attain the like distinction.

In the summer of 1796, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor (Lord Longueville's nephew) met the French General Hoche at Basle, in Switzerland, close to the French frontier, and arrangements appear to have been there entered into for an invasion, and in the following winter the celebrated but unsuccessful attempt of Theobald Wolfe Tone was made to effect a landing in Bantry Bay, with a French force. Contrary winds rendered this a failure.

In the summer of 1797, the mutiny of the English fleet was brought about, but another chance of invasion was lost, to the deep distress and indignation of Wolfe Tone, owing to the unprepared state of the French.

In the autumn of that year, our dear old friend, my father's kinsman, patron, and partner, my kind and patient instructor in the art of medicine, breathed his last, and, having no children or immediate relations alive, left his

modest fortune to my father, together with his personal effects, except his dissecting instruments and the silent, bony companion of my studies, which he left to me.

Nearly as I can remember, his last words were these :— "There's a bad time coming, Miles, and I shall not see it out, nor, perhaps, you either, but let this fine clever lad Cormac here remember when Ireland comes knocking at the doors soon, that she'll want all her sons. God bless her and you all. . . . Sure, it's getting mighty dark."

After his death, having taken counsel with Father Lehane, we decided, my father, myself, and Nanny Macan, to go and settle in a stone cottage in the west of Ireland, in the county of Sligo, in the part of the country where my grandfather's place had been (now in possession of Augustine the Tergiversator), where we hoped, being unobtrusive and peacefully disposed people, to live quietly on our small means, within sight and sound of the sea. We had had enough of Edinburgh, and my father's share in the American War was too obscure and far off to get him into trouble now ; the Irish Government had other and younger fish to fry. Besides, he was infirm, and past working alone at his profession, but could continue to supervise my studies, and all our hearts ached to see Ireland—his, because it was the country of his birth, and he knew every rock and wood and cabin of the place we were going to, and had played among them as a child, when he lived in the beautiful house of his fathers, the castle by the sea, upon which his eyes were fain to rest again before he died, though he could not enter it ; mine, because it was the mysterious, beloved unknown land I had never trodden, where I felt hearts were softer and eyes kinder than in this place of our exile, this Babylon where the harps hung silent ; and Nanny Macan, because, she said, "Miles, *alauna*,

let us die in the old land if we can't live in it, though ye can't have the grand castle which is yours be right, and I can't even welcome ye in me own old cabin where ye first smelt the turf-smoke when I nursed ye on my knee."

"Well, Nanny, we'll go, and God be good to us all. We mean no harm to anybody, and may be better times will come. I'm weary to smell the turf again."

So we went, having sold all the late doctor's effects except some books, his instruments, and the skeleton already alluded to. These we took with us.

After a favourable but rather chilly voyage from Glasgow, we arrived at Dublin, a city which I was strangely anxious to see, and had formed a preconception of as vastly different from the reality as such fancies usually are. What mostly struck me was the brownness of its general colouring after the greyness of that of Edinburgh, the lesser height of the houses (though the streets of Dublin are no mean height as towns go), and the greater flatness of the *terrain*. The great bay I could not fail to admire; the awful jail of a Castle, grim, dark, and lumpy, I could not fail to compare disadvantageously to the dignified pile which crowned the Rock of Edinburgh, though the Parliament House, Dame Street, and Sackville Street and Bridge were pleasant enough to look at, and the Phœnix Park admirable.

But what surprised and pleased me most was to hear all around me speaking in a manner which reminded me of my own father's tongue, of Mr. Lehane's, and may be of my own, and was in marked contrast to the grating gutturals of the men and the harsh squawk of the women of Auld Reekie. Though never there before in my life, that pleasant sound made me feel at home. Of course I learnt in time that people spoke in different ways in different parts of Ireland, but it was all one to me at first. I also

observed a difference in the complexion, bodily structure, features and expression of the men and women I saw in the streets, a difference which my anatomical studies enabled me often to particularize with the greater readiness. Not to weary the reader with details, I may mention that I thought the younger females of Dublin had much the advantage as compared to those of Edinburgh.

The beggars (who were numerous) were curiously talkative and familiar, sometimes even eloquent and witty, as were also their indistinctly separable congeners the vendors of newspapers, ballads, accounts of executions, and oranges. While more profusely polite (as well as more wildly abusive should occasion serve) than those of Edinburgh, the lower classes here did not seem to me to have that servile instinct towards rank and money which I had observed to prevail in Britain. If they got money out of you, they in the pleasantest way in the world left you under the impression that yours was the privilege to give, and theirs the right to accept. They had the airs of unfortunate gentlemen dispossessed of their estates, of wandering dethroned princes whose land had been taken from them, regal in squalor, dignified in dirt. I mentioned this to my father, who said, "And so they are! And what am I?"

The town seemed to be just crawling with soldiers. I saw some of the great people driving up to the Parliament House in College Green, ministers and such-like, protected by dragoons—and they needed it. The people would have had their blood else.

Besides the dragoons and the guards and sentries, there were a great many evident soldiers in citizens' clothes, who, I was informed, were employed under Major Sirr, the celebrated chief of the Dublin police system, to

surround the houses, and protect the approaches leading to them, in which his secret spies and hired informers had led him to suppose conspirators were to be found against whom sufficient evidence could be produced (one witness was enough in Ireland) to support a colourable charge of treason. This gave me cause for reflection. Life here was evidently not a bed of roses. Various casual allusions and incidents which my sharp young eyes and ears and eager curiosity revealed to me, convinced me that one had to be careful what one said and with whom one talked in this Irish metropolis, where a superficial life of social display, glittering military pageantry and apparent commercial prosperity was undermined by a formidable system of espionage backed by a ruthless and vindictive Executive and dominated by the dark shadow of that ominous Castle whence radiated the strings of that sanguinary web into which so many unfortunate flies (and sometimes wasps) were drawn, upon which so many bloated spiders fattened. There was likewise little doubt in my mind that some revolutionary underground movement was smouldering, for all the repressive precautions, destined some day to break out into volcanic flame and thunder. Nor was there less doubt that the great bulk of the population, except the actual Government and its parasites, would be in active sympathy with such a *dénouement*. The weeping sympathy of some, and the fierce wild imprecations of others, when some victim of the Sirr system passed by under escort to Newgate, Kilmainham, or the Tower, and probably to subsequent execution, all pointed in the same direction. There was a cloud of mystery and hidden danger hanging over Dublin, and I was not sorry to leave it, after our brief stay there, in the mail-coach to the west.

The country was pleasant enough to look at while the short autumn daylight lasted, under alternate pale sunshine and grey clouds chasing one another from the north-west, green and fertile-looking, with plenty of trees, and rather flat at first. I was much interested in looking for the first time at the peasants' cabins, like oblong, brown beehives, or in some cases more like heaps of dung, and in catching my first sniff of the peat-smoke of which Nanny Macan had so often told me.

We passed Lucan, near where is the picturesque estate of Luttrellstown, belonging to the inhuman tyrant "Satanides," as the Commander-in-chief was nicknamed by some who appreciated his talents and character. A dread reputation of a quasi-supernatural kind clung to this remarkable man, whose delight in wickedness and power to devise and execute it seemed characteristic of a spiteful fiend rather than a mere sinful human being, and strange and horrible tales of doings beyond the ordinary run of outrage and vice said to occur within the concealing shade of wooded Luttrellstown were murmured to us by the driver of the coach (between whom and my father I sat), as soon as his quick wits had gathered that we understood Irish and were sympathetic listeners. He also told us of the unholy glamour surrounding the person of Lieutenant Edward Hepenstall, of the Wicklow Militia, and of the evil spirit which attended him in the visible shape of a black cow, and how but a few weeks ago the said Hepenstall had earned the nickname of "Walking Gallows." We went on past Leixlip and Maynooth across the wide fertile county of North Kildare, the driver continuing to beguile the way with similar cheerful tales and reminiscences, and exchanging lively gossip and genial jokes with the postmasters, ostlers, and miscellaneous

loungers who attended the arrival of the mail at the different halting-places on the route. By the time we reached Mullingar, where a great many roads meet, it would seem, it was quite dark and getting rather cold. We got down and entered the modest grey stone inn at which the coach halted, for the purpose of having some supper, as did most of the passengers.

The public room in which we were served was particularly inviting after the dark and chilly night we had been driving through. A turf fire burned on the hearth with its curious and prettily-coloured little flames, overhung by a big, stone, projecting mantel on which stood a number of brass candlesticks and china drinking-tankards, with a large round punch-bowl as a centrepiece. The room was more or less square, with several doors, had a stone floor, not over clean to be sure (but what is that to cold and hungry travellers?), and very thick walls, as the embrasure-like window showed. There was a side-board, probably out of some gentleman's house originally, on which were plates and knives and such-like, in addition to several short, squat, square-shouldered decanters, of which it appeared that the large ones contained claret and the small ones the "wine of the country." There was an oblong table in the middle of the room, and a small square one near the window. Two barefooted, rough-haired girls were putting supper on the long table for all the passengers (except Nanny, who had disappeared into the kitchen), when one gentleman present asked to have his placed on the smaller table, apart. "Not," he said apologetically to the company, "that I consider myself above the society of anyone here present, but I am expecting to meet a friend on important business, which we have but little time to discuss." He then ordered some claret, and one

of the large decanters was placed before him, from which he filled, and emptied, a bumper, and chewed at some bread with avidity, pending the arrival of his supper.

I, in common with the rest, naturally turned to look at him when he addressed the above remark to us, and saw a rather tall man, of fairly powerful build, with a bony, aquiline face, swarthy complexion, dark eyes, black brows, and a thin-lipped, rather wide mouth with a long upper lip. He was dressed in an ordinary but gentlemanly suit of claret colour, with high riding-boots, and his hat and heavy greatcoat lay on the window-sill just above the table on his left. His age might have been anything from thirty to fifty, and his expression had that indefinable quality of self-reliant authority conferred by the constant habit of ordering one's fellow man which, taken with his sun-tanned complexion, proclaimed that he was in all probability an officer of some sort, or had been not very long ago. I liked the looks of him on the whole.

The effect of his appearance on my father surprised me. He approached the stranger, and said politely,—

"I think, sir, we have met before?"

The other replied with decision, but not rudely,—

"I think not, sir."

"Excuse me, but that left little finger of yours got rid of its two superior phalanges in the neighbourhood of—" Here my father lowered his voice and said something I was unable to hear.

The stranger rose and stared at him keenly for a few seconds, then suddenly clapped his right hand down on my father's shoulder and exclaimed, "You, by the holy! Well, you are changed, doctor, since—since you took off those d—d phalanxes or whatever they are—joints is a cheaper word, anyhow. Come and join me at

supper. That your son? Bring him too. Your hand, young gentleman. My friend? Oh, devil sweep him away! You're my friend. It was only a cantankerous beggar of a *shoneen* solicitor who'll be proud to put his feet under our table if he turns up. And where are you from now, doctor?"

"From Edinburgh, where we have lived, my boy and I, with a kind friend until he died, God rest him, and now we are looking homeward again."

"Welcome to old Ireland, then! Here's your health. Katey, dear, two glasses for the gentlemen my friends here." Then in a tone only audible to us, he continued: "What's your name now, doctor?"

"It's what it always was. Why wouldn't it be?"

"I didn't know. Mine is not. Count Denis D'Arcy in his most Christian and extinct Majesty's service has lately become plain Denis Maguire of Nowhere, Esquire, for the good of his health, *thigin thu?*"

My father nodded, and replied: "I think I'm forgotten enough and insignificant enough to wear my own name now. We are just going to live in a quiet cottage out in the west, and trouble nobody."

"Then I hope nobody'll be troublin' you. Troublin' rhymes to Dublin, does it not, Katey, *mo pasthin fionn?*" said Mr. Denis Maguire, as the attendant damsel placed glasses on the table, and a large dish of hot bacon and eggs which made my mouth water, for the long journey and the cold had made me uncommonly hungry.

After we had all satisfied the first keen cravings of appetite—during which process I thought simple fresh poached eggs and fried bacon with dry bread and claret the most delightful repast in the world—my father said, "And where are you living now, Mr. Maguire?"

The latter leaned forward and nodded significantly in my direction. "We are all friends here," said my father.

"Some of us are rather young friends."

"I'd answer for Cormac with my head!" retorted my father, a little nettled.

"Heads are d—d cheap just now," replied the other, with undisturbed good-humour, "and all I hope is they'll not be cheaper before long, especially the good ones, for we want them. I take your assurance of course, dear Mr. Faly, only it's evident you've not been in Ireland very lately. I don't know that I live anywhere in particular. I'm usually more or less on the *seàchran*. Is it Sligo you're going to, may I ask?"

"We are. We are going to settle somewhere near the coast. I knew that part of the country well once."

"Of course you did! I was forgetting our friend Augustine the Turncoat. Sure, you will have to appeal to him for a protection."

"What for?"

"Oh, it's a way they have now. They are harrying the people so much on suspicion of being—what we needn't name just now—that many quiet, easy-going men go and say they are so to the magistrate, and obtain a protection for peace's sake, and borrow or steal some arms to surrender."

"On what conditions?"

"Same conditions as were appended to the Penal Laws Relief of '78—take the oath of allegiance to his most sacred and *spirituel* Majesty. Naturally, they want a *quid pro quo*."

"Then they'll have to do without mine," replied my father, mildly. "Your friend seems late?"

"I can detain the coach a bit if required. Phil Whelan,

the driver, is one of the right sort, and knows me well. I believe he'd capsize his Majesty's mails (or his Majesty's sacred person, for the matter of that, if he had him convenient into a boghole or jam the old shandrydan into a *bohireen* if I gave him the wink, and let us rifle the bags. Ah, Master Cormac, you're coming to the country west of the law now!"

Here the door of the room was suddenly flung open, and there stood in it, panting and almost breathless, looking more angry than frightened, the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

CHAPTER III.

MOSTLY ABOUT MISS DOYLE.

SHE was a trifle above the medium height, with a figure and bearing robustly upright and yet graceful. Her hair, originally piled and plaited on her head, but now partly coming down, as if it had passed through a bramble-hedge, and hanging in a long, rippling strand on one side, was black and plenteous. Her eyes, with a light of wrath in them, were dark blue—the dark blue of the west—with black lashes, her complexion was that of one who lived out of doors a good deal, her nose was straight in outline but set at a slight angle from her forehead instead of being in a continuous line with it like Minerva's, and her mouth was perfect, though now drawn slightly at the exterior corners with passion and exhaustion. With the exception that she was without hat or bonnet, and that her outer skirt was torn to strips, displaying a white petticoat (and remarkably attractive feet and ankles), she was dressed in the style of the lower middle or commercial class, I should say, though I do not profess to be a judge—at any rate, at that period of my life—of feminine costume.

"Is Mr. Denis Maguire here?" she said, hurriedly. That gentleman rose at once.

"I am. Come here and explain," he replied, going to her and leading her to our table. So that's your legal friend Mr. Denis Maguire, thinks I.

A rapid outpouring of the Gaelic ensued, which I may translate as follows :—

"I am after spending a week with my uncle Lawrence, and he is clerk, as you may know, to Henry Reynolds, the lawyer you were expecting to see here. A good thing you did not, bitter be his bed in hell! Uncle Lawrence found out by accident that Reynolds is having letters from Cooke the Under Secretary and Higgins the Sham of the *Freeman's Journal*" (then the Government organ), "and that he was to have £100 to 'set' you, and liberty to keep the money he was to hand you here to-night." Maguire's face grew dark and stern. "Go on," he said; "there's no time to lose."

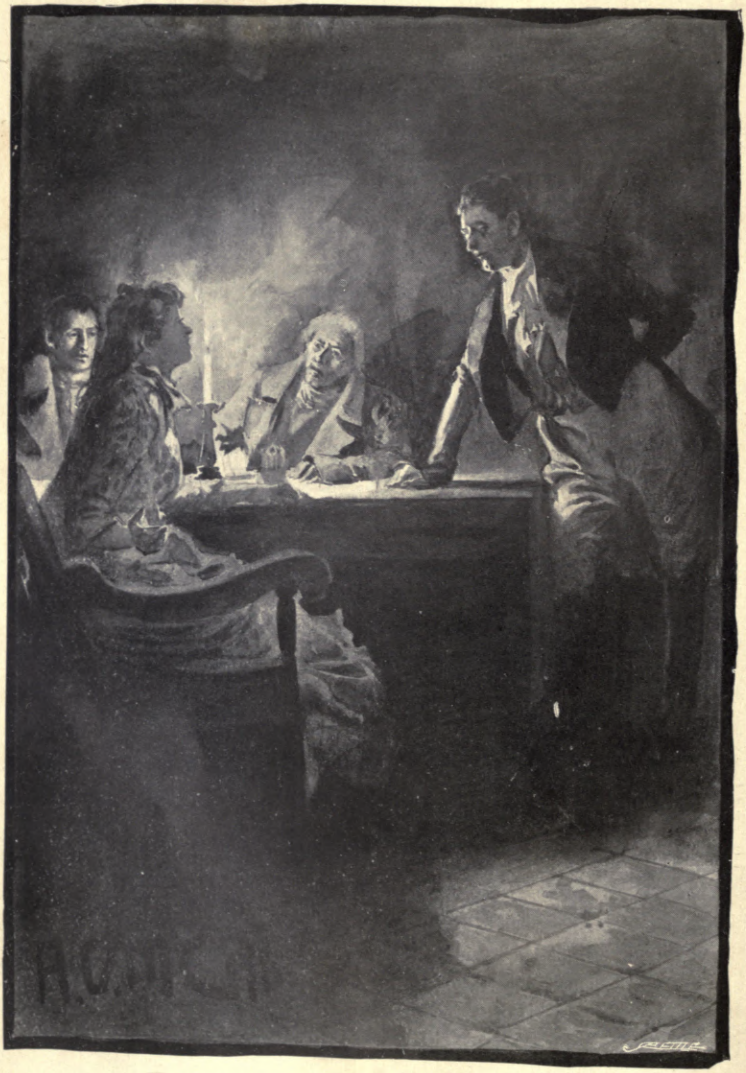
"And when Reynolds was taking his punch after dinner this evening, uncle came in to ask for some instructions, as it were, about somebody's lease, and Reynolds offered him a glass, and he took it, and, to cut it short, he drank Reynolds under the table, and then gave him a little *bosòg* on the head with the decanter to make sure—"

"Did he kill him?"

"No such luck; his head is too hard. It is the very hard head and heart he has. But he took his keys, and found all his letters from the Government, and the money for you from the good French gentleman, and I have got them. Uncle did not come himself because the place is full of yeomanry and he'd be stopped for certain, because Reynolds will have sold him already, and must have been only keeping him on to get information. But they don't know anything of me."

"And why are you in this state, my poor girl?"

"I had on a bonnet when I came out, which had a blue ribbon in it, and under the light of the lamps here and there it looked green, and a man said to me, 'God bless



"I had on a bonnet when I came out."

your colour, miss!' and some yeomanry overheard him, and swore I had a green ribbon on. I swore I had not, and explained. They said they'd teach me to wear a colour that could turn green at night, and then the dirty dogs tore my ribbon off—it was new, too—and threw it to some decent pigs that were walking along the street, but they respected it. And they ripped off my skirts with their swords, flames to their souls! By God's grace, they never found anything on me, though they did put their hands there, out of wantonness." And the girl drew a small parcel of papers from within the bosom of her dress.

"What do you think of the state of the country now, Dr. Faly?" said Mr. Maguire to my father, with great apparent composure. I replied for him, in a hot passion I never before knew I had the materials of in me,—

"Let's go out and kill the scoundrels!"

"Not yet, my gentle Cormac, not yet," replied Mr. Maguire, very blandly.

"Who are these?" said the girl, still in the Gaelic.

"These," replied Maguire, in English, "are Dr. Faly, an old friend of mine, and an honest man, and Mr. Cormac Faly, his son, and they are going to be neighbours of yours, I believe. This, gentlemen, is Miss Mary Doyle, of Kildrinan, and I think the very best thing she can do, under the present peculiar circumstances, will be to go on with us to Sligo and go home. There is room inside the coach, and I will see that Whelan gets under weigh at once. The sooner we're out of this the better."

"I have a female servant," said my father, "who is the only female passenger, who will be delighted to furnish Miss Doyle with a shawl, and attend to her comfort generally."

"Good. I will go and see her in the kitchen and explain, and get the horses to."

And this prompt and decided man put on his great-coat and hat and strode out of the room. I stole glances at Mary Doyle without speaking, but my father said,—

"Is it possible that you are related to one Philip Doyle, of Kildrinan?"

"Sure, I'm his daughter," she replied, with a pleasant smile, which showed her small and even milk-coloured teeth; "Phil the Faggot-cutter they call him."

"Strange! I played with him as a boy."

"Mother of Mercy! Is it the Mr. Faly you will be that should be in ould Augustine the Turncoat's place, and went to America to fight the Sassenach?"

"I am. Does your father remember me?"

"Indeed he does. The whole country-side knows the story."

"And you too, a harmless girl, suffering from the evils of these dread times! Well, well, I don't know what the end of it all will be."

"I do," said she, with a blaze in the blue eyes like lightning in a summer evening sky.

"And what is that, Miss Doyle?" said I.

"Maybe I'll tell you when I know you better, Mr. Cormac Faly. It's a public place to be talking politics in, is this."

This she said with a certain air of superiority which the girl of nineteen or so is apt to assume over the boy of the same age, and is usually galling to the latter.

At that moment Phil Whelan the driver came in, coated and shawled, and summoned us to instant departure. We found our reckonings had been already paid by Mr. Maguire. Nanny Macan was ready with a shawl obtained I don't know where from, which she wrapped round Miss Doyle with many expressions of pity,

wrath, and admiration. She also remembered Phil Doyle, and they were both chattering Gaelic at once nineteen to the dozen when we packed them inside the coach. We then mounted ourselves, the guard tooted his horn defiantly, and we drove off into the cold, dark night once more on our way to the west.

Where we went and what we passed in the course of that long dark night I have no idea. I only know that the road became more hilly, and that after a long time we halted again at a place called Carrick-on-Shannon, and everybody got down and had refreshments except Miss Doyle, and to her I had the honour of offering a glass of milk through the coach door. I was thinking of her the whole way until then, her wonderful beauty, and the still more wonderful courage displayed by her under the very trying circumstances which she had described to us, and my blood coursed hotly in spite of the cold when I thought of the horrible insults to which she had been subjected by the ruffianly forces of the dominant oligarchy.

We met with no more adventures unless this is to be counted as one. Just as we were about to leave Carrick-on-Shannon (where I was not able to see that famous river), a man came up to the coach with a lantern, and said to the driver,—

"Have you a man called D'Arcy, Count D'Arcy he maybe calls himself, with you here?"

"Divil a D'Arcy," replied Phil Whelan, with compact brevity.

"Maybe he'll be known then as Maguire."

"My name's Denis Maguire," said our new friend (who, like the rest of us, was sitting on the coach ready for the start). "What may you want from me?"

"I have a warrant to arrest you on the charge of high

treason, and I summon you to surrender or resist at your own proper peril!"

The other passengers, two apparent farmers and a priest, huddled more closely in their wraps and looked anxious to efface themselves as much as possible.

"Oh, get away out of this, Phil! I'm fit to be tied at this sort of game. Clear out, you spawn of the back-stairs Cabinet! *Fàg a bealach!*"

"I warn you, coachman, that if you drive away with my prisoner you are attempting a rescue, and your neck as well as your place is in danger."

"And I warn you then," retorted Phil Whelan, "that delaying his Majesty's Mail is worse than trayson, and I've reason to believe ye to be a notorious rahber. Git away out of that! Yip! Hoo!" And he cracked his long whip and gave the horses their heads. The man instantly discharged a pistol at Denis Maguire, and its contents lodged themselves comfortably in my portmanteau. I have some of the slugs yet. Maguire took it all very calmly, and observed,—

"I'll have to change my name again. That's Dirty Joe—at least, they call him so. His real name is Thompson, and he does small jobs for Cooke and Beresford. It would be waste of good powder and shot, or I'd have stretched him for a corpse. But I hope he'll live to adorn a fine branch yet."

"Don't you feel afraid some of our fellow-passengers will betray you at the journey's end after all that has passed?" I said to him, in a low voice.

"Not they! They're all honest men. Now listen." And raising his voice, he said, "A dark night, gentlemen!"

All three at once replied like a chorus, "Dark for our cause."

"And our just laws," replied he. "There, I knew you were all true men, but I wouldn't call attention to you before a large audience. We are all at home now."

"Sure, captain dear," said one of the farmers, "we wouldn't be letting the crayture take you, but it's yerself has the powerful hands to squeeze the tripes out of the like of that."

After this I dozed, on and off, and when we reached Sligo it was broad daylight. On descending from the coach, cold, cramped, and hungry, after the long night and cold morning, my first anxiety ought, I know, to have been the health and comfort of my father, but I am sorry to say that my earliest inquiry was how Miss Doyle had fared. However, my father seemed to have borne the journey very well, startling occurrences and all.

"You see, Cormac," he observed, "I've heard pistols go off before, and cannon too now and again. Let us go and have some food."

And after greeting Miss Doyle and offering her our protection and escort as far as Kildrinan, whither we should have to find our own conveyance, he led the way into a fine, well-appointed-looking inn, very different from the humble but hospitable posting tavern at Mullingar, and we, including Miss Doyle, were soon seated at the table in the warm coffee-room, spread with a real white cloth, and waited upon by a handsome, smiling, dark-eyed man-servant, whose features, gestures, and ready courtesy, and play of expression betokened his Iberian descent.

We began with a glass of potheen all round, to get the cold out of our blood, Miss Doyle taking some too, mixed with milk, and very welcome it was.

Our fellow-passengers had dispersed, after wishing us God-speed, Maguire or D'Arcy saying, "The less you are

seen in my company, my friends, the better for you, if you want to lead a quiet life. Good-bye, Dr. Faly, and *au revoir* in better times. Maybe you'll cut some more of my superfluous limbs off yet." And bowing with a dignified grace probably derived from his days of French service, before the introduction of the now popular Republican simplicity and *brusquerie*, he disappeared down the street, after making the significant remark to Phil Whelan, "Ormond steel for Reynolds of Mullingar."

After discussing a hearty meal, my father made arrangements with the waiter for a cart to convey our baggage, and an outside car to take us to Kildrinan (which is on the coast a little further than Coolany), and Miss Doyle and Nanny Macan went to obtain proper clothing for the former, to remedy the havoc wrought in her costume by those unspeakable troopers at Mullingar. All this having been done, we set forth, Nanny in the cart, with her cloak over her head and her *dhudeen* in her mouth, as baggage-guard, while we three and the driver made a convenient load for the car.

The polite waiter brought out wisps of hay, which he wrapped round Miss Doyle's beautiful feet to keep them warm, and I was almost jealous (which I had no right whatever to be) at this most proper attention on his part, and it served me right that the young lady broke into unrestrained mirth at my alarmed face and the way I clung to the car when it started. She and my father seemed to retain their seats by natural adhesion without the slightest effort, an attitude which it took me some time to acquire with a feeling at all approaching security. And so, past the village of Ballysadare, with its beautiful waterfall, we went on the last stage of our journey to our new home.

The drive was uneventful and the scenery fine, though

to those accustomed to the ornamental and artificial beauty and prosperous cultivation of English farms and parks it would seem desolate and savage. We arrived safely in the afternoon at our destination, "without Mr. Cormac Faly falling off the car even once," as Miss Doyle remarked, with dry impertinence in her voice and a friendly smile in her eyes. I afterwards found that I had been in her good books from the very first, when I rose in boyish passion and proposed a vengeful and utterly impracticable *sortie en masse* against the yeomanry, but like many of her race and sex she loved to tease.

She invited us at once to her father's house to rest and take refreshments, our things not yet having arrived at the cottage we were to inhabit (a decent-looking stone dwelling with glass windows and a thatched roof, with an upper storey above the kitchen and living rooms, and a patch of ground at the back where we could grow vegetables).

We gladly accepted Miss Doyle's friendly suggestion, my father because he wished to see his old friend and playmate, I, because any course was admirable which kept me in the young lady's society a while longer.

CHAPTER IV.

EFFECTS OF THE CONNAUGHT AIR.

PHIL DOYLE'S cabin, for it was little better, though he rented several acres of by no means valuable land on which his cow tried to graze and had to be chased out of the bog by the dog at intervals, was situated some way up a hill-side, and almost entirely hidden from view, until one came quite close to it, by the configuration of the country.

The way to it was steep, winding, and fairly rough, as big stones were in the habit of breaking off and falling about from the action of frost and rain, and I am afraid my skill as a mountaineer did not do much to redeem my pusillanimity as a car-rider in the eyes of our charming guide, who did not appear to experience either difficulty or fatigue, and indeed said to me once,—

"Will I take your hand, Mr. Cormac? You are not used to this kind of thing, and it is a bad road."

I was naturally annoyed, and said,—

"Is this a road, then?"

"Did you take it for a sthrame by chance? It is one at times. And you won't take me hand up it?"

"I think you are very unkind," I replied, sullenly, for I would have been delighted to take both her hands, but pride forbade.

"There, I am, then! And it's a shame to poke fun at you. Maybe I'd not show to much advantage on the

pavement among the grand ladies and gentlemen in Dublin, or wherever it is you come from."

"I come from Edinburgh. But you would look like a princess and an Irish lady wherever you were."

She looked at me.

"Wherever you've been brought up you've not forgotten to be an Irishman, any way. Will you be friends now?"

"I want to be nothing else."

"Then take my hand on that. Och! not to help you along, saints forbid."

I then did, most unnecessarily, take the proffered hand, and held it in an aimless and foolish enough manner, no doubt, till she said,—

"If you've quite done with it now, I'd like to have it back." I relinquished it.

"You have most beautiful hands," I said.

"'Tis you have the most beautiful tongue on you when you find the use of it."

Perhaps it would be as well to explain that my father, to whom the way had once been familiar, had got a little ahead of us when the above conversation took place.

We reached Phil Doyle's dwelling, a good-sized cabin with a chimney, and one or two sheds adjacent, the whole beautifully sheltered and concealed in a little flat valley surrounded by rising ground. At the back a big stony grey hill went sloping up much higher, from the summit of which a magnificent prospect of land and sea could be obtained by those who took the trouble to climb it.

Doyle himself was standing at the door, a tall, powerful, dark-complexioned, stern-looking man, with a pipe in his mouth and his hands in his breeches pockets. Some fowls were grubbing about on the ground near his feet.

The lower half-door of the cabin was shut to keep them and the pigs and goat out of the house.

The meeting between the two men, both now elderly (though Doyle was a fine, strong, upstanding man still), who had not seen one another since they were lads, before my father went to France to get the education denied him by the penal laws at home, was strange and pathetic.

"You, I know, are Phil Doyle," said my father. "Now, I wonder if you know me?"

After looking at him keenly for a moment or two, Doyle replied, "I can't say that I do, sir; and yet you make me think of some one I have known."

"Some one you have known long ago, before either of us had beards to shave."

Doyle looked at his daughter and then his glance wandered on to me, and a sudden intelligence illuminated his face. He held out both hands to my father, and exclaimed, with the tears in his eyes,—

"Mother of God! My poor old friend, where have you been all this while? Come in now out of the cold." And he opened the door. "And this will be your son. He put me in mind to think of you. Miles, it's queer times, you and me having grown-up children? Is this big, clever boy all you have?"

"All I have, Phil. He was the first, and his mother died at his birth."

"Ah, poor soul! God be good to her. I lost mine too, Miles, when this *geirseach* here was only ten, and I find a daughter a bit of a handful to manage alone. But she's not a bad girl, though more fond of a looking-glass than of a book."

"Mr. Cormac, will you be pleased to come out and see

the pigs and—the other scenery?" said Miss Doyle, with a burlesque of affronted dignity.

"Indeed, Mr. Cormac (if that's your name, my lad) will do nothing of the kind at all. And you, my *aláineacht*, go you and get some whisky. It'll do us all good this weather, and you don't look as strong as you might, Miles, my poor man."

"I have been knocked about the world a good deal one way and another since you and I used to go and catch fish, Phil. I have come at last to end my days, I hope, in peace, in the old country among the hills, and valleys, and waters I know so well, the memory of whose names was music to me all the long years of my exile. I have got a house here down in the village, looking on to Kildrinan Green, where I hope you and your daughter will often come and see me, for I cannot climb up here, Phil, now, as easily as I used to once climb further, even up the *cnocán* behind."

"We will come and see you, have no fear. And it's proud all the people will be to have the real Faly of Kildrinan living among them. You've been a sort of dream to them—the young ones, I mean, who never saw you, but they understand. There isn't a child here that doesn't know the story of Augustine the Turncoat, and the Faly that lost his estate and went to America for the sake of the old Faith. There is not one who has forgotten that. And that reminds me of some news. Your beautiful cousin, or whatever he is (devil admire him), is to have old Carhampton and no less to stay with him at Kildrinan Castle. Captain George Faly (that's his son) is to meet the Commander-in-Chief (fiends fly away with him), with his troop of yeomanry as an escort, at the place where the road enters the Faly country."

"Are there yeomanry here too, then?" said I.

"There are. But they're not all such bad boys, the yeos here. Many of them only joined for the sake of the drill and the arms. Of course, Captain George (they called him George out of loyalty—he was born just about the time when they made the Turncoat a J.P.), of course, I say, the captain does not know that. He is a chip of the old block, and a bad, rotten chip of a black-hearted old block at that."

"The daughter's not so bad," observed Miss Doyle, "and she's good to the poor, and does not always be trying to make Protestants of them, like Mrs. Martin, the rector's wife."

"You might add," said Doyle, "that she is as beautiful as a summer day. I think some of the older and better Faly blood they brought over from Leinster with them long ago must have cropped out again in her."

"Fine chance for you, Mr. Cormac," observed Miss Doyle, with becoming gravity. "You might re-unite the family."

I was picking up a little courage now, and beginning to acquire a faint approach to a comprehension of the temperament of this (to me) singular creature, and to see that she could not be happy long without indulging her keen sense of the ridiculous at the expense of my boyish bashfulness and prosaic stolidity. It must be remembered that I had no opportunity for frequenting the society of ladies in Edinburgh, and if I had it would not have probably helped me to make much way in the grace and favour of this bright western *càilin*. However, I grasped the two elementary principles that she never was graver than when she was joking, and that the best way to avoid being made a butt of was to joke too. But that was a

form of mental exercise I was unpractised in. The *genus* boy is born to be "made a hare of" by the *genus* girl, I think. Let me crave pardon for this digression and proceed.

"I think the family will do very well separate," I replied, stupidly enough.

"Ah, now! Wait till you've seen her—wait till you've seen the beauty of Kildrinan."

"I have seen her, and been in her society more or less all day, and I saw her first yesterday at the inn at Mullingar."

This was better. She rewarded me with a pleased though exceedingly sly smile, and said, "The Connaught air is doing you a power of good already, I think."

The mention of Mullingar reminded my father to tell Mr. Doyle of the outrage committed there on his daughter, and of our meeting with Denis Maguire, at which our host looked grave, and they fell to talking about the state of the country.

Miss Doyle took this opportunity to invite me out of doors for a while, as our respective fathers probably would find a great deal to say to one another. I agreed eagerly, and Mr. Doyle making no objection this time, we went, I not sorry to exchange the dim and rather oppressive smoky air of the cabin for that of the fine, clear autumn afterooon, now waning towards evening, outside.

"What a fine place this would be to defend!" I could not help exclaiming, as I looked round at the little depressed plateau on which the buildings stood, surrounded and concealed by hills, and inaccessible except by one winding, steep, and rocky pathway.

The pasture was lower down, but there was ground enough on the plateau to grow some potatoes and feed goat or two.

"It would. Maybe you'll help defend it some day."

"When?"

"When! When the French come again and the boys rise."

"Are the French coming?"

"Sure, I hope so. It will be a pity if those bold yeomanry should have nothing but girls to fight with."

And she sang a verse of the *Sean bhean bhoght*, then only a year or so in existence, and quite unknown to me hitherto,—

"And where will be their camp?"
Says the Sean bhean bhoght.
"And where will be their camp?"
Says the Sean bhean bhoght.
"On the Curragh of Kildare,
And the boys will all be there
With their pikes in good repair,"
Says the Sean bhean bhoght.

A curious chill prickle of excitement ran all over my skin, and my eyes felt moist.

"Can it be true that there will be a real rising in Ireland?"

"Well, it's not for a poor country girl to offer her opinions on politics to a learned gentleman like yourself from a great city, but I think it can, and more by token I think it will."

"Indeed I am not learned, and I am such a stranger in Ireland."

"But you are a friend to Ireland, like your good father?"

"I love Ireland," and I could not help adding, with that girl standing in front of me, "and I will go any length to prove it."

"That's the way to talk! And a very good first

impression it is that you had at Mullingar of the kind of Government we are blessed with. A pleasant kind of introduction to the sort of civilization we suffer under."

"Tell me, you who know so much more about it all than I, who is Mr. Denis Maguire?"

"Mr. Denis Maguire is—a gentleman."

"I know that; and I know that he was in the American war, for my father amputated his little finger for him then. And I know that he has been in the French service, because he said so."

"Did he now? Maybe he's in it still. But there's things I know which I am not altogether free to tell you, Mr. Cormac, at present."

"I wish you would not call me that."

"What will I call you then at all?"

"Drop the Mr."

"But if I do that you'll be wanting to call me Mary Doyle, my friend."

"And if I do?"

"And if you do there's no knowing what lengths you'd be wanting to go next. That's the worst of these modest, bashful boys," she continued, meditatively; "when they do get started they never know where to stop. You'd be writing poetry to me, or some such foolishness."

"That is a kind of outrage I can assure you I am absolutely incapable of."

"Are you now? What a pity! I'm very fond of poetry."

Oh, Weathercock, thy name is Girl! I floundered, conversationally, after this, and she came to my rescue with the merciful phrase,—

"Oh, well, you can call me Mary if it does you any pleasure."

"Anything which signifies admittance to your friendship will do me all the pleasure in the world—Mary."

"That's stiff and like something out of a book. Is that the way you talked to the ladies in Edinburgh—Cormac?"

"Sorrow a lady I ever spoke to there at all. That's why you find me so stupid. I am not accustomed to ladies' society, and you—you dazzle me, and I make a greater fool of myself than necessary."

"Well, you'll get used to me in time, now we are to be neighbours. And though Mr. Faly can't be climbing up here very often, there's nothing from hindering his son from doing it as often as he wants to be dazzled, is there now?"

"Thank you very much. You will soon find, I hope, that I will make a more skilful mountaineer than I showed myself to-day."

"You are a fine, good boy, and you'll make as good a show as the best of them when the time comes, and I like you,—there!" replied she, impulsively.

Truly she had more moods than any verb, but the imperative was commonest.

"Don't you be too modest," she continued, "and imagine a goddess in an ordinary *cáilin*."

"You are not ordinary."

"Wait till you see Miss Charlotte Faly."

I felt inclined to say something cutting about Miss Charlotte Faly, whose Christian name doubtless derived itself from the same loyal instinct which had originated that of Captain George Faly, but, as usual, I could not bring my brain and tongue to produce the effective retort I wished for. Perhaps it would come to me in the middle of the night, the beautiful idea I wanted, when there was nobody to listen to it. Anyhow, I could say nothing more sensible than,—

"There came down the mountain to us a strange and terrible old man."

Page 53.

"Mary, you love to tease!"

"Maybe I do. I can't help it, Cormac. If you had a gun, and saw a good target, you couldn't but fire. Don't mind me."

"Ah, what's this?" I exclaimed, as there came down the mountain to us a strange and terrible old man, with wild pale blue eyes and a long matted beard, dressed in rags, half naked, like King Lear in the storm. Indeed, I have heard it suggested by learned men that King Lear was originally an Irishman, and that his true name was Leary, and it occurred to me that this might be one of the family. Mary Doyle said,—

"That is Connel-an-Bard. He is strange in his head, and his mind is asleep since fifty years ago, when he went with his four sons to Scotland to fight in the rising of 1745. His sons were all killed, and he alone came back, and found his house burnt and his little grandchildren all dead."

"Who did that?"

"Who would do it? The English were afraid of a rising over here, and took what they call decisive measures Listen to the creature now, God be good to him!"

The old man held up his arms to heaven and sang in Irish to an air which was alternatively plaintive and triumphant what may be rendered something as follows:—

"Welcome the war-ships across the grey water
Bringing Righ Tiarlach and wild geese from France!
The grey raven sharpens the strong beak for slaughter,
In the gold of the morning the white sails advance.
Caoine! for dauntless young heroes shall fall!
Caoine! ye widows of Saxon and Gall!
Lead and we'll follow for ever and ever,
Hands that smite heavily, hearts that are true,
Lead and we'll follow for ever and ever,
Slainthe-geal Tiarlach! Righ Tiarlach aboo!
Ubbaboo! Connel aboo."

The noise the poor old man made brought out Phil Doyle and my father. The former, who understood old Connel and how to talk to him, elicited that he had actually seen a ship approaching, when he was up the *cnocán*, and had connected it at once with the dominant subject of his monomania.

"Maybe we'll see the French ships again some day," said Phil Doyle to us, while Mary took the old man in to give him a drink of buttermilk, "but what Connel-an-Bard has seen just now is the transport Lord Carhampton has following him about to put the poor boys into and take them away to serve in the King of England's navy, whether they like it or not."

"Is it possible?" said my father.

"Oh, that's one of the kindest things he does. And then they go about wondering there's a mutiny in the fleet! Why, last summer the fleet was chokeful of United Irishmen. No matter, we're not done yet. Well, then, my old friend, if you must go now, God save you kindly, and give you peace. Cormac, my clever lad, I'm proud to see you in my house, and hope you'll be there again soon. It's the fine soldier he would make, Miles, would he not?"

"Of course he would, and what's to hinder him?" said Mary, who had joined us again, Connel-an-Bard having disappeared in the growing twilight.

"Ah, well, give him a little time to look about him yet. But some fine evening, Cormac, if you come up here you will see the boys at the drill, and if you should chance to fancy shouldering a pike, why maybe we'll be able to find one for you. Your father and I have been talking it over a bit, and he will tell you what he thinks."

As he walked homeward, which took a much shorter

time than going up the hill had, my father said to me,—

"It is quite evident to me that the present state of things in Ireland cannot last much longer; the tension is approaching snapping-point. Having been so long absent from the country, I have never, as it happens, been an active member of the Society of United Irishmen, or been in the way of hearing of the details of the Revolutionary organization in this country, though, of course, I am known to my friends—to such persons, for instance, as Denis D'Arcy and Phil Doyle—as a sympathizer. Consequently, a good deal of what I have just heard has surprised me, and given me food for reflection. I think you are now of an age at which I can confide my views to you, and talk to you as a grown man, with a grown man's responsibility."

"I will try my best. And at any rate I can keep anything to myself I am told, I think."

"I am sure of it. We learn discretion in our profession, do we not? Well, the facts are briefly these: An Irish Republic is virtually established, the Directory sits at Dublin and contains many honoured names, mostly probably unknown to you, but you will hear all that in good time. Arms and ammunition are stored in various secret *dépôts*, the different districts are apportioned to the command and organization of suitable officers, the Directory is in constant communication with France by means of trustworthy resident agents and correspondents, and there is little doubt that an outbreak on a most formidable scale is in contemplation, probably with French assistance."

I remembered what Mary Doyle said, and the more that she had hinted.

"As it is, French officers and soldiers are dribbling into the country in twos and threes, mostly *viâ* Hamburg, which is a neutral free city—as such, found very convenient by all parties, even England—and they are of great assistance in the drill and military organization which is of course necessary, and will be of greater assistance when their compatriots arrive owing to the local knowledge they will have by that time acquired. There are also Irish officers in the service of France, such as Major Tandy, who are only waiting for the opportunity of using their skill and experience acquired under Buonaparte for the benefit of Ireland. The man we met at Mullingar, our friend Maguire, is such an one."

"I guessed as much, after all I've heard since then."

"No doubt. Well, now for the moral of all this. Having heard this outline of the general facts, you will easily understand that you are between two formidable perils here in this country: the utterly lawless tyranny of the Government and its creatures on the one hand, and the temptations and inducements which will no doubt be held out to you to join some dangerous conspiracy on the other. It is particularly at your age that such ventures have their greatest attraction, I know, and that is why I say it is time for you to assume the responsibility of a grown man, and take heed what you do, what you say, and with whom you associate, for we live in strange times, where a heedless word may mean a headless body.

"I cannot, as a good Irishman, as a Catholic, and as one who has contributed his little pebble to the great cairn himself in times gone by, forbid you to join a movement of which the object is the liberation of your country from an intolerable yoke, but I do beseech you to hesitate, to reflect well, not to be in a hurry, to watch what is going on, and

form your own opinion. And remember you will in all probability not have me much longer with you."

"Oh, father!"

"Well, you will not. And while I am here you are all I have in the world, and I'd like to have you near me. If you went and got into any trouble I'd be a very lonely old man, Cormac."

"If you like, I'll promise never to join anything as long as you live!" I exclaimed, impulsively.

"Do not be rash. Think it over, and whatever you do, don't hurry about it, and don't say a single word about what I've said to any one except Phil Doyle, who is my informant, Denis Maguire, as we must call him, and such persons as they may tell you are trustworthy. Do not allow yourself to be drawn into expressing political opinions in conversation with strangers or in public places, and I hope we may be allowed to live in peace, and be given the go-by by the fierce current of events which is coming. There, I've preached a long sermon. I hope Nanny will have some supper ready when she has done gossiping with the numerous contemporaries she will have found sitting on the doorsteps of Kildrinan Main Street."

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER, AND STRIKING, EFFECTS OF THE CONNAUGHT AIR.

THE following morning saw me out making acquaintance with my new surroundings in the little town or village of Kildrinan, reflecting in the meantime deeply and anxiously on what my father had said in that precise, somewhat formal, and old-fashioned manner of his which did not wholly disguise much keen and genuine feeling.

I was much excited by the prospects of a big rising, I was hopelessly in love with Mary Doyle, whom I could see to be completely involved in the great conspiracy, and greatly exasperated by the treatment she had met with at Mullingar, and yet I saw the prudence of my father's advice, and determined to wait and form my own opinion, as he had said. But events shaped my opinion for me more quickly than I had anticipated.

I wandered about Kildrinan, exchanging a friendly word now and then, examining the Main Street of poor low-roofed cabins, some of stone (of which there was plenty and more than enough about our neighbourhood), and others of turf and hardened mud, the little ill-fed, shy-looking children who glanced coyly at the stranger over the half-doors or round a corner and ran away, the gaunt, sullen-faced, swarthy men who worked in their potato-patches, or stood in little groups muttering to one another with furtive

glances to their right and left, the bare-legged young women with shawls over their heads of tangled hair, and the old *caill chula* huddled in her doorway with her *dhudeen*, croaking gossip to her counterpart over the way, who each reminded me of Nanny Macan.

In the middle and highest part of the village, where an attempt at another street crossed the Main Street at something approaching right angles, my attention was directed to Mullarkey's, a stone house with an upper storey to it, where candles, meal, culinary vessels, bacon, cheese, and other luxuries could be obtained, though its principal transactions were in whisky, porter, and tobacco, and occasionally a little French brandy when any could be got innocent of duty. Mullarkey's was naturally the club, the debating society, the social focus of the place, and seldom without its little crowd of customers, though some of these were constrained by the state of their credit to hang about outside in the hope of attracting alien munificence. Mullarkey himself was a middle-aged, good-humoured, affable man, who knew his customers well, and their weak and strong points, and was able from long practice to sympathize with everybody while committing himself to nobody. Of course he could not afford to keep wine, except in small quantities, and that probably smuggled, as the great people at the Castle and the Rector of the Protestant church, the only consumers of such things, obtained theirs from Dublin. The Rector had a decent, comfortable house and a neat Gothic stone church of moderate size, but quite big enough for all the congregation which ever attended it, consisting of the families and some of the servants from the Rectory and the Castle. The only connection with the church the rest of the population had was the privilege of paying for it. The Protestant bishop lived in England.

At a short distance from the village stood our chapel, an oblong white-washed structure like a box, with no sort of beauty about it, but a crowded congregation, which knelt on the bare stone floor and sometimes extended out into the yard, was in the habit of attending it.

After my walk, my little tour of inspection, I "brought up," as they say, at Mullarkey's, where I thought I might hear the news, if any, and refresh myself with a mug of porter. I entered a long, low room which was practically grocery store in front and public-house behind. Mr. Mullarkey greeted me politely, knew quite well who I was, if you please, and asked in what way could he serve me, concluding, "and the divil sweep off the roof of the house your father's son wouldn't be welcome in!"

There were one or two other men present who greeted me with apparent goodwill, though they gave me the impression of being suspicious of strangers and disinclined for conversation. I, of course, already knew enough of Irish ways to say "God save all here!" when I entered. Mr. Mullarkey, however, was quite ready to talk, and inquired after my father's health, informed me that Nanny had been in the day before to obtain a few necessaries, and so forth.

I gathered from him that he, in common with everybody in the place, including Phil Doyle up Cnocanagairreageach, were tenants of Mr. Faly, of Kildrinan Castle. In the course of conversation a young man of somewhat lanky and weedy proportions, dressed in an imposing red and blue uniform, passed by with a swaggering gait and truculent expression which assorted ill with the pale face and reddened eyes of one who has drunk more well than wisely the night before, and is now paying the penalty in the form of frontal headache, furred tongue, shaky nerves,

and gastric and hepatic irritation. (Do not forget that I was studying medicine, and at that time rather proud of my long words.)

"Ah, now, that is the captain, son of Mr. Faly, of the Castle."

"Captain George Faly, is it?"

"That's himself. He's been showing himself about the place for the last hour, being in his uniform to-day. He's to take a troop of yeos to meet the Lord Commanther-an-Chief to-day, and King George's soldiers ridin' on their horses are coming to be quarthered on us poor people."

"Sure we'll be mighty pleased to see them," observed one of the taciturn men.

"They're just after burning four houses and a chapel over in Roscommon, and pitch-capping nine men," remarked the other. "Maybe the poor things will be tired after that."

Here Captain George Faly introduced his gorgeous presence into the tavern, and said,—

"A gill of your best, Mullarkey. My coppers are pretty hot. Had a heavy dinner last night up at the Castle—two or three gentlemen from Dublin to meet his lordship—nothing to what we'll have to-night though, when he and the Staff are come."

Mullarkey served the whisky, saying,—

"You'll be for a hair of the dog, captain?"

The captain took a drink, looked a little relieved, and glanced at me.

"I don't know your face. Who the devil are you?" was his gracious inquiry.

"May I ask, sir, what the devil that is to you?" I replied.

"Oh, I see, you're a gentleman. I beg your pardon.

I thought you were one of these d—d Irishmen. Visitor at old Martin's, perhaps?"

"I *am* a gentleman, sir, and I *am* one of these d—d Irishmen, and one of your near kinsmen at that, and my name's Faly, and I am under the impression that that is a fairly Irish name." My father's counsels of prudence, where were they now? But if there is one thing more than another which makes me boil over it is the Irishman (usually a Government officer) who tries to pass himself off as English. And the brute had a brogue on him too you could hang your hat on. The two gloomy men looked up and then exchanged glances with one another on hearing my reply.

"Oh, well, you needn't take a fellow up so sharp. So you're a relation, eh? Loyal supporter of Government, I hope?"

"Government has had no complaints to make of me up to now."

"Going to do a little shooting?"

"Not just yet, I think."

The gloomy men looked at one another again.

"Not much to amuse one about here. Ah, well, here's an exception; d—d pretty girl—daughter of a d—d disloyal beggar of a farmer up in the hills."

Mary Doyle came in with some butter to sell to Mullarkey.

"Good morning, Mary," said Captain Faly.

"Good morning, sir," replied she, quietly.

"Have a little drop of whisky, my dear, to keep your courage up?"

"My courage is doing very well, thank you," she replied, skilfully evading his attempt to put his arm round her as she passed.

"Well, give me a kiss then for luck."

She made no answer, and talked to Mullarkey.

"Mary, when the soldiers come up the hill to ask your father a few searching questions, you may be sorry not to have got on the right side of me, come now." And this time he succeeded in catching hold of the girl and a short struggle ensued, in which he upset my porter over part of her clothes. I could stand no more of this. I hit him hard, scratching my knuckles on some gold stuff on the high, stiff collar of his uniform coat, on the side of the neck under the right ear. He tripped over a stool and fell.

"Now, Mary," I said, "get away out of this at once."

"And leave you be kilt here! I will not."

George Faly was on his feet again pretty quickly. I seized hold of a pitchfork in the part of the room devoted to merchandise. My adversary had his sword out, and said,—

"You bloody rebel, do you dare strike a gentleman in the King's uniform?"

"May the devil drive the King and all the cowardly bullies that wear his cruel coat to hell before him!" I shouted in an ungovernable rage, levelling my pitchfork as I had often seen the soldiers at exercise do their bayonets on the esplanade at Edinburgh.

"Begorra, the fat's in the fire now!" murmured Mullarkey.

The officer attacked me with considerable energy, but he was in bad condition, and soon put out of breath, although he succeeded in giving me a slight cut on the left arm which stimulated my passion, and I charged at him, shooting out my pitchfork at the full extent of my right arm and fairly driving him out at the doorway. He left me in

possession, saying as he sheathed his sword in the street outside, "By G—, you shall hang for this to-day!"

One of the two men I have mentioned, whom I found to be brothers of the name of Casey, said to me, putting his hand kindly on my shoulder,—

"Holy Mother! If you can use the pike as well as you do the pitchfork, it's a pity if you don't have one soon. But you'll have to go up the hills on the *Seachrán* now, and no mistake, and ould Satan Carhampton coming and all. Come away with us now."

I looked at Mary. She was standing with a splendid proud light in her eyes, and said,—

"Cormac, I have to thank you. I'm paid back for Mullingar now. But Michael Casey is right, and you will do well to go with him. Now don't wait any more. I'll tell your father, and see you some time soon."

And I who had come here to lead a quiet and studious life!

CHAPTER VI.

I FIND MYSELF IN A HOLE.

"WHERE will you take him to, Mike?" said Mary.

"Up into the hills. There's many a wan there will make him welcome in their cabins. He might go to Connel-an-Bard."

"And starve. Besides the soldiers will be going through the hills to-morrow."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I've been told by them that know. Why can't he go to—where the others are?"

"It's clane against ordhers, Miss Doyle. We daren't take a stranger there."

"Stranger! You call him a stranger! The son of the true Faly of Killdrinan, your master and leader by rights, who has put his life in danger to protect me from a dirty yeomanry squireen, when none of you moved a finger, and you call him a stranger!"

This dialogue took place in the dim back part of the public room in Mullarkey's, the latter standing aloof and conspicuously ignoring us, but at the same time tipping me a sympathetic wink which indicated that nothing was to be feared from him.

"What you say is thruth, Miss, and we'd take the young gentleman out of harm's way, glad and willin' and no further words about it, but there's others besides himself

to consider, and there's those where you know of that would be ill-pleased if we brought in anybody who has not taken the oath."

"The oath, is it? Sorra the oath I ever took that showed you the place, or Connel-an-Bard that showed it me! We are wasting time. Come with me, Cormac," and she led the way through the back door of the house, and by a rough kind of yard where casks and planks and boxes and bottles and the miscellaneous rubbish of an inn lay about, into the open country, across which we walked in the direction of the sea, and had soon put some rising ground between us and the village, hiding the latter from view.

"Has that long-tailed red and blue macaw really got power to hang me, Mary, for putting him in his right place?"

"Indeed he has, or has the ear of those that can. We live under the Insurrection Act, and some of us die under it, glory be to God."

"But if I called witnesses to prove that he was the aggressor, and that not in any sense in the discharge of his duty?"

"Witnesses! Who'd admit the evidence of known Catholics and suspected rebels? My friend, you've evidently lived most of your time out of Ireland. But I've an idea in my head."

"And what is that?" said I, well pleased that it should be Mary, and not the well-meaning but unattractive brothers Casey, that should guide me into safety—if it were indeed safety she was guiding me to.

"When I've had time to see Miss Faly, I think she'll find a way to smooth things out, for the sake of the family name, and for different reasons. Look there, that's Killdrinan Abbey."

The ruins of the old abbey of Killdrinan, the origin of which was of legendary antiquity, stood on a promontory of considerable height, the steep cliff of which was washed by the Atlantic. Besides a number of isolated fragments of wall which had once formed a quadrangular enclosure, there stood yet a high old square tower, ivy-grown and roofless, which must be visible, I thought, from a considerable distance out at sea. We climbed the slope, and penetrated the unenclosed enclosure, if I may so speak, and paused for a moment to take breath, for we had walked very fast. People do, with death behind them.

The grass grew high around the fallen stones, where once the studious or meditative monk had paced a tesselated floor in the intervals of leisure, perchance, from his pleasant task of elaborating one of those lovely and learned manuscripts which were produced in the old days when Irish lore was renowned among the nations, who were once glad to learn from the Isle of Saints and Sages.

I was struck not only by the melancholy beauty of the place, but also with the excellent selection which had been made for its site, so eminently calculated to exhibit and set off the beauty and dignity it must have possessed when those old moss-grown stones stood upon one another in bright smooth grey rows of trowelled and chiselled masonry which supported roofs and windows of carven work, when the sound of mellow bells from that square old ivied tower floated out over the water to the ears of the fisherman in his corrach, and turned his eyes to look at the majestic and beautiful building standing clear against the light of a golden summer morning.

"Now don't you go to sleep, Cormac! I am going to take you where you will be in the hands of friends, and where you will do well to stay, in the day-time at any rate,

till you get the word to move. If the Caseys had known as much as I do they would have had no hesitation in bringing you here, but they meant no harm—and did no good, which is not uncommon."

And this intrepid and mysterious girl, in whose hands I was becoming more helpless every minute, led the way into the tower, which had an arched doorway at the south side. Inside, we stood in a kind of dark square well, with the sky at the top, across which the light grey cloudlets were passing slowly. The grass was under our feet, but, as Mary observed, we did not let it grow there, and she drew my attention to a circular dark hole, about a yard in diameter, concealed by a gorse-bush on the ground in a corner, the south-west corner of the tower. This was the mouth of a real well, and I was given to understand that in old days it had been of vast depth, and supplied the abbey with good water. I also guessed that it had once had a rim or parapet wall rising waist high or thereabouts above the level of the ground, the top of which was no doubt worn into grooves by the rope of the monastic bucket centuries ago. Now, however, partly through the breaking away of one or two courses of stone, and partly owing to the accumulation of *débris* and rubbish, the mouth was level with the ground, where, as I have said, a gorse-bush completely hid it, in the dim light of the interior of the tower.

"What am I to do now?" said I, peering apprehensively into this forbidding black aperture.

"Do what I do," replied Miss Doyle, seating herself calmly on the edge of the well, with her legs dangling into unknown profundity, and, reaching down a hand, she produced a stout rope which, she pointed out, was attached to a thick iron ring let into the interior wall, about a foot

from the top. She pulled up enough of it to show me a knot with a piece of wood through it at right angles to the length of the rope, about five feet lower than the attachment.

"There's a cross like that every five feet," she explained. "We're not all as tall as you, my good Knight of the Pitchfork, or we would have made the knots six feet apart."

"Am I to go down that?" I said, regarding this ladder with a rueful countenance. Though in ordinary matters a man of average courage, I have all my life found that if there is one thing more than another which turns my skin cold, it is the contemplation of dangerous heights or depths from above, and when the depth is dark as well, and of unknown extent, words cannot describe my sensations. I only know this, that I have been at the Battle of Leipzig, and do not recollect it with greater horror than I do that well and that rope-ladder. My face must have expressed my feelings.

"It's borne in upon my mind, Cormac, that if you don't like this rope, you've another to fall back upon with only one knot in it, and that behind your ear, so you haven't much choice. I'll go first, and show you the way."

"How deep is it?"

"Not more than thirty feet. When you've counted five knots you'll be safe enough. Hold tight."

And putting her legs sailor-wise round the rope so that her feet rested on the first knot, she swung off, and I saw her hands disappear one after the other into the black darkness. After a short time she called out (and her voice sounded strangely), with a shake of the rope which made the ring jangle,—

"Come on now!"

Well, I set my teeth, crossed myself, and got hold of the

rope. I did as I had seen her do to the best of my town-bred ability, and started. No limpet ever adhered more desperately to his rock than I did to my perilous ladder, regardless of how I bumped my knuckles, having of course, like the great *amadán* that I was, started with my face to the wall. This may be a simple enough feat to read about, but was very poor fun to be doing.

At last I grounded, and stumbled against Mary, who took hold of my hand and said, "Now all the difficult part is over, come on!" And she led me along a nearly horizontal, slightly rough surface (of course I could not see my surroundings) for some little distance, and then stopped.

"This is an old smuggler's retreat," she explained, "and I need hardly say mighty good care is taken to keep up the tower's reputation for ghosts. No one ever comes near it except old Mr. Martin, the Protestant Rector, who fancies himself in archæology, and he would not be the man to go down that well, still less to go up it again. Old Connel showed it me, years ago."

"How will you get up it, at all?"

"The way I came down, reversed. There's holes at the top in the stone on purpose for the hands and feet when you get your head as far as the ring."

"You're a wonderful girl, Mary."

"Still dazzled?"

"By the powers, one wants something to dazzle one down here! But in more ways than one, Mary, you puzzle me. How is it that you are so well educated, though living in this wild country and under this cursed Ascendency Government?"

"I was five years taught by an old French priest who emigrated at the time of the Revolution, and got out into these parts through being wrecked somewhere on the

coast. He was very poor and made his living in different ways, and teaching was one. As the English were nearly always at war with the French Republic, he, as an *emigré* was tolerated, or connived at by the Government. In fact they tried to use him as a spy, and though the poor old man was quite innocent of informing on purpose, he may have let out a thing or two accidentally."

"I see. At least I hear, and understand."

"Then having relieved your anxiety so far, though you choose your occasions oddly, let us be going on." And we did.

After a while we arrived at some obstacle, through which faint dots and streaks of light came, which I afterwards knew to be a door of hurdle-work with gorse imperfectly stuffing the interstices. Mary Doyle put her head close to it, and whistled exactly like a cuckoo.

The door was opened, and let a sudden flood of light out upon us which made it impossible to see at first. But a familiar voice said, "Well, my lady, what's your news? Who have you there? Ah, my young friend that was for committing an indiscriminate slaughter of his Majesty's forces at Mullingar. Why have you brought him here, Miss Doyle?"

"Not without good reason, Mr. Maguire. He's in trouble."

"Run his neck into the noose already? Bedad, he's a promising boy.'

Mary told him the facts, adding, "And knowing him and his father, and knowing you were here, I thought I couldn't do better than bring him."

"In what character, *mo croidhe?*"

"As a recruit!" I took upon myself to answer.

"Ha! A very forward March-chick. Come away in

out of that, the pair of you, and let us see what we'll do."

We entered a large chamber with a low arched roof which had evidently been part of the crypt at one time. A lamp hung from one of the arches, and under it was a table at which three men were sitting and studying some papers. The table was oblong, of common planks painted brownish red and supported by trestles. On one side, facing us as we came in, sat a man, large-boned and powerful-looking, with grizzled hair cut quite short into the nape of his neck, with an expression of stern determination mingled with a certain flavouring of innocent vanity, which was a curious combination. He would not see sixty years again, I thought. At one end, on his right, sat a man of thirty or more, of medium size, dark-complexioned, with intelligent eyes, a moustache, and a general appearance both military and foreign. At the opposite end sat a man of fair complexion and hair whose face I could not well see. An empty chair on the remaining side denoted that our friend Denis Maguire had been sitting there.

Denis repeated my story to the elderly man, whom he addressed as General. That gentleman looked at me fixedly, and then said,—

"He is a tall fellow, and educated, you say?"

"He is, and comes of a good old stock." Here he gave some explanations of my family history which I will omit.

"Is he to be trusted, do you think?"

"Oh, devil doubt him! His father was with me in America in '76 and '77. Besides, he's got the right side of Miss Mary Doyle, and it takes an honest boy to do that, not to speak of defeating the armed forces of the Crown in a pitched—or pitch-forked battle in Mullarkey's she been."

"Sir," said I to the man they addressed as General, "I don't know you, but I trust you, and I am in danger of my life. If you don't believe that I am an honest friend of Ireland, there is nothing to prevent your shooting me where I stand. No one will be the wiser, and then maybe you'll feel safe."

"Young gentleman," said the General, "don't be so infernally tragic. We have important interests in our hands, and have to be perpetually on our guard. It is not only you or only me that this is a matter of life and death to. Are you willing to take the oath to the Irish Republic?"

"I am."

"Then by G— I trust you, and you're heartily welcome to our rather *triste* headquarters. Maybe next time I come it will be General Carhampton's turn to hide in holes in the ground and mine to be making a tour of inspection of the forces. What did Colonel D'Arcy say your name was?"

"Cormac Cahir O'Connor Faly of Faly and Killdrinan."

"*In posse.* We will put you, and your good father, *in esse* one of these days."

He wrote down my name, and continued,—

"Do you understand French?"

"After a fashion."

"That's a good thing. Ever been drilled, by moonlight or otherwise?"

"Mr. Faly has lived until lately *in partibus infidelium*," interposed D'Arcy, "for reasons which are no fault of his, and therefore had no opportunity of cultivating those manly exercises."

"Well, well, there's the makings of a fine captain of a company in him. You'll live to wear a green coat with gold lace to it yet, Mr. Faly."

"That's a beautiful coat you wore of your own, General, the day you received the barony Executive Committees here," said Mary.

"The uniform of a major in the service of the French Republic, One and Indivisible," remarked the General with extreme complacency, "which I have the honour to be entitled to wear, though imposing to the eye, and dear to the heart of a true lover of liberty, as I have humbly asserted myself to be—"

"You were mighty humble, General dear, I remember," said D'Arcy, "when you commanded a brigade of artillery in Dublin in '83 and had 'Free Trade or—' inscribed on the breaches of the guns."

"I trust," continued the General, again mounted on his oratorical hobby, "that however humble and unconsidered as an individual" (he looked, as people often do who speak in this way, as if he thought himself much the reverse), "I may always continue to take a just pride in my country's service, and the uniform which it is my privilege to wear. Young lady, there is in my portmanteau here the uniform of a General of the Irish Republic, which surpasses that even of a French major, and will in days to come, I hope, be seen leading the brave men of Connaught to victory."

I afterwards had occasion to learn that this strange man, for all his dandyism and childish attachment to laced uniforms, was a capable and determined leader and a man of indomitable spirit and patriotism. He continued, in a less exalted tone,—

"And what is your calling or business, Mr. Faly?"

"I have been studying medicine."

"*Très bien.* We shall want it, including surgery. Now, listen! Will you, Cormac Cahir O'Connor Faly, *ci-devant* Prince of Leinster and Lord knows what else,

swear to be faithful and bear true allegiance to the Irish Republic, now virtually established, and defend it and the principles of liberty and equality by force of arms when called upon by your legitimate superior officers at any time, and never inform or give evidence against any member of it, or of any patriotic society or organization?"

"Indeed I will, and be proud to do it."

"Spoken like your father's son!" said D'Arcy.

"You take this oath of your own free will and inclination?"

"I do." In any case it was too late to hesitate, and the proposal exactly jumped with my temper and inclinations. "I'll take that oath and keep it, General. Make your mind easy about that."

"That's a gallant fellow," said the General, holding out his hand, which I grasped.

"I'd better be going now," said Miss Doyle, "or Mr. Faly will be getting anxious about his son."

"Faith, his anxiety won't be much lessened by what you have to tell him, Mary, *agrádh*. Is Lord Carhampton come yet?" asked D'Arcy.

"Not when we left. He'll arrive this afternoon. God save you kindly, Cormac, and thank you for all you've done to-day."

"Thank *you*, Mary dear, for saving my life, to be of more use, I hope, to the country and to you." And we clasped hands, and I thought the expression of her eyes was kind, and a thought anxious.

"Good-bye to you, General, and gentlemen."

"Good-bye. *Au revoir, citoyenne*," said the General, adding, "and I wish I was a younger man, like your recruit here, my dear." And the gentlemen all rose and

bowed, as she went out by the wattle and gorse door, which D'Arcy held open for her.

"Now, Mr. Faly, as we have trusted you so far, we will do so completely. Our friend Colonel D'Arcy you know, this" (indicating the fine intelligent-looking dark young man) "is Colonel Hervey Montmorency Morres, formerly of the Austrian service, now in our own, and this is Mr. Counsellor John Corrigan, of Dublin, who represents the Executive Directory established in that city in *Brumaire* last. Finally, I am James Napper Tandy, as this country will find out."

CHAPTER VII.

A NEST OF STORM-PETRELS.

I FELT a little giddy. The sudden shocks and changes I had gone through, the bewildering sensation of being a hunted refugee and a sworn member of a treasonable conspiracy hidden in the bowels of the earth in company with the celebrated rebel leader who had challenged "Bladderchops," Toler the Attorney-General, for whose head the Government would just then have given a large sum, I think sufficiently justified a quiet, studious town-bred lad in so feeling. Furthermore, the fatigue and nervous strain of my flight in company with Mary Doyle, including the descent of that horrible well, my slight but now rather painful wound, and the fact that I had not had any food since breakfast, whereas it was now getting towards three o'clock, all combined to increase my general feeling of confusion and *malaïse*, and after bowing as my new companions were named to me one after the other, I looked round at them all with what Denis D'Arcy afterwards called a foolish plausible smile, and pitched quietly forward on to the table, where D'Arcy caught me and lowered me gently on to the floor, on which everything began to slope uphill, and to turn strange bright colours, which quickly developed into blackness and vacuity. Then something bright came and stood close to me, and slowly floated to some distance off. I discovered it to be

the hanging lamp, and that it had not really been moving. At the same time a stinging but delightful sensation came into my mouth and throat, and I choked, gurgled, and was propped up. It was whisky, and Denis D'Arcy was giving it me out of a footless glass while Colonel Hervey Morres held me up, to prevent me choking. General Napper Tandy and Mr. Corrigan were immersed in papers and discussion, and took no particular notice of me. My two friends had put me down on some sacking and cloaks in a corner, where one or the other of them turned in for a nap occasionally, it being the habit of all of them to keep awake and alert by turns, all day and all night, as on board ship, more particularly as their friends above ground could communicate with them with greater ease and safety at night-time, and they themselves could emerge and taste the fresh wintry breeze among the ruins.

Denis had a look at my arm, washed it, tied it up with some fresh bandaging (I had just put my handkerchief round it after Captain Faly's ignominious departure), and said,—

"Lie you there a bit. I'll get you something to eat in a minute, but it'll be cold. The worst of this d——d place is that we can't burn a fire till after dark, for fear the smoke should be seen by the wrong people. As soon as we can light a bit of fire you shall have some soup, or some stirabout. There's lashins of meat here. Just now take a slice of bread and cold bacon and a finger or two of the rough wine of the country."

"Thank you, Colonel D'Arcy, and you, sir," I said, turning to Morres, "for all the trouble you're after taking. There's nothing the matter with me but a foolish weakness—I'd be glad of that bacon too."

It was soon brought me, and I was surprised myself to find how hungry I was now that the excitement had for the time subsided. After the food and a reasonable quantity of whisky, I felt quite recovered, and my two friends, having apparently nothing else in particular just then to engage their attention, sat down with me on the extemporized bedding, helped themselves freely from the cylindrical jar, and entered into conversation with me, Morres telling me of wild regions and wilder adventures in the Tyrol under Wartensleben and Wurmser in '96, of the gallant but muddle-headed campaign in the Low Countries in '93, in which Clairfait, Prince Josiah von Coburg-Saalfeld, an Archduke or two, Field Marshal von Freytag, the Duke of York and the young Duke of Cambridge, General Count Walmoden and a few more, accompanied by a powerful army of Imperial, Prussian, and Anglo-Hanoverian troops, had, after several brilliantly misused opportunities and fruitless victories, "Succeeded," said Colonel Morres, "in making the most hopeless failure you ever saw. I was in the Karaczay regiment of Imperial Cavalry then, and got this pipe given me by a comrade, who died at the battle of Famars, May 23rd, 1793."

"Do you recollect, Morres," said Denis, "that when you talk to the General you're to call it Decadi the 49th Prairial or something of that kind. He's death on the Republican Calendar."

"I'm not used to it. The old-fashioned Christian kind will have to do, I think, particularly in a religious country like Ireland, where some of your actual Executive are priests and ministers. However, I'll try and learn the d——d thing up. Do you smoke, Mr. Faly?"

"No, Colonel, I've not yet acquired that accomplishment. My father has been a great smoker, ever since he went to

America, but he always said it was a grown man's amusement, and not fit for boys."

"And did that not set you trying," said Denis, "the first opportunity?"

"It did, once. I took a *seách* at Nanny Macan's pipe one afternoon."

"The aged female attendant who accompanied you with the coach? And the experiment confirmed the good doctor's opinion in your mind, I'll go bail," remarked Denis.

"I would not recommend the *dhudeen* of any old lady called Nanny Macan to the inexperienced amateur, I think," said Morres, stuffing a deep-bowled carved wooden German or Dutch pipe with tobacco, and proceeding to ignite it with a strip of resinous wood which he inflamed somewhat laboriously with a tinder box, adding: "Anybody who smokes here will do well to be careful about his embers and sparks, I may mention for the benefit of the uninitiated, the *Unauf-geklärten* as the Deutscher says, as there are an indefinite number of tons of a pleasing medicinal preparation destined to cure the ills of Ireland, an invention attributed to one Roger Bacon as well as to the ancient Chinese, the action of which is apt to be—"

"Oh, get away out of that! He means, my good Cormac, that there's powder enough in this d——d rabbit-warren to heave Killdrinan Abbey into the rolling Atlantic, and soon we hope to have a few sweet little nine-pounders to keep it company—make us feel more ecclesiastically appropriate when we get the Cannon in Residence."

"If we had you in Vienna now, Denis, we'd make you dip your long beak in the Krug for a remark like that and drink till you were told to hold on."

"Wish I was there, then! Can't the custom be transplanted?"

"Yes, but not the Vöslauer wine. But I wish we had the artillery safe here, and a few good French gunners with it. There's nothing like it for scaring these squireens of the yeomanry and militia, and amateurs in warfare generally. It's much the same with thunderstorms, it's not the really destructive element that demoralizes, it's the noise. Small arms are more fatal really."

"May I ask, Colonel Morres, what it feels like to be under fire for the first time?"

"It varies, according to the nature of the fire."

"And that of the individual?"

"Devil a bit. The individual is given to losing his individuality and becoming very like his most despised comrade, or even inferior to him, as soon as he finds that he is in actual danger, and when that danger is unfamiliar. It is the unfamiliar that frightens even the wisest of us."

I thought of the well-hole, and held my peace.

"You remember what a panic the elephants caused in the Maccabæan wars?" continued Morres.

"I remember there was a brave boy called Eleazar who *grealached* one with a pike," remarked D'Arcy, "so that the ruins of the beast fell upon him and he lost his life."

"Yes, indeed he did, but he was a remarkable man and a great leader. There are exceptions, of course. But the effect at first on the rank and file must have been bad. Just the same as it would have been on the dauntless three hundred of Thermopylæ if Xerxes had suddenly given them a round or two of grapeshot."

"They'd have concluded immediately that the Immortal Gods had rounded on them—I really believe they'd have gone home in such a case."

"But would you kindly give me a notion of your own sensations, Colonel Morres?" said I, the personal record of

experience appealing to me more than theories and generalizations from dubious history.

"Faith, my friend, I'll tell you. My first fight began in the haze of an early morning which afterwards turned into a fine warm day. It was in the year '93, near Flanders, near the French frontier. My people, the Karaczay regiment of 'Kaiserlicks' as the English call them (worst linguists in the world, the English), were halted on the rear slope of a piece of slightly rising ground. If you ever go to Flanders, Faly, you will discover that the ground does not rise there much, so that this was a perfect Alp from a Belgic point of view. It was nearly forty feet, I suppose, above the general level of the ground, very gentle in gradient, and—"

"D—n the gradient, get to the fight, old fellow!" cried D'Arcy.

"That's all very well for you, Denis, but our young friend here is not so accustomed to war as you are, and I want him to understand the situation. This hill thing, or whatever you call it, just served to hide us nicely. We had found the vedettes and pickets in the part of the front allotted to us, and driven 'em in in style, and were now in abeyance, while the infantry were tramping through a quantity of unripe corn on each side of a road on our left, leading to the front. There are no stone walls or hedges to speak of there, so you can spread out and advance with as big a front as you like, provided the weather's dry. Do I make this clear to you?"

"Quite," said I, "pray go on."

"The sky got clearer, the sun warmer, and the general lay of things more distinct—just an immense plain, with occasional undulations, covered with grass, and cows, and corn, and maize, and—"

"Stow the agricultural products of Flanders, Morres, for the love of mercy!" said Denis.

"Get away! And in our position the only thing we could not see was the front, where the enemy was. So we stood by our horses, chatting and smoking, passing round Schnapps and waiting. We waited for a mortal hour. During that time we began to hear some dull banging, some way to the rear and some further way to the front of us. 'That's the artillery,' said a comrade to me, an amiable fellow who made it his duty to explain the action to me in easy words of one syllable, so to speak, because I was a foreigner, and because he had seen service before, which, of course, I had not. Pass the jar, Denis."

"Indeed it's dry you ought to be by now."

"Is it now? While he was speaking to me the direction and distance of the noise in front, or some of it, changed, and became louder and more constant. My comrade—Weiss his name was—was smoking at the time, when an *Ordonanz* brought him instructions to mount and attend someone or other somewhere. He handed me his pipe, saying, 'It's nearly full, keep it going for me. Pity to waste the tobacco.' Then he looked back as he rode away and said with a laugh, 'Keep it altogether if I don't turn up to claim it *lieber alter!*'

"He ascended the rising ground diagonally to our left, and just as he left I began to hear a curious hollow rushing noise somewhere in the sky every now and then. I was wondering for a moment what that was, when I saw Weiss suddenly undergo a strange and horrible change. The shako he wore flew off, but that was nothing. *It left his head flat at the top.* It was as if the shako had taken away with it the part it usually encircled. Then, or

rather simultaneously, the horse gave a shy, and he fell forward with his arms hanging over the neck of the horse, and I saw a large pale pinkish-grey mass fall out of his head, accompanied by blood, and flatten out on the ground like reddish mud. I was sick on the spot. Then I was sore afraid, and after I'd seen a few more good men and horses dropped, all I wanted was to charge at the enemy who were working those guns, and soon we did. But I have been in several pitched battles since then, and I tell you that if anyone says to you he is never afraid at the beginning—I say nothing of the middle or the end, they are different—you can tell him he is an infernal liar, with my compliments. This is Weiss's pipe I am smoking just now."

This cheerful tale set me thinking, wondering whether I would be afraid to fight for my native land (which I was not born in), and hoping and praying that I would not. Anyway, it was not a tale for a dark underground hole like this, and it made me want to see daylight, sunshine if there was any left out over the western sea. But I was being searched for by the yeomanry or regulars escorting Lord Carhampton by this time, up above in the daylight, and a cord dangled handy from somebody's saddle, I had no doubt, or was strung on a drum, ready to attach people like me to any tree that was convenient, for the gratification and entertainment of an insolent tomfool like my cousin, George Faly.

I asked Denis D'Arcy when I might venture out into the open air for a spell. He consulted his repeater and replied,—

"The sun has set by now. We'll all have dinner first, and then I am going out myself, and you can come with me. Just one final nip of the "craythure" round, and

then Morres shall go and cook. He prefers to do it, after going through a spell of my cooking, and I'll do him the justice to say he is right."

When Morres had disappeared into unknown recesses of the crypt, the extent of which beyond our present lair was, of course, entirely unknown to me, Denis said,—

"He is one of the best boys in the world, is Hervey Morres, but being among Germans so much has made him a bit long-winded and prosy. Germans are more like the English than any one else, though they wouldn't be flattered to hear it. They like eating and can't see a joke. Of course, I'm generalizing. There's Germans and English that will go to heaven, I make no doubt, but give me the French. Come and see our kitchen."

And he led the way through a small arched stone doorway and along a short passage into a smaller apartment than the one in which we had been (which latter was, indeed, so large that the conversation of General Tandy and Mr. Corrigan was quite inaudible to us in our corner, as was probably ours to them at their table), and we found Morres superintending the efforts of a young man of maritime appearance to work up a small turf fire into a good glow. The *batterie de cuisine*, consisting chiefly of a frying-pan, was in Colonel Morres' left hand, while his right held a lump of butter on the point of a black-handled knife. I heard him address a word or two to the lad who was blowing the fire, to which the latter replied—in French. I gazed at him with interest and curiosity. I had never seen a Frenchman before, to my knowledge. He had brown, curly hair, a sallow, sun-darkened face, and ear-rings in his ears. When he had done blowing the fire, and got up, wiping his forehead with his sleeve, he recognized a new face—if that be

not a bull—and smiling pleasantly, with white teeth, said to me,—

"Bon jour, Monsieur!"

"Bon jour," I replied, delighted to air my, or rather Father Lehane's French, "de quelle part venez-vous?"

"D'un peu partout, Monsieur, mais je suis né à Marseille. Mais vous parlez très bien Français."

"Ireland's not the only place where they can blarney, you see, Master Stratford-atte-Bow," remarked Denis. Now at that period of my existence I had never read Chaucer, so I subsided into the safety of silence. Years afterwards I saw the point of the allusion, and laughed.

Meanwhile Morres prepared a savoury mess, and the young Frenchman departed to spread the table with plates and knives. I began to feel mighty hungry. To cut matters short, we soon sat down to a very satisfactory if rather roughly served meal, accompanied by very good Bordeaux. General Tandy sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Corrigan, who appeared an agreeable man and an enthusiastic patriot, at the other end. I remember among other things that it was the latter who proposed the extremely treasonable toast of "Cut the Painter!" (i.e. sever the connection with England), while Denis gave, "Our Gallic brethren were born July 14th, 1789; we, alas! are still in embryo."

"Now what use can we make of Mr. Faly?" said the General. "He is a well-grown, well-educated boy, and has, at present, no military knowledge, but may no doubt be useful in other capacities. Will you take charge of him, D'Arcy? Now we have seen our stores safe ashore, and in good condition, and seen the persons and correspondence we wished to see, Morres and I are off, as soon as possible, across the water again, to come back, I hope, not alone."

"Leave Cormac Faly to me," said Denis, "and by the time you come again you'll have as fine and accomplished a young rebel as you can wish for."

"When do you go, General?" asked Mr. Corrigan.

"I don't know. Must get Satanides and his d——d escort and transport out of the way first."

At this moment a strange figure presented itself, without the usual signal. It was that of a tall, wild-eyed old man whom I at once recognized, in spite of the fact that he had adorned himself with an old three-cocked hat, to which he had added a dirty white cockade.

"What's this?" said Tandy, instantly covering the intruder with a pistol, like the prompt old soldier that he was.

"I know him," said Denis, "it's Connel-an-Bard. *Go dé mo seanóir?*"

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW CAPTAIN FALY STRUCK BACK.

"Now, D'Arcy," said the General, "is my headquarters, however obscure, to be turned into a Cave of Adullam? I mean no disrespect to Mr. Faly, but this is the second intrusion we have had to-day, totally against all rules and orders—rules not merely of my making, mind you."

"If it had not been for Connel," replied Denis, "you would never be here at all. He originally discovered the place to us, *per* the charming Miss Doyle who seems to be a favourite of old and young—and I'll answer for the middle-aged. Our friend here is a trifle weak in the upper storey, but he is a true man and has suffered badly. He has little English."

"Then let him give his message, take a glass of whisky, and begone in God's name."

Old Connel looked at D'Arcy, and said in Irish: "I have a message to give you from one to whom you are more dear than her own self's eyes, which are like the deep sea on a summer day.—Hers I loved once, dear one of my heart that never grows old! were like the still cold lough in the mountain when the Beal teine burns." And staring round the vault, he said in a changed tone: "Why do the gentlemen from France who come to fight for Righ Tiarlach not wear the white cockade? Here is mine, my little granddaughters have made it me of French silk.

Each little *geirseach* of them has had her needle in it. Each little angel has left the dust of her wings on it, for the children are angels. They have not known sin or sorrow, and no Purgatory is for them—I have not seen my children to-day—"

"Connel," said D'Arcy, laying his hand gently on the old man's shoulder, and speaking in a tone no one would have expected from such a rough and ready free-lance had they not known he was an Irishman, whose moods and sympathies are as subtle, as shallow, as unexpected, and as deep as the everlasting sea, "Righ Tiarlach is with Righ Séamus now, God rest them, but Eiren Banrighan and her green cockade shall live for ever. What is it you have to tell me?"

"I go in the roads and wander through the villages, as well as watching the water from the Cnocan, and many is the house they give me meat and drink in, and listen to the old man who talks foolishly and the *seanneachidh* who sings wisely. In the years when the good Falys were in Killdrinan Castle, before yon youth was born—och! I know the face of the Falys!—many is the handful of meal and the sup of milk or potheen I have had in the kitchen there in the time gone. And to-day the English and the German red soldiers are there and the good wine flows for the stranger. I went to see, and a soldier turned me out of the kitchen door, may his soul and body be red through like his coat when the great Day comes! But she whom you know of spoke to me in the old tongue which she has learnt from the people she loves, and gave me meat, good ox-meat, such as I do not often see, and hers is the face which shall be one of God's own angels' faces along with my little *geirseach* grandchildren—I mind now! The English soldiers killed them and burnt my house.

Ochone! for the day. She told me, and they could not understand us, the *Bantighearna* and me, that they want the blood of the young man there, the real Faly, and I told her he was safe. And she said he was not safe, nor you either."

"Diaoul! What do they know?"

"They know too much. And before they dined—they are dining and drinking now—they went to find out more. They found a man—what shall I say? He hears me."

"Go on for God's sake!"

"They found his father—" pointing at me. I came forward and listened eagerly, as did Morres. Tandy stood up, near us, with a stern expression on his weather-beaten old face, and his great height and powerful frame overpeered and dominated the rest of us. Corrigan remained at the table, not understanding the language, and awaited enlightenment.

"They found his father, and they asked him where his son was. And he said that he did not know. They said, the old Lord out of red hell said, 'Tie him up and flog him till he does know!' And they did so, and the blood ran down his back, and the old villain of a Faly and his whelp stood by and laughed. Even the Protestant minister spoke and said it was an iniquitous thing. And the old Lord said, 'Who are you that you protect this man? Do you not know he is a rebel and the father of a rebel? Go! Flog on!' Then the minister asked if he could give the poor old man a glass of water. He was tied, was the old man, to a cart, and two Sassenach soldiers were flogging him. And the old Lord (whom flames consume for ever!) said, 'No water! Flog on!' And moreover he told the minister he would have him on board the transport to-morrow if he spoke again. And the poor man is dead, and

"He stood before us with his head bent."

Page 91.

gone where my children are, and where you say Righ Tiarlach and Righ Séamus are."

And he stood before us with his head bent and his old three-cocked hat in his hand, muttering.

I was stricken with horror. I could not speak.

"Ask him," said General Tandy, "what force they have."

It appeared that the old man's knowledge was very vague, that there were soldiers on horses, and soldiers on foot, and cannons drawn by horses, but of the actual numbers he had no idea. And he handed Denis something. It was a feather from a wild-goose wing.

"Did the *Bantighearna* send me this?"

"She did."

Denis turned to Tandy and said: "This is from a lady, a relative of Cormac Faly's, whom I love and honour, and she is in the midst of the enemy's camp. At her own risk she has sent this, and there must be a serious reason for it. There has been a leakage of information somewhere. I have it! Connel, did you see the soldiers come to-day?"

"I did. Cumberland's butchers."

"Ah, he's wandering back to the '45 again. Was there a man in black clothes, a *scribhiodoir* looking man with them with a red face?"

"Looking to the right and left as if the black death were behind him? There was such a one."

"Reynolds. He is the man I told you ot at Mullingar. I hope Larry Doyle got safe."

"Now," said Tandy, "we must decide without waste of time what is to happen, or it may be decided for us."

"Can we not go and burn the house over them while they are all drinking?" said I, finding voice at last.

"My poor boy," said Denis, with the tears of pity and wrath in his eyes, "you forget the lady, your own cousin, and my—well, I'm an oldish fellow in your eyes, but I can love as well as you—she will be sleeping, or lying awake in that house. She is Miss Charlotte Faly, of whom you will have heard. Besides it is your own house that you would be burning."

"Then let us raise a force and tear out Lord Carhampton and pour whisky and pitch over him and set him on fire."

"There is not time to raise and arm a force to cope with cavalry and guns. I wish there was."

"But my father, poor harmless lame old man, who really did not know perhaps where I was, is lying there! He has fought and bled for Ireland and he's lying dead, and I'm down here alive. Won't you help me to do something? You all experienced soldiers and gentlemen, can't you avenge him?"

"Listen, Faly," said Tandy, who had been walking up and down rapidly with his hands behind him, "I can promise you that in a little time there shall be such a vengeance as is not dreamed of, far surpassing anything we could contrive to-night. I would willingly stretch a point and risk an attack on Killdrinan Castle as it is, but it would be impossible in the time at our disposal to collect sufficient men, and to get up and distribute the arms which are here for a night attack, for a daylight attack would be useless under the circumstances. I would willingly authorize you to go yourself and fire the place if you could, but for two reasons, the lady mentioned by Colonel D'Arcy, and the fact that it would only bring more cruel torture on a number of innocent persons as a result. When we do move, it must be in force, and fully prepared. I may add, that with the greatest sympathy for your grief at this

terrible loss and its unspeakable cause, you are a soldier under my orders now, or those to whom I may delegate them, and I think for military reasons that any movement on Lord Carhampton's force is impracticable at present."

I determined in my own mind that I would go out alone and see what I could do. If I could do nothing else, I could put a *skian* or a bit of lead into Lord Carhampton before they could hang or shoot me, and that would be a benefit to the country as well as a satisfaction to me.

"What is to be done with this aged prophet?" said Denis. "He may attract attention, skirting about the country with his remarkable appearance coupled with the '45 hat and cockade, and his tendency to discursive eloquence is likely to get him into trouble as well as us."

"Let him stay here," said Tandy, "let him stay! If the whole movement is fated to be in the control of girls, gossoons, and elderly idiots with a bent for epic narrative, I can't help it. Give him *cead mile failthe* and a noggin of whisky in God's name and come and decide how we are to behave. Corrigan, go you and young Mr. Faly and take a look out seaward and report."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Corrigan. He led the way, past the place where the cooking had taken place, into a portion of the subterraneous dwelling which was more natural cave than excavated crypt. The stone walls and arches turned into rock which was neither walls nor arches, or if at all, such as were made by the Creator before Gothic or Norman or any other architecture had replaced the primeval *tohu-va-vohu*, the only signs of civilization apparent being barrels of powder, stacks of pikes, a lesser number of muskets, and some sheets of lead destined, during the winter months, to pass through the melting-pan and the bullet-mould.

"My young friend," said Mr. Corrigan in a kind voice, and a Dublin accent which I now began to be able to distinguish from that prevailing in the neighbourhood, "we make acquaintance under strange and sad circumstances. I trust we may meet again in Dublin in brighter days. Is it long you have been in Ireland? I think not!"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Do you know any of the Directory?"

"I think not."

"Not even by sight? Not Lord Edward, or Oliver Bond, or Dr. Macniven?"

"Not one of them."

"You have not seen Mr. Lawless, Lord Cloncurry's son, over in England?"

"I have not."

"Then there'll be something for you to see when you get to Dublin, for to Dublin you will go with Denis D'Arcy and me when we once get out of this rat-hole."

"When do you think, sir, the rising will take place?"

"It's not for me, but for our military advisers to say, but the sooner the better as far as I am concerned. There, now turn to your left, and there's a pretty view for you!"

I looked in the direction indicated, a fresh breeze playing on my face and refreshing me vastly after the somewhat confined air of the crypt. We stood near the mouth of a great fissure in the face of the cliff and looked out over the sea. The night had fallen, but the twilight had not departed, and it happened that it was a fine evening with a moon. The water was fairly calm with a little ripple under the north-westerly breeze, and I could hear the dull resonance of the surf far below. Out in the distance was a light, that of the cruel transport. Nearer,

there lay a low dark mass which moved to and fro slowly.

"A patrol-boat," said Mr. Corrigan, "on the watch, I suppose, for smugglers or patriots. It's much the same to them, except that the former are more leniently treated, in the hopes of getting information from them about the state of the Channel, and what 'our Gallic brethren,' as Colonel D'Arcy calls them, are up to. Fine evening, is it not?"

The west was going to sleep in a fading glow of pale primrose and the colour of the shaded side of a peach, crossed with streaks of dark purple cloud which no doubt had been rosy and golden. Above that was the dark violet star-speckled night. The masts of the transport were clear against the sky, but the hull was obscurely defined. The moon was behind us, and the hill kept its light off the water as yet.

"How peaceful it is!" I exclaimed—"what a contrast to the vile passions and deeds of men! How the dwellers in yon stars, if there be any, must pity and despise the little struggling, snapping, blood-shedding, crawling creatures here, who spend their little span of time in defiling the beautiful world God has put them in to enjoy and adorn!"

"You are young to be a moralist. At your age I was mostly thinking of girls."

"I feel older, sir, the last hour or so. And sure I may love a girl and keep the use of my brain as well?"

"I doubt the combination is difficult. But I do not wish to hurt your feelings. See, there is something else athwart the sky line, just to the right of the transport, and further off. Can you see it?"

"That is a square-rigged ship."

"You have good sight. What do you know of ships?"

"I have seen them *go leor* at Leith."

"Been there, have you now? You are quite a travelled man. Think of that! Are you ambitious at all, Mr. Faly?"

"In what sense?"

"In any sense whatever. Do you aim at wealth, rank, a diplomatic or military career abroad, or any of the other glittering Jack-o'-lanterns the Irish gentleman makes himself into a United man to follow till it leads him to an elevated position in front of Newgate?"

"Surely the liberation and service of his country should be ambition enough for any Irish gentleman to live or die for," I replied, looking in the dim light at the face of my interlocutor, which was exquisitely regular, somewhat resembling in feature that of Buonaparte (with which prints and caricatures had already familiarized me), but without quite so high a nose as that extraordinary man. He, Mr. Corrigan, also had reddish-fair hair, which he wore rather long, in imitation of the republican dandies of Paris. His expression was grave, and impassive almost to nullity. Some instinct told me that I had to do with a man of intellect, and of greater complexity of character than the brave, rough and ready, but vain Napper Tandy, the alternately rollicking and sentimental adventurer, D'Arcy, who appealed more to the sympathies than to the intellect, though possessing plenty of common sense, or the continentalized "wild-goose" soldier of fortune, Morres.

If the conversation travelled beyond war and whisky, or something immediately connected with those subjects, I fancied the three warriors above mentioned would make but a poor show—all of which proves how crude and im-

pertinent the judgments of youth can be. The greatest wisdom a man usually attains to when he is old is to recognize what a fool he was when he was young, which is a great satisfaction.

"Should be? True. Of course. But things, including human motives, are not always what they should be, and it's what they are that matters. Very few men in this or any other undertaking are absolutely single-minded. The peasants want the land, and revenge upon the party that bullies them. The priests want to rule the country themselves. They always do. The Presbyterians in the north are good hot rebels, and are jealous of the Established Church and not over fond of the Catholics. Sam Turner, of Newry, and Father Casey are both on the Directory, and hate one another like sin, as prominent representatives of the two religions. Lord Edward and Arthur O'Connor are hankering after an exact imitation of the French Republic, and so are a good many more, who all privately and individually intend to be the Robespierre or the Buonaparte of it when it comes, with a thundering good salary attached to the office. Others will perhaps content themselves with Embassies to foreign Courts—or even green uniform coats with gold lace," concluded Mr. Corrigan, with a scarcely perceptible contemptuous smile.

"One would think, to hear you, that you did not believe much in the success of the movement, Mr. Corrigan."

"One would think right. It is extremely doubtful. Even in its present state, crippled by wars abroad, shackled by a corrupt and unscrupulous despotism at home, the British Empire is a tough enemy to tackle. It all depends on Buonaparte, really. He is the true arbiter of the destiny of Ireland. If he takes it seriously,

Ireland will 'cut the painter' in earnest and for good, you will be a major-general with crosses, and I shall be a chief-justice or something of that sort. If he confines himself to dubious replies and is vaguely sympathetic, and leaves the practical part to Tone and Tandy and the Irish Directory, the whole thing will fizz and crackle like a firework for a little—attracting a good deal of attention for the time being, I daresay—and then go out and leave a stink. In that case you will probably be hung. Of course, the Government knows all about it, and mean, if possible, to force on the row before we are ready, in order to suppress it with the greater ease and cheapness, and have a good excuse for removing the semblance of a separate constitution which now exists."

"Do you think the Government really knows of the intended movement?"

"My good young man, do you imagine that several hundred thousand people, and Irish people, can keep a secret? Has it never occurred to you that people like Pitt and Castlereagh, though they may be knaves, are not exactly fools, and have practically unlimited power and money at their disposal? Among all the plotters and organizers in Ireland, in France, at Hamburg, you may suppose that there is one here and there to whom a few thousand guineas or a snug annuity appeal more strongly than a risky and dubious Irish revolution, while there is perhaps another who is led to babble by a woman or by sheer vanity and whisky. Heaven grant the Government don't know too much already! You wonder why I tell all this to you. I simply say that you are too young, and if I may add it, too clever and well-brought-up to run your head into a bag with your eyes shut. I want you to think and heed well what you are doing. I like you

rather, I don't know why, and I tell you there is a day coming when all the rope in Ireland will not be enough for the purpose it'll be wanted for, and I should be sorry to see you on one end of it. If you are in any difficulty or doubt, or want to understand things better, come to me. *Thigin thu?* Now let us go and report progress."

CHAPTER IX.

FOREWARNED.

We returned to the main guard, as it may be called, of what Mr. Corrigan had termed our rat-hole, and reported fine weather, a patrol boat outside, and a vaguely-defined vessel of some sort in the distance.

"We have in the meantime been holding a little council of war," said Denis to me, "and decided that all it is possible for Reynolds to reveal is the existence of a deposit of arms about here somewhere, and that I have got something to do with it. He is not familiar with the locality, he has no information of the presence of the General and Morres in Ireland, because there was no one to tell him. Larry Doyle himself didn't know that. Therefore, we think the best thing for them to do is to stay where they are until it shall please that murdering old Commander-in-Chief to move his gracious presence to some other locality."

"Then is that all the importance you attach to the feather the lady—Miss Faly—sent you?"

"I don't really know, 'pon my honour, what to make of it. But the General is for staying for the present, and it's not for me to desert him. Anyway, we can't be attacked in here."

"Why not?"

"First, because I don't believe anyone knows the way

in—anyone hostile, I mean. Second, because I've taken the rope off in the last quarter of an hour or so, while you were colloguing with Corrigan. Third, because whoever came would have to find their way in one at a time, and where'd we be all that while?"

"It sounds safe enough, but I can't help thinking that if Miss Faly took the trouble and risk to send you a message in the way she did, it means something urgent."

"Now then, Faly," said Tandy, "you and Mr. Corrigan can take a few hours' repose. You will probably need it. Morres, will you keep a look-out to seaward, and D'Arcy will relieve you in two hours. D'Arcy, you can rest here, but don't go to sleep—keep the lamp bright."

"Who is going to watch the well-hole, then?"

"I am."

"And when are you going to rest yourself?"

"I am not going to rest." And Tandy wrapped himself in a huge great coat, and walked gloomily away, with his hands behind him.

"He's in a devil of a temper to-night," said Denis, "because of—what's happened—and because he can't get out and fight. He'd challenge Carhampton to single combat if he could get him to come, but the Commander-in-Chief is not conspicuous for personal courage, and would only find it a good subterfuge to take Tandy prisoner. Then you've had a bitter, hard day of it, Cormac, my boy. Better turn in. And we'll say a prayer for your father's soul, all of us, before we sleep to-night, God rest him, gentle, kindly man!"

And I lay down on one of the extemporized beds which occupied corners of the floor by walls as before described, expecting I should not be able to sleep a wink for thinking of all that had gone by. But I suppose fatigue, grief, and

excitement together had wearied me into a state of passive vacancy, for I quickly sank into a deep and dreamless slumber, which lasted I do not know how long, and was suddenly interrupted by a shake of my shoulder.

I woke up and looked vaguely around.

The old man, Connell, was sleeping on the floor. Denis D'Arcy was sitting at the rough table with his head in his hands and a glass of punch before him. I would not say he was drunk, but he was meditative. The lamp was still burning.

The person who woke me was Napper Tandy. He said,—

"Come with me and listen. Your ears are younger than mine." And he led the way back to the well-hole, where I stood with him at the bottom and waited. After a time I thought I heard something. It was a musical voice singing in a somewhat subdued tone (a Wolfe Tone said D'Arcy subsequently, to his eternal disgrace),—

"For the French are on the sea
Says the Seanbhean Bhoght!"

"Who the devil's that?" said General Tandy.

"It's not Miss Doyle," I replied, "for I know her voice. What will I do, sir?"

"*Morbleu!* Can you whistle?"

"Indifferently."

"Then whistle back the same air. It's someone who knows the place. If it is an unauthorized person I can probably shoot him or her. Anyway, there's no coming down here till they fetch a new rope, and then whoever fixes it is a fair target with this moon."

I whistled as ordered.

A voice said,—

"Take care! I am dropping a stone with a note round it. Is Mr. D'Arcy there?"

"I begin to see daylight though it's only a moon," said Tandy. Then he said in a louder voice,—

"No, mademoiselle. But he is not far off. Have I the pleasure of speaking with—are you alone?"

"I am, then."

"With Miss Charlotte Faly?"

"You have, and for heaven's sake make haste, for I daren't be away longer."

"Drop your message, then, and God be good to you."

A stone fell.

"Get a light, Faly. You'll find a lantern—no, bedad, I'm talking like a fool! We'll take this into the interior and read it there. Are you gone, Miss Faly?"

"Have you got it?"

"I have, and thank you kindly. What force is at your place?"

"I don't rightly know, but a great many. They are nearly all drunk now that they are off duty, but the roads are watched by sentries, mounted."

"Are you sure you are not watched and followed yourself?"

"I think not. I should have seen anyone on the hillside in the moonlight."

"Good-night to you, then, mademoiselle, and a safe journey home. Now, Faly, let us come in and investigate this matter."

When we got into the big chamber where the lamp hung, the General woke up Denis D'Arcy and told him what passed, bidding him read the note. D'Arcy smote his forehead with his hand, and exclaimed,—

"Holy Mother! Why wasn't I there?"

"Because, my dear Colonel, you were dozing here, for which I can hardly blame you. But the news?"

Denis handed him the note. Tandy read it, and first whistled, and then laughed.

"What an extraordinary and providential arrangement! General Carhampton proposes to mount cannon in this neighbourhood, and batter down yon ivied tower above us (little knowing what a treasure-mine he will close the mouth of) to-morrow after breakfast, simply to spite the harmless old Protestant rector, who is fond of the picturesque piece of antiquity. It is a cruel and cowardly piece of revenge to take, simply because the poor man offended him by some fruitless expostulations. Still, it will make our deposit of arms and ammunition safer than ever from prying eyes among the ruins."

"Unless it all blows up together," pleasantly remarked Denis.

"We take the chance of that. Any way, they will not fall into the enemy's hands. In the meantime, these are the orders: You, D'Arcy, and this young man Faly take advantage of the darkness, and get out at once, and get to Dublin, where you will both be safer and more useful, as soon as you can, and take your orders from the Directory. I shall get away by water with Morres if we are not blown up in the meantime. Keep your eyes open for spies, and don't forget there are piquets on the roads."

"That there won't be long," said Harvey Morres, coming in and overhearing the last sentence, "for that distant sail has come nearer, and she shows the French private lights, and by daylight it's little of that d—d transport we'll be seeing!"

"Well, that's good news to compensate for bad," said Tandy. "That disposes of you and me, Morres. In the

meantime, D'Arcy, you understand, sharp's the word, and it will be safer for him to take young Faly with you. You'll make him useful, and help him to get a good stroke in for his revenge. About Reynolds now?"

"Oh, leave him to the boys here. They'll cut his ears off."

"Where's Corrigan?"

"Asleep and snoring like a pig."

"Let him sleep. I'll see he wakes in good time. He shall go to Dublin separately. That will be safer. He is an unsuspected, and as such a safe person, while you and Faly, at any rate in this neighbourhood, are marked men. Now, one glass round to our next merry meeting, and go, and my kind love to Mr. John Toler."

A quarter of an hour afterwards Denis D'Arcy and myself were out in the air of the keen November night, carefully avoiding the main road where the patrols were to be expected, and making up the narrow mountain path that led to Phil Doyle's. In the distance we saw among some trees the long, low, ugly mass of Kildrinan Castle, with a few lights yet in the windows, where probably the Squire and his military and other guests were making merry according to the coarse fashion of the place and period.

"And yet," said Denis, "that is the home of our guardian angel, and the house of your fathers, which I hope is yet to be yours again, Cormac, my poor boy. Listen now!"

We paused for a moment and heard a call like that of some wild sea-bird a little way ahead of us. Denis replied to it immediately, and two men came out into the pathway, if such it may be called, armed with long single-barrelled guns of antique pattern, very different from the smart new firelocks of the stores under the Abbey.

"Halt, and who goes there?" said a guarded voice.

"Eire 'n Banrigh."

"What do you know?"

"I know 'U' and I know 'N,' and I know in a general way a d—d sight more than you do, any way, Pat Casey." (For it proved to be those two redoubtable brothers.)

"It's all right, Mike; it's the Colonel himself, and more power. When's the French comin', Colonel dear?"

"They'll be here in good time. Now tell me what you are after here, if you please."

"We had the word then that Captain George and Mr. cursed Reynolds were coming up the Cnocán to Phil Doyle's, and we were thinking we'd send them a bit further. Your honour will understand that the gentlemen was taking a bit to drink at the Castle this evening (and why wouldn't they, may the next glass choke them! Sure, 'tis we that pay for it), and Captain George got to be talking and going on about Miss Mary, Phil Doyle's daughter that is, and Mr. Reynolds has a bill of sale on Captain George's black mare Boyne Water, and over the drink the Captain bet Reynolds double or quits he'd go up seeing Miss Doyle this night, and Reynolds bet he dare not, and there was witnesses to it, officers and gentlemen and lords and dragoons and the rest of it, and Reynolds was stuck between his life and his money to go with him and see it out or pay up (and sorra knows which he'd be fondest of, the Captain's dirty money or his own dirty life), so we thought it was a good moment for both, more by token after what's been done this day."

"Where did you have your information?"

"Sure Tony Macan, old Nanny's grandson, waits upon the table, and lets us all know by his gorsoon."

"Well now, boys, giving you all credit for your good intentions, will you just wait awhile? Myself and Mr. Cormac Faly here—"

"Him of the pitchfork?"

"Indeed, yes, and he's the greatest sufferer of us all this day. We're on the *seachrán* for Dublin on business that won't wait, and we want a rest and a bit of something to eat at Phil Doyle's, and we'd be obliged if you'd postpone your benevolent project for a time, for we don't want more attention attracted this way than we can help, and your confounded old guns, if they don't miss fire entirely, are just fit to wake the dead, and what's worse, the living, so come up to Phil's with us, and if those two come there we'll deal with them, pleasant and easy, without a noise. If they don't come till we're gone, hole Reynolds any time. He needs it. But don't touch the officer unless he attacks you first. We mean to make honourable war, and not midnight murder and mutilation, unless of course it's an informer. See that now?"

"We're at your orders, Colonel. We thought we'd be doing right."

"And you were, but the way's wrong. Give Reynolds Ormond steel, by all means."

"And," said I, "leave Mr. George Faly to me. I'll have a matter to settle with him."

"Sure, it's yourself has the right to, then."

"An' that's thrue too," said the other Casey.

We then went on our way to Doyle's cabin, where we found Phil smoking gloomily with a gun across his knees, while his brother Larry, late of Mullingar and Mr. Reynolds' office-stool, lay on a pallet in the obscurity of one end of the room, suffering from an ague caused by hiding in the hills and bogs on his way to this place, which,

after the confined air and insufficient outdoor exercise of a prolonged sojourn in a town and at a lawyer's office, had told upon him more than it did upon the farmers and agriculturists, who were comparatively inured to it, and only looked forward to a miserable and comfortless old age, as recompense for a life of hardship and toil, and were thankful if they were not prematurely crippled with the rheumatism and ague.

Phil Doyle expected the arrest of his brother at any moment, and said,—

"It's as much as his life's worth to be on his keeping outside these winter nights, but they'll have to kill me before they take him, and I'll hole some one first. It's something of a doctor you are, Mr. Cormac, is it not? God forgive me for troubling you after what's happened, and it's sad all our hearts are this day, but what will I do for my poor brother here?"

Of course I could give no medicinal remedies, but I suggested such practical comforts for the poor fellow as the simple means at our disposal allowed, and we sat round the turf discussing the awful event of the day. Miss Doyle, I learnt, was gone to see Miss Faly privately, to obtain a trifle of wine and a pitcher of meat-soup, as well as to bring any items of information she could obtain. The brothers Casey had followed close behind us, and were entertained with potheen and seats on some cut gorse to keep them off the cold ground. We all expected that the dissipated young captain of yeomanry and the informer would appear at any moment, and our anxiety was lest they should overtake Mary Doyle on her way home.

It was a miserable and anxious night, and I was tired out as well as wrung with a dull, bitter sorrow which kept

"A miserable and anxious night."

me from speaking more than I could avoid. They were all very kind to me, with that true delicacy which distinguishes the Irish gentleman, though the rags are on his back and his feet know shoes at best only when he goes to mass, and their truest kindness was to leave me alone with my own misery.

I cannot well describe all I thought through that dark night hour in the mountain cabin, with its dark-visaged, gloomy occupants waiting to die, it might be, like half-starved wild animals at bay, round their refugee officer and the sick-bed of their stricken comrade. I have lived an outdoor life, and often a rough one, and have not acquired the literary ability and experience to tell in an interesting or convincing way all the strange things which pass through a young man's head at such a time.

One thing I do know and can say, and that is, that not all the teachings of history, not all the daily acts of oppression which were matters of common knowledge at the time I speak of, not all the eloquence of Burke, the brilliancy of Grattan, the fierce pathos and satire of Curran, no, nor the sweet, dark eyes of Mary Doyle, could have made me a keener foe to the foes of my country, with a deeper hatred of the awful system which crushed us and of the English who supported it, with a deeper love of my country and a more intense feeling of comradeship and brotherhood with those of all ages, ranks, or sexes who were prepared—and, as it turned out, many of them destined—to give up their lives for that dear *Mater dolorosa*, that mother of the many sorrows, the land that bore them, than the events of the previous day.

Just think what they were.

George Faly, the son of the man who usurped my father's house too, my own blood-relative, was the original

and malignant begetter of the catastrophe, and all as a kind of sop to offended petty vanity!

Truly I think the hatreds that arise between relatives are worse than those which occur between strangers. In some of the most terrible of the ancient Greek tragedies half the horror is due to that cause.

As I thought, a grim determination came to me that a day should come when I would have blood for blood for this, without remorse, Faly or no Faly. I vowed then and there, with no listener but God, and maybe the devil too, that if my own life was spared long enough I would take the life of my cousin, George Faly. And perhaps they heard me, or old half-forgotten Baal, with his fires in the mountain tops, did, and approved my curse; for I said that I would risk damnation rather than forego revenge. It was a wicked enough vow to please Baal, who is jealous of the new, gentle, and peace-teaching religion, and my youth, my naturally strong passions, and the hideous, lonely, and dangerous position into which I had fallen by no fault of my own, must plead in pardon for it.

I had never known a mother, and I needed one then. I wanted to lay my head on some kind breast and weep like a lost child.

CHAPTER X.

AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.

We Irish have the reputation of being by nature a talkative, extravagant, irresponsible, laughter-loving race, but it was little I saw of those characteristics in the winter of '97 and the spring of '98. There were too many mourning for fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons in that awful period, which I can compare only to the persecution of the French heretics in the days of the Dragonnades. No doubt many, if not all, of our Ascendency rulers think the conduct of Louis XIV. in revoking the Edict of Nantes, and sending his dragoons to free quarters in poor Huguenots' houses, and permitting them to harry, torture, and kill these poor, misguided people with all the irresistible force of armed and disciplined, ruthless and dissipated Royal troops (whose devotion to plunder, riot, and cruelty was probably greater than their attachment to the Church) barbarous tyranny. No doubt those of them who are Whigs and Orangemen entertain similar opinions about the horrible and relentless extermination of the Scottish Calvinists by the Anglican Church under King Charles II. Well, that is exactly the way in which they, the Ascendency and Orange party, treated us. These are not the ravings of rhetoric, or the celebrated Irish extravagance of speech, but sober history of much of

which I was a witness, by some of which I was a sufferer. That will account for the feelings of us Catholics. But the sturdy Presbyterians were with us, in consequence of the corruption and tyranny in politics, and many of our most noted leaders were Protestants, including my friend General Tandy. Some were, indeed, so far imbued with the French Republican spirit as to be pretty nearly atheists, so that there is no excuse for saying that ours was a mere religious or sectarian war. It was a movement for national freedom by all ranks and sects, driven to desperation by an absolutely unscrupulous Government, which aimed only at their extinction as a nation or a constitution. The Dublin Castle party were practically at the lead and bidding of that contemptible and infamous criminal, Francis Higgins, the "Sham Squire," so called from a cruel deception practised by him on a virtuous young lady whom he fraudulently inveigled into a marriage under circumstances hardly fitting for me to reveal, but nobly exposed by Mr. Magee, of the *Evening Post*, who suffered almost perpetual imprisonment and paid enormous fines for his courage and persistence in the cause of social and political integrity.

The characters of ministers and judges in private life was in fit proportion to their conduct in public affairs. I will not say worse of them than that, and leave their names and acts to be pilloried by the historian of later and less passionate times, but their one crowning iniquity I must mention.

They knew beforehand of the intended rebellion, and refused to prevent it from breaking out when besought by some of their own supporters.

That such was the fact there is now no room for doubt, though at the time I am speaking of it was more a matter

of suspicion and surmise among the popular party. It was evident that there was what Denis D'Arcy called a "leakage" of information about the conspiracy, but that the Government knew as much as it did, and by what means, or that it would wait silently to allow the largest possible number of persons to implicate themselves in it, and then force on an outbreak by means of *agents provocateurs* in its pay, who assumed the character of advanced revolutionists, and entered into intimate social relations with individuals and their families, whom they only sought to lead into the conspiracy in order to gain the blood money of their betrayal, we certainly did not know, or we might have managed things differently. But it was already quite clear that we were dealing with an enemy who gave no quarter and was restrained by no scruple. It was a fight to the death for its existence, of a corrupt usurping faction, luxuriating on the wages of sin and wielding practically unlimited power, and it meant to use all the resources at its disposal and to spare no one. And the more deadly fear it went in of the French, the more tyranically it treated us, by way of compensation.

All this came soon to my knowledge, in conversation with Denis and others, and by my own observation of contemporary life, more particularly in Dublin, and much of it represents reflections which passed through my mind during that dread and weary wintry night in Phil Doyle's cabin, to which I must now recall the reader's attention.

We became anxious, after a time, on account of the non-return of Mary Doyle, for it was no safe time for a girl to be at large. We knew that soldiers were quartered all over the village (of course, at the expense of the inhabitants), and that they were sure to be drunk, in addition to their natural tendency to treat the people with

cruelty and insult. However, Mary knew her way about much better than they, was quick-witted, and, moreover, to some extent under the protection of Kildrinan Castle, as a humble friend and foster-sister of Miss Faly, whose sympathies with the cause represented in her mind by our friend D'Arcy were probably unsuspected at her home, or her life would have been made intolerable to her, and her personal liberty restricted long ago. So we hoped for the best. Nevertheless, the Caseys, who knew the country well, better than Denis, or, of course, myself, went out to reconnoitre, to see, if possible, whether she had got into any trouble, and after a time returned with the young man Macan, previously mentioned, who brought a basket containing a few comforts for the sick man, and a note addressed to her father. She naturally did not know of the presence of Denis and myself in her father's dwelling.

The note was to the effect that Miss Faly, fearing for Mary's safety if she allowed her to go home at that hour under the circumstances, was keeping her for the night, where she would be quite safe for the time being, and both would be glad to hear by the bearer if Phil Doyle and his brother were safe so far, and had any news to tell of others.

"But is Mary safe," exclaimed I, "in the same house with that hound of a yeomanry captain?"

"That is the crame of the joke," replied young Macan, who was, in common with the Caseys, a member of some secret society, a Defender or a Thrasher, or something of the kind, and employed as a scout in the Kildrinan household, "for Captain George is coming up here after Miss Mary, not knowing that his own house holds her at this minute. He'll maybe lose his way or the like of that, for he's had the claret, and the port, and the punch fit to float a ship."

"And Reynolds?" said Mike Casey.

"Gone with him to see fair play and win his bet. He does not know the way, and might be more sober himself."

"Macan," said Phil Doyle, "you can let the young lady know that Larry and I are safe here at present, and the blessing of the Virgin on her for what she has sent and for all her kindness. You might say that these two gentlemen are here, on their way to Dublin as soon as they are able to go. Miss Faly will be glad to hear of them, I daresay. Tell Mary to take care of herself, though she is pretty good at doing that without any telling. That's all, I think."

"Yes, Mr. Doyle. Then I'll go."

"I was thinking of taking a little walk myself; I'd go part of the way with you," said Mike Casey.

"My legs would do with a stretch," remarked the younger Casey, Tim, in a casual way.

"Mind then," said Phil Doyle, "it's not your neck that gets it."

The younger man looked at Denis D'Arcy. He appeared absorbed in contemplation, and elaborately ignored them. Seeing therefore that he did not intend to assume any control over their actions, in spite of his lecture of a few hours since, the Caseys took up their long guns in a sheepishly furtive way, which they intended should look absent-minded and matter of course, and followed Macan out of the doorway into the night.

After helping to give such attentions to Larry Doyle as our increased resources permitted, I succeeded in falling into a doze which lasted until dawn, when I was awakened by the re-entrance of the Caseys, who, after carefully hiding their weapons in some place in the roof, no doubt provided for the purpose and well known to them, but

indistinguishable by me in the dim light, eagerly drained the footless glass of whisky Phil Doyle filled, first for one and then for the other, and flung themselves down on the dry gorse and fern and were apparently in a profound sleep before they could be asked any questions.

"They're tired, poor boys," said Phil.

Denis, who had also been to sleep, said, "And now the sooner we're out of this the better. We must get on at any risk, for there are others depending on the speed at which we can make Dublin."

"How do you count on going," said Phil, "now the country is just crawling with soldiers?"

"Skirt away over to Boyle, avoiding the roads. Once there, we can get a conveyance on and will be comparatively safe. They won't know my face once we are clear of Master Reynolds. He is the only one out here in the West who can identify me, unless they have other informers or spies we haven't heard of. And Cormac here is not known to anybody outside of Kildrinan. In short, the more miles we can put between us and here the safer it will be for us and for you too, Phil. Can you walk, Cormac?"

"Fairly, I think. I've walked about a good deal in the country round Edinburgh."

"Including the Alpine achievement of scaling Arthur's Seat, no doubt. Well, you'll have to do your best, for you're too big for me to carry. Can you give us anything to eat, Phil?"

"I've milked the goat, and there's bacon, and there's potatoes in the pot over the turf. I thought you'd be wanting it about now. Hark now! What's that?"

Denis pricked up his ears, and his eyes brightened. He said, "Wait a bit. Listen!"

Soon we heard it again. The Caseys woke up, and rubbed their eyes and scratched like dogs. Then they heard it, and their dark eyes glowed.

"Where is it at all?" said Mike Casey.

"Run up the hill and see," said Phil.

They did so, while we ate our rude but sufficient breakfast, and topped it with the least taste of whisky in the milk.

"What do you think it means?" I said to Denis.

"I can give a guess, but wait till those boys come back."

After a time they did come back, accompanied by Connel-an-Bard, in a high state of excitement, and Mary Doyle, the sight of whose face was like the light after long darkness to me. They all began speaking at once, Connel vociferating in alliterative Irish at the top of his voice.

"Hold on now!" said Phil, "here, Connel, my poor man, here's your breakfast waiting for you; fill your mouth with that. Mike, what is it?"

"Sure, it's a French ship taking long shots at the dirty transport which is makin' all the sail she has towards Sligo Bay, where there's an English gunboat or the like of that, bad luck to her for a transport then! They daren't fire except at the rigging, for if they sank her they'd sink a hundred and fifty poor Connaught boys, prisoners in the belly of her."

"And," said Mary, "the soldiers are leaving Kildrinan for Sligo at the gallop, with the guns hopping and bumping over the country like parched peas on a griddle. They think the French are going to land."

"More power!" shouted Denis, waving his hat in the air. (We were outside the cabin, in order to be free from poor old Connel's recitative and ravings.)

"Then the sentries are taken off the roads?"

"They are," replied Mary, "and Miss Faly is to be sent to Dublin this day for safety, and wants me to go with her. Will I go, father dear, or would you rather I stayed here?"

"The best thing you can do is to go. You will be safer there, and I shall feel a load off my mind. Maybe I'll be in Dublin myself one of these days. You'll be out of the way of trouble from the Captain there, too."

"By the same token, the Captain's lost," said Mary.

Denis looked at the Caseys, who now in their turn looked absent and meditative. Then he said to Mary,—

"And is Mr. Reynolds lost, too?"

"Indeed he is. They say he and Captain George went out together last night after dinner, and that is the last that is known of them."

"Now you, Mike and Tim Casey," said Denis, "I think you said something about taking a stroll last night to stretch—well, just to stretch your legs. Did you happen to see anything of Captain George Faly?"

"An' what if we did, sir?"

"Is he alive for aught you know at this moment?"

"Indeed he is, sir! We'd take our oath of that on the Blessed Sacrament for all that we know of him."

"Lucky for you. How did you leave him?"

"Spacheless, sir. Your honour's self even never saw the drunker man."

"Thanks! Where did you leave him?"

Mike replied, with a certain coy approximation to humour, while Tim broke into an unaccustomed grin,—

"You see, you ordhered us, colonel dear, not to hole him, and Mr. Cormac Faly was to have the pleasure of dalin' with him when the time came."

"Very true. Proceed."

"So we had a thrifle of sport with him. We turned his beautiful uniform coat inside out—as was only shutable"—Denis could not forbear a smile at the allusion—"an' we put it on to him again. Thin, savin' your sweet presence, Miss Mary, we tuk off the breeches on him, him lyin' there as calm as a dead boneen, an' we tied them round his neck, and we hung his sword in the right place, like an ape's tail."

"And where was it you left him?"

"On the broad of his back, sir."

"Heaven grant Miss Faly doesn't hear of it! But I'm glad you did no worse."

They were welcome to hang, draw, and quarter Captain Faly, as far as I was concerned, and a good riddance, but then I was not in love with his sister, having, indeed, never seen that lady as yet, though I had heard her voice. I noticed that Denis asked no questions about Reynolds.

Well, having heard that Tandy and his companions, Hervey Morres and the young French sailor, had got away by a path down the cliff under the guidance of old Connel, and then taken a boat in the early morning in hopes of falling in sooner or later with the French ship, and that Mr. Corrigan had decided to go to Dublin, probably, as I supposed, by public conveyance from Sligo, as he seemed an wholly unsuspected personage, who moved calmly about without any attempt at secrecy, and with, to our minds, surprising impunity, we decided, Denis and I, to start as soon as we could, avoiding Sligo, and endeavouring to cut into the road at Colloony. Seeing now that the country was safe, at any rate for a time, Denis went off by himself, partly, he asserted, to recover a

valise he had left, in the hurry of our departure, in the underground armoury, partly, I believe, to prowl about in hopes of getting speech with Miss Faly before her departure. The Caseys also went away, and Connel-an-Bard roamed off to some awful lair of his in the mountains, and I was left with Mary and Phil Doyle. The latter laid his hand on my shoulder and looked at me with a kindly expression on his grim and usually saturnine face. He made no direct allusion to the subject which was in the minds of both of us, but I understood what he meant when he said, "'Tis hard times we live in, Cormac." Then he turned away and went out to attend to something or other about the farm.

I looked at Mary. It seemed to me it must be years that I had known her and weeks since I saw her. I told her so.

"The time goes long," I added, "to sore hearts, I suppose. I wanted the sight of a woman's face too. I never had a sister, and never knew a mother—and, Mary dear, I feel so lonely, I wish I was a child, that can cry and then forget all about it."

She came to me, and looked in my face with her deep true eyes with a smile and a trace of a tear in them, and took both my hands in hers, and said,—

"Cormac, if it's any good to you, or any comfort, look on me as sister and mother, and aunt and grandmother too. I know what you mean, I think. It will get better as time goes on. When I lost my own mother I was old enough to miss her. Ah, I wonder how I've ever grown up without her! Father is good to me, but he is a man. The best friend a man or a woman has in the world is their mother. And you and I, Cormac, have had to do without one mostly. And now you've lost your poor father too,

rest his soul in glory, and here am I talking, and don't know what to say to you. I hardly know what I have been saying. But I am more sorry for you than words can say—I am indeed."

"Thank you, Mary," I said, in a low voice, "and God bless you for your kindness and sweet sympathy, which is the best thing I've met with yet in this awful country of ours."

I was still holding her hands. At last she gently withdrew them, and said, "I shall see you in Dublin, I suppose." Tact suggested to her to change the subject, and turn my mind into a new and interesting direction.

"I hope so. Where are you going to live?"

"Miss Faly is to live (and that's where I'll be) in the house of her aunt, Miss Dennehy, and to remain there until further notice. The fact is that the Government have a notion that a French invasion may come any time, and their expectation is that it will take place on the west coast. They have just got a hint of that at the Castle here, and the sound of those guns made them decide in a hurry, especially when they saw all the soldiers leaving."

"How was it Miss Faly got acquainted with Denis D'Arcy?"

"That was at the house of one of the great ladies in Dublin, when she was staying at her aunt's at the time of Wolfe Tone's invasion. Miss Dennehy is a bit of a patriot, you know, too, on the quiet, and I expect to see Mr. Denis walking in there before long. Mr. Corrigan too."

"Mr. Corrigan! Does Miss Faly know him?"

"Indeed she does. She has met him at her aunt's in Dublin."

And why not? I thought. And yet the thing stuck in my mind and annoyed me.

"Where are you going to live, Cormac?"

"I have no idea. I am at Denis's orders. I have nothing of my own now—no father, no mother, no home, no money, no business or profession, and very few friends."

"When you feel lonely and black-hearted by yourself there in the big town, Cormac, remember there's one friend who will be always glad to see you, and that's Mary Doyle. And now I must bid you good-bye for the present and go back to Miss Faly, with my bundle of Sunday clothes." And she held out her hand. I took it and hesitated.

"Oh, there, kiss it if you want to then, and don't be all forenoon about it!" And with a kindly laugh she ran away.

CHAPTER XI.

BITS OF OLD DUBLIN.

I WILL not try the reader's patience by describing our journey to Dublin. It was dreary, weary, cold and wet, and lasted what in these wonderful days of steam railroads and electric telegraphs would be thought a murdering long time, though we hurried as much as we were able, and I saw moor and bog and wild stony mountain-sides enough to make me welcome the sight of a decent pavement.

"And now," I said to Denis, as we stood at last in the shelter of the coffee-room of a civilized hotel in a small street off Crafton Street (I think the house was known as "O'Hara's"), "you are safe, I suppose, from identification by Reynolds?"

"I have a strong impression that Reynolds will never identify anybody again, and that he is enjoying the society of Titus Oates and Dermot MacMorrogh at this moment. But as to our being safe, that is another question. The danger is less immediate and obvious than when we had the soldiers of Satanides after us and were hiding in caves and cabins, but it is here, and is none the less dangerous because it is less visible. Let me particularly impress upon you to be careful in your conversation in the hearing of any person whatever whom you don't thoroughly know, whether it's a beggar or Major Sirr himself. Don't mention names. By the way, we must have names of our

own. I will henceforth and till further notice enjoy the title of Thompson, of England, interested in the wine-trade. Which reminds me we'd like to see samples of the local claret here, to make the interest keener. Just ring, will you? You are a relative of mine—also Thompson. I'll have cards printed. I've got an address in London they'll let me use, and I flatter myself I know as much about wine as anybody in Ireland, and more than a good many. Then I have connections in the trade at Bordeaux, which accounts for my having correspondence with persons in France. Ha! Waiter, a quart of claret. Good, do you hear, for I'm a bit of a judge. I am in the trade." The waiter departed, duly impressed, let us hope, and Denis rattled on, quite pleased with his new plot, "Very well, now you're James Thompson, my nephew, by a brother who was a good deal older than I, and I am George Thompson, Uncle George, do you see? Make you think of his Gracious Majesty. Your awful brogue is accounted for by the fact that you had the misfortune to be educated in this abominable, disloyal, and seditious country."

This allusion to my (possible) brogue on the part of Denis was cool, and set me smiling till I saw that the poor good-hearted fellow was talking half of this nonsense for the simple purpose of distracting my mind and cheering me up, and after the waiter had put the jug before us on the hearth, and left the room with a pious wish that it might do us much good, I said to Denis,—

"Mr. D'Arcy—"

"Mr. Thompson, Uncle George, you *amadán!*"

"Well, uncle, are you serious about that?"

"It's d—d serious I am, and you'll find it so if you go blurting out what will put a noose round both of our necks. Go on then, Jimmy, my lad, and be done. What is it?"

"The late Dr. Armstrong left my poor father a small amount of personal property, not anything of importance, but enough to keep body and soul together—at any rate, in Ireland. Do you think I have any claim to it?"

"To deal plainly, I am afraid not a vestige. In the eyes of the law—at any rate, as the courts here would interpret it—your father was a rebel, a United man who would not claim a protection, a Catholic who had not taken the oath of allegiance, and Lord Carhampton's proceedings would be upheld as justified by the Insurrection Act—so called, I suppose, because it is intended to force the people into insurrection. You yourself are liable to immediate arrest for high treason, should you make yourself troublesome by appealing to courts of law—indeed, you would be insane to try. Either the Crown or the Kildrinan Turncoat will snap up that property, whatever it consists of."

"Then all I have to say is that I have not a penny in the world barring the little I happened to have in pocket before this trouble came upon me."

"So I supposed," replied Denis, calmly, as he filled my glass and his own, taking the jug up from the hearth, for the day was cold, and we were glad to be near a fire. It was about eleven in the forenoon, and there was no one else in the room, and we had ordered a kind of meal which may be called either lunch or breakfast, and were now awaiting it, having arrived that morning in Dublin. I thought for awhile, and then said,—

"I can't live on your charity."

"Charity is it? Bad luck to it for charity, then! An old friend of your father would be a queer kind of man to leave you in the lurch at the moment you most needed help. Is that pride or humility that makes you speak so, Mr. Jimmy Thompson?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it's both."

"Well, I am not too proud to live on voluntary contributions from the Irish Directory, and from the French Directory too, and not too humble to think that I give them their money's worth in work and risk. Do you think I have a landed estate, messuage and demesne, with emblements, arable land, and land under water, or ingots and diamonds in Newcomen's Bank? My boy, you will have to live like me, on what you can pick up, till the good time comes. Don't fret your mind any more about that. I'll stick by you and you'll stick by me, good comrades, till death us do part; here's my hand on it. So! Now drink your claret and cheer up, and we'll go out after breakfast and find a lodging, and have a look at 'dear old dirty Dublin' again. And mind you, I mean to get work out of your great carcase, don't make any mistake about that. You are going to be a soldier under orders, and need have no hesitation in taking your pay."

And so forth and so forth. How is it that a man will take so much pains to explain that his motive is anything in the world rather than simple kindness of heart? Poor D'Arcy, I can see him now sitting there, his hat and great-coat with capes flung on a chair before the fire to dry, his elbow on the table by which he sat sideways, stretching out his long legs and riding boots towards the fire, and his striking rather than handsome dark face, already described, looking over at me with a mixture of good-humour and mockery as he made the foregoing speech, and I (who was sitting on the other side of the table, also warming and drying my legs) thought how utterly lost and helpless I should be in this strange and dangerous capital but for the comfortable presence of the powerful, trustworthy, and experienced man and soldier, who had seen "camps and courts," as the saying

goes, wandered in many lands, under sun, storm, and snow, and so often carried his life in his hands that he could now do so with the easy, careless manner of one to whom danger is too familiar an element to require special attention, and I wondered what he could see in me to do me the honour of making me his friend and comrade. I supposed, and no doubt rightly, that it was originally for my father's sake, though I do not think it presumption to add that he had come to like me personally as well by this, and that time increased and developed that liking till, as he said, death us did part.

My scruples for the time were silenced, and a good solid meal of Dublin Bay fish and a rich stew of mutton, potatoes, and onions, accompanied by a second quart of claret, succeeded in extinguishing them entirely, such slaves are our souls to the condition of our bodies. I have known times since then, more particularly in the Dresden campaign of 1813, between Lützen and Bautzen, when I would have sacrificed a good deal more scruple to have obtained a good deal less comfort, but at the time when I sat in O'Hara's modest coffee-room I had all the sentimental chivalry of inexperienced book-bred youth, and had not learned from hardship what it costs to indulge the same.

In the afternoon we went in search of a lodging, and found one above an industrious and not over-fashionable dressmaker's shop in the immediate neighbourhood of Dame Street, to which aristocratic thoroughfare she hoped in due course to advance. Denis (for I will not go through the "Thompson" farce except when obliged) had got information that this Mrs. Moriarty was one to be trusted, whose furnished lodgings on the first floor had sheltered more than one honest gentleman whose person Major Sirr's

sbirri would have been glad to lay hands on, and as she was a woman of somewhat comely presence, between thirty and forty, I need hardly say that Denis's fluent tongue and mellow voice, together with his somewhat imposing presence, had more than a little to do with obtaining her favour and countenance, perhaps indeed to the extent of taking some percentage off the average price of our humble double-bedded room. There was a certain way and manner of talking about Denis, which may have been partly Irish and partly French, which was mighty effective with women, somehow or other, and surprised my unsophisticated mind.

It was a queer place, that old Dublin of the last years of the eighteenth century, just before the sorrowful Union bought by blood and tears and money put an end to its existence as a capital, full of many strange and evil things which are now but dreams and memories, of buildings which are now no more, or of which the occupations and purposes have changed. I suppose when I say that I saw the Sham Squire and Buck Whalley bedizened in highly-coloured waistcoats and hats trimmed with swan's-down on the Beaux's Mall in Stephen's Green on Sunday afternoons, or had pointed out to me the notorious Mrs. Lewellyn, or the famous Crane Lane College, *alias* gaming-house, once Higgin's Pandemonium, where virtue as well as fortunes might be lost, or the Crow Street Theatre, sacred to "Daly the Dasher," modern readers will hardly know what I am talking about. Even Daly's Club has ceased to be, together with the members of both Houses of Parliament who frequented it.

The spies and creatures of the Government were everywhere, and the reign of terror which obtained can only be compared to that of Fouché under Napoleon, when the

ambition of the latter and the admiration of the French nation had changed him from Consul to Emperor, to the glory and detriment of both him and the nation he did so much to benefit and so much to degrade. I am speaking now in the historic recollection of later days. At the time, all good Irish republicans looked upon him as the herald angel of their deliverance from the blind and stupid and yet cunning tyranny of the dynasty under which they suffered, little dreaming how all his schemes and all his glory, from the 13th Vendemiaire to the bridge of Lodi and Arcola, were destined to fall to pieces and end in misery and exile before the grim ironside persistency of the high-nosed officer born, as is supposed, at a house in Merrion Street, hereafter alluded to. Jena, Auerstädt, Austerlitz, the Pyramids, Borodino, Dresden, the Pyrenees, Montmirail, Elba, and the crowning reward of selfish ambition on the plains of Flanders were all in the future in those days in which we trusted him. And yet he did us good service, be it remembered.

I cannot speak of him impartially. No one who has followed his fortunes and seen the wondrous magic of his presence, and the wild enthusiasm it inspired, can. "Those who love me will follow me!" Who that recollects that can indulge in cold criticism? But I wander.

I must plead in excuse for my frequent divagations, and for my want of literary coherency, that this is an old man's tale of what he has done and suffered, pretending to no style, and simply recording the actions or feelings of the moment as opportunity afforded, often very imperfectly, for the recording of them.

The first visit we paid, after assuring ourselves of an asylum of moderate security, was to the house of Miss Dennehy, an old-fashioned brick dwelling, on Stephen's

Green. Miss Dennehy was an elderly lady and well-to-do, and Augustine the Turncoat had made no bad speculation in marrying her sister, whom, I gathered, he had successfully bullied into the grave, and was now awaiting the fortune of the *châtelaine* of No. —, Stephen's Green; and much good might it do him, I thought rather bitterly, as I reflected it was my father's and mine by all human rights and customs. Not that I am at all avidious after money, but the horrible injustice of the whole thing rankled in my mind, unaware as I then was that Miss Dennehy would have thrown all her fortune out of window to the beggars (of whom I had a fair chance of becoming one) rather than let her distinguished brother-in-law (now about to be knighted) touch a penny-piece of it. (It may interest some to know that the Irish penny of those days bore a harp crowned on one side and the effigy of King George's intelligent and commanding profile on the other. I have one before me at this moment with which I used to toss dear old Denis double or quits for noggins of whisky when we were hard put to it.)

Miss Dennehy's house was a curious compound of stateliness and squalor. It was, as it were, the palace of a reigning princess in reduced circumstances. The front door had not been painted since the Dark Ages (from which the family of Dennehy dated, perhaps, indeed, from the Fir-bolg), and the lion-headed brazen knocker was chromatic with verdigris.

It was opened to us by an aged butler with moist eyes and a reddish nose, in a moth-eaten old livery coat, which ought to have been a coachman's, and may once have been some definite colour, and grey worsted stockings.

"Is Miss Dennehy within?" said D'Arcy.

"She is reçavin' to-day, sir," replied the retainer, with solemnity.

We went by our own names here, not only because the butler could be trusted, but also because he knew D'Arcy of old, and disguise were futile.

We were conducted upstairs, where the faded paper, dirty with the rubbing of many elbows, was peeling from the walls, though hidden in some places by some grim old family portraits, which may have been of great value, but were so hung as to be impossible to properly see. The handle of the drawing-room door was loose, and one of the ornamental long plates above it had broken in two and lost its upper fragment.

"Misther D'Arcy and Misther Faly!" announced the butler, in a manner becoming to the major-domo of a palace, and we entered a room which presented all the characteristics of the rest of the house. The carpet, once of a rich Turkey design, was of a homogeneous hue now, threadbare in places, mangled at the edges by mice, and, as Denis afterwards remarked, "only held together by the dirt they daren't beat out of it." The walls were panelled, and the panels were of the darkest white I ever saw, except when the snow lay in Dublin streets and had been walked and driven over for a few hours—"driven snow," as Denis called it. The chairs and tables were generally shaky as to the legs, the handles had come off some of the drawers of a fine old Florentine cabinet, notably from one drawer at the bottom which never would shut and was slept in by Miss Dennehy's cat. In spite of that cat the presence of a large number of mice in residence made itself atmospherically evident, and was imperfectly disguised by a jar of dried rose-leaves and lavender.

The only things which age and negligence had not

damaged was the china, which looked really handsome, and was, I dare say, valuable. It had been saved from breakage because the servants never attempted to dust or wash it. There were also some silver things, snuff-boxes, snuffers and trays, vinaigrettes, and such-like fancy articles, black with the action of air and damp, and some miniatures, all standing on a small inlaid marble table with square tapering legs. At one end of the room was a dreadful old instrument of the spinet order, open, with dark yellow keys (some of which, I am morally certain, could produce no sound, which it would have been as well if the rest could not). On the top of it stood a large artificial vegetable, with dark red leaves and glass berries, some of which were broken, of some amazing species which I am unable to identify, and alongside it, on a standard perch, dozed an aged grey parrot.

The windows were dusty to opacity, with the marks left by fingers which had rubbed clearances to look out through here and there. One exhibited a huge coat-of-arms, mended with a brown paper bar sinister.

In this house old Sir Roland Dennehy had held high revel and been extravagant in the good old style, in days when the old butler was younger and the place in better repair. Now Miss Dennehy's mind was beset with the mania of economy, her conception of which was to neglect everything and ignore the necessity of repairing or renewing anything as much as possible, by which policy she never imagined that the actual value of house and contents was being sensibly reduced. She had a happy principle, when confronted with some fresh lesion in her establishment, such as cans becoming spoutless, or damp staining the ceiling, that "it didn't matter at all!"

The lady herself advanced to "receive" her visitors in a

faded silk brocade and the kind of head-dress which used to be called a turban. She was rather tall and thin, and had been born, I should think, in the early part of the reign of George II. Her hair and complexion had once been fair, but the former had whitened and become somewhat scanty, as far as the turban permitted one to judge, while the latter had faded into a kind of drab with a weather-beaten aspect. Her eyes were greyish-green, like bottle-glass, and had a wild look in them like those of a shying horse, and her skin had a strained, pulled-back appearance, particularly in the temporal regions, as if it had been spread over the forehead and nose and then tightly secured at the back of her neck. Her features, however, were not ill-shaped. She had a trick of suddenly blinking and giving her head a rotatory backward jerk or toss, which was particularly disconcerting to the stranger, who usually thought he must have said or done something to offend her.

"Dear me, it's Mr. D'Arcy!" she exclaimed in a rather high harsh voice. "And very well ye're looking too. And who is it that you have with you?"

"This, Miss Dennehy, is Mr. Cormac Faly, of whom, I dare say, you may have heard speak."

"Ah, is it you then that put a pitchfork in me nephew?"

"Not quite so bad as that, madam," replied I, wondering if I was ever destined to hear the last of that cursed agricultural implement.

"And a fine man ye are! I hope Denis D'Arcy is not after leading you into mischief. Ye've too handsome a head on you to have stuck on a spike on the top of Newgate." This was the first time I had ever been complimented on my personal appearance, and I thought that this was an agreeable old lady, if a trifle odd.

"Faith," said D'Arcy, "I think he has a very promising talent of his own for getting into mischief. My leading occupation has been getting him out of it."

"Indeed, Mr. D'Arcy has been a true friend to me when I wanted one badly," I said eagerly.

"Ah, I know, I know! Well, it's a sad story, and a sorrowful time we live in. I take it very kind of you both to come and visit a poor old woman like me. For of course 'tis me you have come to see?" she added, with that singular blink and jerk.

"Why wouldn't it be?" replied D'Arcy, with ready evasion.

"Well, there's a young lady staying in my house just now, and I seem to remember that she was staying here last time you were in it, and that's a good while back."

"I've had to be about the country a good deal," replied Denis, apologetically, with a smile in his eye.

"Well, maybe you'll see her if you wait long enough. Meantime you'll both take a glass of something?"

"If we are not discommoding you."

"Indeed, no. You are welcome to all that this poor house can offer, and I don't mind joining you in the least taste in the world."

"Will I ring the bell for you?" said D'Arcy, moving towards the side of the fire, where a fluffy old green rope hung with a big rosette at the top and a woollen tassel of unsurpassable filthiness at the bottom.

"No, the bell's broke. At least, the wire is. I'll call." And, opening the door, she shrieked down the stairs, "Flanagan!" This woke the parrot up, who not only shrieked "Flanagan!" too, in a voice exactly like Miss Dennehy's, but added, "Hell to your sowl!" in a way which cast indirect light on unsuspected riches of the old

lady's vocabulary. While Flanagan, the major-domo, was being instructed to bring the small white jug, the one with the handle, and other materials, a young lady entered, followed by——Mary Doyle.

CHAPTER XII.

I AM PUZZLED.

"CORMAC," said Denis, "let me present you to your kinswoman, Miss Faly."

I bowed, and the young lady curtseyed in the ceremonious fashion of the times which Sans-culottism had not yet wholly destroyed.

"I have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Faly's voice once before," I observed.

"Yes," she said, with a smile, "you were, like truth, at the bottom of a well."

I was relieved to find her take it so pleasantly. I had been afraid lest my unfortunate encounter with her brother might make our meeting a little awkward. However, he had been the aggressor in principle, if not in fact, as she probably knew, and had not suffered any real injury, while the consequences to me had been tragic enough, though I protest undeserved.

"And how do you like Dublin," she added, "now you have been here long enough to form an opinion?"

"It is an interesting city, and lively. It might be pleasanter if the prison and gallows were a little less conspicuous features of everyday life."

"Oh, yes, it is horrible! Mind you and Mr. D'Arcy keep out of them." And she turned to speak to Denis, while I passed on to Mary.

"And so we meet again here," she said, taking my hand; "why have you not been to see us before? What have you been at this while past?"

"Earning my living, or trying to. I have been studying hard at strategy and tactics, and drilling dice and halfpence on the table under the tuition of Mr. D'Arcy, indoors, and going messages and errands out of doors. Mary," I added, in an undertone, "I have sworn in four men of the Meath Militia, and there's more ready to join us."

"Oh, Cormac!" she said, with an anxious look in her eyes, "you know that's a hanging matter."

"So's being a perfectly harmless and well-meaning citizen, as far as my experience goes," replied I, rather bitterly, "and if there's to be any hanging in my case, I'm going to do something to make it worth their while."

"Well, it's not for me to blame you. It's partly I who led you into all the trouble, and I don't know that feeling your blood may be on my head is altogether a comfortable sensation."

"It's too late to draw back now, even if I wished to. And surely, Mary, it's not you that would be losing courage now."

"Not for myself, but—Cormac, I'm not very happy about things. I'm anxious. It was well enough at Killdrinan, where I knew the hills and the water and the people from a child, but in this great, strange town, full of soldiers, where I see those awful heads on spikes, and hear of the trials in those dark, hot courts where the candles flare and drip, where men, sometimes gentlemen near as young as you, have come out of the prison to go to the scaffold, or died in the dock like poor Mr. Jackson, I begin to feel afraid, the enemy is so strong."

"The difference is that you *see* the strength of the enemy. We are strong, too, but our strength is hidden, and therefore less impressive. Even some of those soldiers you speak of belong to us."

"Well, we'll hope for the best, Cormac. And—it's not for myself I'm afraid."

"Oh, I believe that, Mary! What is it you do here? I mean, in what capacity are you attached to Miss Faly?"

"Oh, every capacity! I'm attached to her by affection, to begin with, then I do her hair for her, and sometimes read aloud to her and her aunt, and accompany her when she walks out (which reminds me I saw you on the Green last Sunday and you never once looked at me)—but mostly I talk to her about Denis D'Arcy. Oh, I earn my board and lodging, I can tell you, like any poor relation. Perhaps I didn't tell you yet she is my foster-sister?"

"No, I was unaware of that."

"And what do you think of her now you've seen her?"

"She is very handsome—for those that like fair hair and grey eyes. She reminds me of a print I saw in a shop of the late Queen of France, only younger, of course, and not so full in the face."

"Does she now?"

"And she has a lovely colour."

"Indeed she has. I did that for her when we heard that you gentlemen were here. She was sitting in her room, mending a *fishoo*—oh, you're not the only person that's learnt French!—and I was reading *Joseph*——well then, I was reading a book to her, and old Flanagan knocked and told us, and she was a bit pale from worrying about things, and having to go to routs and balls she doesn't want to, so I projuced the—the required improvements."

(Of course this was common enough, in those days at any rate.)

"You're a useful friend. And who produced your own, if it's a fair question?"

"The sun and the wind and the rain of Killdrinan," replied she, verifying her statement by a slight momentary increase of the colour in question, and hastily adding, "But this in confidence, Cormac. I wouldn't breathe a word of it to any one but you. I'm not a tell-tale by nature."

"Of course you're not."

I afterwards dimly perceived that the idea was to keep my admiration of Miss Faly within moderate limits, but that did not occur to me at the time. I then asked,—

"But why does she go to balls and so forth if she does not wish it?"

"Because her people want her to, and Miss Dennehy thinks it right to keep up the dignity of her family, and takes her out in the family coach (which is a holy show), with Flanagan and Dempsey the driver, and goes with her dressed like that wife Nebuchadnezzar sold for a pair of shoes. Miss Charlotte also picks up useful information, for it's to the houses of the Government party they mostly go, though sometimes it's to Lady Moira's. Ah, that's a beautiful house! They tell me one of the rooms is lined with mother-o'-pearl."

"Now, Mr. Faly, come and have your glass of whisky, if you please!" commanded Miss Dennehy, in her penetrating voice. I obeyed. The hostess continued,— "There's two gentlemen coming to dine with us at four to-day, Mr. D'Arcy, and I'd be glad of your company as well, if you've no engagement, you and Mr. Faly?"

"We'd be delighted, indeed," said Denis, and I followed

suit. Miss Dennehy did not include inhospitality among her economical principles. Entertaining, of a kind, was a form of expression of her family pride, as was the "holy show" of a coach, and Flanagan's livery. She again went to the stair-head and called "Flanagan!" to which the parrot added, "Ye dirty liar!" and became frantically excited, blowing out its cheeks (if a parrot has cheeks), dilating and contracting its pupils, flapping its wings and surrounding itself with a nimbus of grey powder. "Get away out of that!" it shrieked, and then gave a loud snort, which I subsequently ascertained to be modelled upon the way in which Miss Dennehy blew her nose.

"That's a queer devil," said Denis.

"It's supposed to be very old," said Miss Faly.

"Remembers the Battle of the Boyne, I'll go bail," said Denis, with an air of conviction.

"Have you heard, Mr. Faly, or Cousin Cormac, I suppose it ought to be, what Mary Doyle said when she first made the parrot's acquaintance?" said Miss Faly, with a look of mischief in her eyes.

"Ah, now don't!" exclaimed Mary, "sure, you're very unkind."

"Pray let me hear," said I, seeing Mary look embarrassed, and thinking she deserved paying out for her revelations about Miss Faly's toilet mysteries.

"It was in this room," said Miss Faly, "the day we came, and the first time Mary had ever been in Dublin. There were but our two selves in the room, and we were talking—I forget about what."

"We were arguing whether Mr. D'Arcy was more than five feet ten, for one thing," interrupted Mary, "and you were saying he was."

"I was not. Listen now, while I tell you. Suddenly

the parrot there said, 'Flanagan!' like that, and coughed like a whole consumptive hospital—auntie has the asthma bad in winter—and Mary here looked round the room with a face as if the *bean-sia* called her, and, catching sight of Polly in the act of coughing, said, 'Holy Mother! A spaking bird!'"

The imitation of Mary's accent was exquisite, although of course the fun was mere good-natured raillery, and we all laughed, including Mary herself.

After a little further general conversation, Miss Dennehy having returned from instructing Flanagan on dining-room matters, we all settled down to a round game of cards, an amusement to which our hostess was greatly addicted, the stakes being exceedingly small, in fact only introduced to give an interest to the game, and I then began to find out how the parrot had opportunities of acquiring its extraordinary expressions. There is nothing in the world, I firmly believe, makes old ladies so touchy as losing at cards, and in the course of my somewhat prolonged career I have seen a good many of them taken that way. As for me, I was for the time being quite happy. I sat next to Mary, played recklessly into her hands, and if our fingers or knees occasionally came into accidental contact under the table (such a table! moth-holes, burns, candle-grease and tumbler marks on a basis of green cloth) why, they always separated again, though perhaps they did so in a leisurely way. Bah! why wouldn't they? As I look backward across many years, years in which there has been feasting and pleasure as well as sorrows and dangers and strife, I see now that the best thing in all a man's life is his first real love when he is young, his delightful secrecy about it which the girl (and every one else) sees through like glass, his shy approaches, his inexperienced phrases

and *gaucheries* (for which she likes him none the less), his bashful tremulous contacts (from which he first withdraws for fear she should), his rapturous divination that he is—well, more than tolerated, his dreams by night and his thoughts by day, his sweet, solitary communion with the beauties and mysteries of nature, stars, moon, flowers and sea, which have grown more beautiful and mysterious in his eyes now—there is nothing better in the world than that, and there is none like it, though he live like me for more than ninety years. And, whatever he forgets, he never forgets that. And if she is beautiful and he is nineteen and both are Irish, it is better still.

Denis D'Arcy and Miss Faly appeared to be satisfied also, and so was Miss Dennehy as long as she could claw in halfpence. And so passed the afternoon very happily, until Flanagan, after a preliminary wrestle with the door-handle, during which we heard him address it personally in terms of expostulation: "Bad luck to ye thin, for the loose-headed, spindle-legged *seaghlan* of an old handle ye are, with neither grip nor bite left to ye!" opened the door suddenly, and proclaimed,—

"Father James O'Coigly and Mr. Counsellor Corrigan!"

These were the expected guests, and of course their arrival put an end to the game. Mr. Corrigan I have described before. He was neatly and soberly dressed, and wore a serene expression of placid impenetrability, doubtless developed in some measure by the profession he followed. He was extremely polite to the ladies, and cordial and urbane to Denis and myself, to whom he said, "Ah, my young friend, Mr. Faly. I expressed a hope, if you recollect, on the occasion of our last meeting, that we might see one another again in Dublin under pleasanter

auspices; and, from all I see around me, the auspices are remarkably pleasant."

Father O'Coigly was a fine, tall, handsome man, with a good address, and a more serious-looking and purposeful expression of countenance than Corrigan, who was all mystery and diplomatic manner. The priest came, I learnt subsequently, from Paris at the time, and was at present staying at Leinster House, his original home being Dundalk. He had, being a fast-walking man, who took long steps, overtaken Corrigan on the way, and thus they arrived together. It became evident to me that Miss Dennehy's house was a regular *rendezvous* for those disaffected towards Government, though she herself assumed an ostentatious ignorance that they met for any other than social purposes, and was conveniently deaf when their conversation turned upon matters of a treasonable complexion, an attitude which the *habitués* accepted and appreciated.

In the course of time, not at the appointed time, I need hardly say, but about twenty minutes after it, Flanagan announced that dinner was served, and the gentlemen proceeded to offer their arms to conduct the ladies to the table. Miss Dennehy, who, of course, went last, appropriated the priest, I stood by Mary, waiting for my seniors to precede me, and Denis and Mr. Corrigan faced one another on either side of Miss Faly.

"What shall we do?" said Denis, and I saw his face harden and his eyes begin to look very bright, as he stood, upright and powerful as a grenadier, and yet with the ease and grace of one used to courtly society, looking at the neat suave man of the law with the regular elegant features of the First Consul (before he grew fat), the republican *coiffure*, and the *incroyable* coat with large *revers* and a high rolled collar.

"Perhaps it would be best if the lady decided who is to have the honour of escorting her," blandly suggested Mr. Corrigan.

Denis saw his opening, and utilized it at once like a good small-sword player.

"Rather than place such an embarrassing responsibility upon Miss Faly, I will resign my own claim," he said, and falling to the rear he turned to us with a laugh, and said, in a totally different tone, "Here, I'll take Miss Doyle's other arm, or hold up her train."

"You'd be welcome if I had a train," said Mary, smiling at the dexterous way in which Denis had given the Counsellor such a good sample of the Pyrrhic victory.

"Oh, I don't mind holding up what you have at all."

"Ah, get away now! You can have the spare arm if the stairs are wide enough for three."

"And if they are not we'll close on the centre, as the drill-book says, eh, Faly?"

"Mr. D'Arcy, you're after taking too much whisky with your cards," replied the girl, who was quite capable of giving and taking a jest, and jests seventy years ago were not always so perfectly refined as they are now, and ladies laughed freely enough sometimes at less innocent stuff than the above.

And so we went down to the dining-room, a spacious and gloomy apartment, which the presence of sundry large and smoky ancestors and a "Flower-Fruit-and-Game-Piece" (to parody Jean Paul Richter) of immense size did little to enliven. There was the inevitable heavy mahogany side-board, with bits of veneer peeled off the edge, with tarnished silver plate with the Dennehy crest on it "writ large," a wine cooler, with one of the brass hoops not off, but wagging a springy end which caught and ripped at each

lady's dress as she passed (except Mary's, for she seized hers with the off arm, and curled it round her as if a mouse were present, to the diversion of D'Arcy, who made ribald remarks about ankles), and silver branched "candelabbrums," as Miss Dennehy called them, illuminated the cloth, which was of the best damask, and really very good, barring the holes.

Fine old cut-glass decanters, chippy about the stoppers as a rule, contained sherry, claret, and port, for what the late Sir Roland had left of his cellar was mostly of those descriptions of wine, in which he had a pretty taste, and his last regret was that he did not live to finish them; however, there is reason to believe he did his best. In addition to the wine-cooler there was a bottle-drainer, of which the compartments and partitions had collapsed from age and the weight of superincumbent bottles.

The dinner I will not weary the reader by describing. The food was homely, but not ill-cooked, though there was a want of harmony between the sizes and patterns of the plates and the knives and forks, though they had one touch that made them all kin, which was the presence of the family crest.

While the ladies were present the conversation was sociable and non-political, except in a purely general way, which Major Sirr himself might have listened to without turning a hair.

Father O'Coigly told anecdotes about the prominent characters and state of society in Paris, and dealt mildly with the curious relations between Barras, Buonaparte, and Josephine Beauharnais, and related a curious story about the predictions of a negro sorceress concerning the future of that lady, of whom he did not appear to entertain a high opinion. The story has since been enrolled among the

celebrated myths of history, like that of the devil taking Cromwell on to the roof as a child (why didn't he fly away with him and keep him?) and the adventure of Dr. Luther and the inkpot, so I will not here inflict it.

Mr. Corrigan told the latest from the Courts, about Lord Clonmel, John Toler, and Mr. Curran, one of which I will take the liberty of repeating, as it is not at all bad and perhaps not generally known.

"You all probably know that copper-visaged luminary of the law by sight," said Corrigan, "and may also know that he has the reputation of being careful about money. Now it seems that he has taken alarm about the so-called Warwickshire shillings reported to be in circulation, wherefore he has adopted the following precaution. When a person swears an affidavit for which a shilling is charged, he now asks,—

"'You shall make true answers as touching this affidavit to such questions as shall be demanded of you, so help you God.

"'Is this a good shilling?

'' Are the contents of this affidavit true?

"'Is this your name and handwriting?'"

"But this is perhaps more entertaining concerning Carleton. One Nisi Prius day he came into court looking unusually depressed, and said, apologetically, to the gentlemen of the bar, 'I regret that I must adjourn, and dismiss the jury, though I am aware there is an important issue to try, but the fact is I have met with a domestic misfortune which has altogether deranged my nerves. Poor Lady Carleton has most unfortunately had a *fausse couche*, and—"

"'Oh, then, my Lord,' exclaimed Mr. Curran immediately, 'there was no need for your Lordship to apologize,

as it now appears your Lordship has no issue to try!'"

Miss Dennehy was delighted, and the younger ladies tried not to look too amused.

Denis talked at large, on any subject which presented itself, with equal readiness, and I could see Miss Faly caught his eye (they were opposite) from time to time sympathetically, in spite of the constant and assiduous, though somewhat elaborate, gallantries with which Mr. Corrigan plied her, and I could see also that the latter's usually inexpressive eyes shot an occasional steely furtive glance at Denis, of which he seemed gaily unaware. I was afraid there was a rivalry developing between them, and was sorry, for Corrigan was no fool and a formidable antagonist. I was glad, for my dear friend's sake, that there seemed little doubt which way the lady's preference lay, but I was glad still more that that man, with the fluent tongue, the perfect face and keen brain was not *my* rival, for I felt myself no match for him. Whether Denis was, was another question, but supposing Denis to be successful, what was the resentment or jealousy of a man such as Corrigan likely to lead to? A parlous question. I decided to speak to Denis at the earliest opportunity.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ERRAND OF FATHER O'COIGLY.

WHEN the ladies had left us, which was not before I had ascertained from Mary at what hour she and Miss Faly would be likely to walk on the Green the following day, and Flanagan had taken off the cloth, set the claret and port on the table, the whisky-jug and groceries on the side-board, and the kettle on the fire, snuffed all the candles with his fingers and taken his departure, the demeanour of the guests took a new complexion.

We all drew up to the end of the table nearest the fire, and I observed that a business-like gravity took the place of the easy conviviality of a few minutes before.

"Is this young gentleman one of us?" said Father O'Coigly, "without meaning any offence or mistrust, my dear sir," he added, turning kindly to me, "and meeting you in this society is a guarantee in itself. I need not have asked, I see."

"He's right enough!" said Denis, "he's narrowly escaped being hung already."

"It is a common, a vulgar and repulsive form of death to the bravest mind," said the priest, "but the cause ennobles to the glory of a martyr's crown what would be the disgrace of a base and criminal person."

"We all appreciate the splendour of the martyr's crown,

Father," replied Denis, "but there is a want of dignity in the wearing it. It's unbecoming. The battle-field for me, I'm used to it."

"And probably few of us are used to being hung," drily commented Corrigan, sipping at his glass of claret.

"Well," said Denis, "I know a man in Roscommon that's been hung three times, and is alive, very much alive, still, and will handle a pike yet. What's the latest, Father, from headquarters?" And Denis tossed off his glass.

"It appears that Dr. McNevin's memorial, the absence of a reply to which has puzzled and surprised us so much lately, was never delivered in Paris at all. That accounts for the undecided, non-committal answers which our envoy there gets from Talleyrand. The French Directory is suspicious and doubtful. They want to feel the ground in front of them before advancing the next step. That is natural enough under the circumstances. They know that some, and suspect more, of the French high officers are in Pitt's pay, and I fancy that they are not far wrong. They know that Paris is full of spies and traitors, they know that the Government has become aware somehow or other of the meeting of Hoche with Lord Edward and Arthur O'Connor in '96, which was known only to two or three other persons, and they are afraid of dealing with so-called Irish representatives who are not *bona-fide*. The next point is to account for the non-arrival of the memorial."

"Yes; that, I should imagine, is the point," observed Corrigan.

"I have heard something from Lawless, Lawless of the Directory, you know, Lord Cloncurry's son, whom I made

a United Irishman at his father's house in Merrion Street."

(This was the house in which, by a strange historic coincidence, there had been born, in 1769, one whom the world afterwards knew as the Duke of Wellington.)

"Indeed!" said Corrigan, uncrossing his left leg and crossing his right over it—he had neat legs, and knew it—"and what light does he shed on this dark place?"

"As you perhaps know, Lawless has chambers in the Temple, in London, where he has been in the habit of entertaining our various friends who come and go from France, Cuxhaven, and Ireland, and has been for a long time completely unsuspected by Pitt, Castlereagh, Cooke and Co. But I dined with him on my way back from Paris, and he told me he strongly suspected that Government had been sniffing about his prémises, and that they had had fresh information some time last summer or autumn, which had placed them more on their guard. To confirm this, if confirmation were wanted, an attempt, happily unsuccessful, was made to arrest me in Piccadilly that very night on my way back from Lawless' chambers, whither I had gone in perfect confidence of safety and non-recognition. Another time I must go disguised."

"The devil!" exclaimed Denis, "how did they know you?"

"No ordinary police work, that," said Corrigan.

"Just so," said the priest, "and I think there is some connection between that occurrence and the deflection of McNevin's memorial from Paris, where it ought to be, to Whitehall or Dublin Castle, where I firmly believe it is."

"How do you establish that connection?" said Corrigan, his forensic mind no doubt stimulated by meeting with a dark puzzle of this kind.

"Wait a bit, and you will see. In addition to the facts mentioned, Jägerhorn, the Swede, was sent over by the French last year ('97) to bring certain despatches to us, and more particularly to Lord Edward. The Duke of Portland refused this gentleman a passport to Dublin. Why? He was a Swede, and Sweden is at peace with Britain, and came from Hamburg, a neutral Free Town. What had the English Government against him? Very well then, the Geraldine went over to see Jägerhorn, as the simplest remedy for this difficulty, on the pretext of visiting his sister, Lady Lucy. They met, secretly, in Whitechapel. And to-day Lord Edward told me he believes that he was watched and followed on that occasion, though of course he could not be apprehended, as he was at that time committing no offence the Government could, or their informant dare, prove.

"McNevin wrote his memorial at Hamburg, and it was sent on to Paris, by Reinhard, the minister of the French Republic, to someone there, for presentation to the Directory. Now I put it to your legal mind, Mr. Corrigan, to whom does the evidence point? To a person who is in the highest secrets of the organization on both sides of the water, or rather all three sides, who would be in a position to intercept such a document sent to Paris, who would be able to inform about the projected dispatch of Jägerhorn by the roundabout route, who would be occasionally in London, and able to identify me?"

"You have made out a crushing case against somebody," replied Corrigan, "and I think I could fill in a name, though I hesitate to do so. I have been in Paris and in Hamburg myself, and understand your allusions. Moreover, I strongly suspect that I was watched myself, in London, last October, when I went instead of Bond to pay

the usual money over to—you know whom. I fear I was putting a weapon into his hands to be turned against myself."

"Now," said Father O'Coigly, "I propose this. Write the name of the person you suspect upon a piece of paper, and I will do the like. Our young friend here shall open them and read them out, and see if they correspond.

It was done, by aid of Mr. Corrigan's tablets. I opened the two scraps of folded paper, and read from each the name: "Lewins."

"Mercy on us!" said Denis, "that is the name of our Ambassador in Paris! If he peaches none of our lives are worth much purchase."

"Under the circumstances the inner Executive think that if our arrangements are not very quickly perfected Government will swoop down on some of us before we know what they will be at," said Father O'Coigly.

"The inner Executive are displaying and, if anything, exceeding their usual acumen there," observed Corrigan gravely.

"For our purpose," continued O'Coigly, "(and I use the word 'our' in all humility, for I am but an obscure instrument in greater hands), it is essential that two things should happen, viz. that the question of Lewins or whoever the informer is, should be cleared up, and the French Directory properly enlightened by authentic information upon which they may rely, so that they may co-operate as soon as possible, and the *Armée d'Angleterre* of the *citoyen-général* Buonaparte be put in motion before some unexpected event renders its help futile, or turns it in some other direction."

"Very pretty," said Denis, "the sooner the better."

"There has been far too much delay already," said

Corrigan, "some of the arms in our *dépôts* are rusting and the powder getting damp. Ireland, with all its beauties and virtues, cannot be said to have a particularly dry climate."

"Very true," said the priest, "it is therefore proposed to send a deputation to Paris forthwith, properly, that is convincingly, accredited, for the purpose of superseding Lewins and impressing on the French the immediate necessity of action. We may be wronging Lewins, but in justice as well as in prudence he must be removed and brought home to explain and, if possible, justify himself."

"Think it well to recall him?" said Corrigan. "He'd know he was found out, and take good care to stop away, and might do us more harm than ever."

"What would you suggest, then?"

"Ormond Steel, and start the outbreak here without further shilly-shally. That is my humble opinion, and urge the French by all means to make a descent on the West Coast."

"Why on the West?"

"To divert the enemy from the part of the country where our main strength is localized, viz. Antrim, Down, Dublin, Meath, Kildare, and Wexford, in short, the East, which is most accessible to English reinforcements. However, that is a question for military men."

"Well, Mr. Corrigan, I have no doubt if you lay your views before the Executive they will be listened to with due respect."

"The Executive means, principally, Lord Edward, and I never can manage to get speech of him lately. He is a mysterious all-pervading presence, hovering always among us or near us and seldom or never seen by us."

"Who's us?" said Denis; "I saw him yesterday." Denis had done justice to his claret.

"And I saw him to-day," said O'Coigly pacifically, "and I dare say Mr. Corrigan will see him to-morrow. He is obliged to be as private as possible, knowing how much depends upon him."

"He knows a thing or two, does that wiry little man. God bless him," said Denis, "and I'm sorry for anybody that tackles the Geraldine and his body-guard short of a battalion of troops and artillery."

"And who is to be the new envoy in place of Lewins?" asked Corrigan.

"That is what I am coming to. I am to be that person, and shall take two or three with me."

"Indeed! I congratulate you, Father, but it will be a dangerous job getting there. How do you propose to do that?"

"We shall go by way of London, where I am to see Lawless, who will put us on our further way. We shall be disguised and under fictitious names and descriptions. As to what they will be, and the exact time of our departure, I really am not at liberty to tell you unless authorized by my superiors."

"Well, well, I envy you. You are carrying the fate of Ireland in your hands now. Gentlemen," added Corrigan, rising, "it is getting late for a hard-working person like me, who has to keep a clear head and rise early, so, thanking you, Father O'Coigly, for the important matters you have been good enough to set before me, and bidding you good-night, D'Arcy and Faly, I think I will make my *congé* to the ladies, and leave you to the undisturbed enjoyment of our good hostess' claret." So saying, Corrigan bowed to us comprehensively, and left the room.

"That's a clever fellow," remarked O'Coigly.

"Damnably clever, saving your presence, Father; but

he's useful, defending the poor boys that get into trouble. Cormac, you're not drinking."

"No, I'm thinking."

"He is thinking of something better than wine, I fancy," said the priest with a sly smile.

"What's that?" said Denis, "whisky?"

"At his time of life, hardly. *Dulce ridentem Lalagen*, young sir, what? *Grato Pyrrha sub antro?*"

I possibly blushed, but succeeded in replying,—

"*Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas*," at which the priest laughed, and said,—

"If you must be impudent it is at least consolatory that you can do it in Latin. Now you be off and entertain Lalage, which I can see you are just longing to do, and Mr. D'Arcy and myself will talk about certain arrangements over a glass or two of punch."

I took him at his word, for which I was grateful to him, and bade good-night to the fine, tall, handsome, kind-hearted priest and to Denis, expecting to have to find my way to our lodging alone, as Denis did not usually desert his wine or punch till a late hour when he was taking it at someone else's expense. Oh, Denis was not an old soldier for nothing!

Upstairs I found the ladies disposed on chairs, in languid attitudes (especially Miss Dennehy, who was asleep with her mouth open and her head on one side, giving an occasional puff, followed by a gurgle, both of which were faithfully reproduced by the parrot), while Mr. Corrigan, who, it seemed, was not in such a hurry after all, was reading aloud to them out of a book of poetry. Perhaps it was the "Rape of the Lock," and perhaps also it wasn't. I didn't pay much attention, and I certainly do not recollect now. I was not so much surprised at seeing

the Counsellor still there, for although a person of very moderate attainments I was not exactly an idiot, which I certainly would have been had I not been able to translate Mr. Corrigan's love of sobriety and early hours into love of Miss Faly's society. She appeared to be mildly entertained by his reading, which was certainly not devoid of talent and expression, while Mary exhibited a somewhat weary appearance which, I flattered myself, disappeared at my entry, to be replaced by a rather brighter expression. At the first good break in the sense Mr. Corrigan closed his book, and observed,—

"There, ladies, I have wearied two of you and soothed one of you enough for one evening with my poor efforts." To which Miss Faly naturally replied with compliments and thanks, while the change from a recitative to a conversational tone woke up Miss Dennehy suddenly with a gasp, and an imperfect comprehension of her surroundings.

Mr. Corrigan then proceeded to take his leave, and I thought it incumbent on me to do the like, though I would willingly have stayed longer. He, however, said, "I think our roads lie together for part of the way, and I should be glad of the pleasure of your company, Mr. Faly, so far," in a polite and pleasant manner which it would have been churlish of a younger man like myself to refuse. So we set forth together, shown out by Flanagan, who was in an unsteady condition and blessed us fervently.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DANGER AND A DELIVERANCE.

"AND what lesson, if any, has this evening's experience taught you, if I may ask?" began Mr. Corrigan pleasantly, as we walked away towards Grafton Street over the ringing frozen ground.

"I don't know that it's taught me any yet, but I have been very happy. Maybe the lesson will occur to me to-morrow."

"With the headache. It often does. Not that you will have a headache. You have been abstemious like me."

"I was too interested in the conversation to pay proper attention to my wine."

"No wonder. Now for the lesson: You will perhaps recollect my hinting to you, in that romantic but uncomfortable hole in the ground out in the West, that Castlereagh and Cooke, not to speak of Pitt and Portland, were not exactly fools, and had practically unlimited money at their disposal. There is no doubt at all that some of the higher French officers are subsidized. Pichegru has had Pitt's money. In the same way some of our own people, high and educated, as well as ignorant and ruffianly, have taken steps to save their necks and line their pockets. It is perilous ground we walk on, Faly, perilous ground!"

"Do you wish to alarm me, sir?"

"I merely wish to induce you to think. I conceive you to be too courageous a man to feel alarm where your natural sense tells you that danger is inevitable. You may, however, have begun the game of revolution without appreciating the value of the stakes risked on your side. What I wish you to appreciate is, that when dealing with a wily as well as a strong enemy, finesse is sometimes quite as useful as brute courage. You have heard of the lion and the mouse?"

"I have read it in 'La Fontaine.'

"Just so. Then a clever and educated fellow like you, though gifted by nature with a stalwart frame, will nevertheless recognize that brains are half the battle, though courage and strength may be the other half. You, an educated man with your eyes open, are going to take the responsibility of leading, by persuasion and example, a number of ignorant but devoted men to what must be for many of them at least certain slaughter, however successful the movement is. Are you prepared to reply that you neglected no precaution, that you acted deliberately and conscientiously and did all for the best, when the widows, the mothers, the sisters, the children, and the sweethearts of the slain come to you keening for the blood of brave men?"

"You distress me, Mr. Corrigan. I am a humane man, I hope, but I believe in the justice of my cause, which I understand to be your cause also. Did I not hear you urge a little while ago that the sooner the rising took place the better you would be pleased?"

"I did, and I'll tell you why directly. But what I desire first to do is to give the benefit of my experience, and my somewhat longer life to your youth and your well-

meaning but rather short-sighted impetuosity. You have been acquainted with this conspiracy perhaps three months, I for something like four years, and there are wheels and cogs in it known to me little suspected by you. I do not wish to see a promising but rash young man stick his head deliberately into a noose without warning, not to speak of other people's."

"I am in darkness, sir."

"Very well. I will administer a little light. Do you remember Reynolds, of Mullingar?"

"I do. What of him?"

"He was left for dead on a mountain road at Killdrinan, but, unfortunately for some people, he has recovered, and implicated the Casey brothers, Phil Doyle, yourself, one Macan, and Miss Mary Doyle (in whom I surmise, without meaning to be impertinent or inquisitive, that you take an interest), in an accusation of attempted murder, or Defenderism, or what you will."

"The deuce he has!"

"I need hardly say that the animosity of Captain George Faly, who has been made ridiculous both by you and some of the others, is all on Reynolds' side, as well as the magisterial loyalty of Augustine Faly."

"Have any arrests been made?"

"The Doyle brothers and Mike Casey are in hiding—we may guess where. Tim Casey has been arrested. The chances are that he will be bribed or tortured into informing against the rest. You are therefore in immediate personal danger, as well as the young lady."

"Do you mean to say that Mary Doyle is actually charged by this miserable scoundrel with complicity in this crime?"

"Oh, yes; and several more crimes as well. You see,

the worst of it is the Falys know where Miss Doyle is, and their hesitation is only on account of Miss Faly and Miss Dennehy, whom they are reluctant to displease. Moreover, Miss Faly may be recalled from Dublin at any time, and then (I have my information from a sure hand), a warrant may be out any day to secure the bodies of yourself and Mary Doyle, spinster, for high treason, robbery (that's the money and documents conveyed from Reynolds to D'Arcy at Mullingar), and murder on the King's highway, any one of which is quite sufficient, as you should be well aware, to abbreviate the sojourn of both of you on this troublous sphere."

"What then do you suggest I should do?"

"That depends a good deal on you."

"One moment, is Denis D'Arcy in danger as well?"

"Not more than usual. He is inured to danger. I don't suppose Reynolds knew he was at Phil Doyle's at the time, and young Faly knows nothing of him at all. But young Faly knows the local people pretty well, and has been helping Reynolds to hunt up victims, and gratify his own spite at the same time. Neither of them know that you have been in communication with the persons you saw at Killdrinan underground, which persons have since gone abroad, unless young Casey lets it out, and the same remark applies to D'Arcy."

"Then it seems a good deal depends on Casey's reticence or the contrary."

"Everything does, for Reynolds' wild accusation of a plot to murder him, on a dark night when he was too drunk to recognize anybody, would be ground enough to arrest on suspicion, but would require corroboration, even before a Dublin judge and jury. Even the transactions at Mullingar would be difficult to connect Miss Doyle with.

In short, at present there is no real evidence against you, unless Tim Casey implicates you. Captain Faly hates you, no doubt, but on cooler reflection has decided to let that pitch-fork business, in which he did not play a heroic part, drop into oblivion as much as possible. He is not likely to press that charge against you—"

"Being satisfied with the savage vengeance he has already had on innocent blood."

"But if he can indirectly injure or annoy you through Miss Doyle, he will, imagining, perhaps rightly, that her suffering would pain you more than your own, as well as being actuated by jealous spite against her."

"I hope to live long enough to see that young man's head on a pike and his heart on a midden-heap!"

"I hope you will not live to see your own head on a spike first, to use a bull. But you must now utilize your precarious liberty with skill and promptitude, if you do not wish more of those dear to you to be sacrificed to your blind rashness."

"You use hard words, Mr. Corrigan."

"Are they not true? Were you not warned over and over again, especially by your late father, to be discreet, to hold your tongue before strangers, and not to mix in matters you did not understand without due deliberation? Who obliged you to quarrel with a drunken boor of a yeoman like your cousin in a public-house, thereby bringing trouble and danger on a neighbourhood to which it was particularly essential that Government attention should not be directed, for your father's sake, as well as others? Though your own grave misfortune, I will do you the justice to admit, was not wholly your fault, because the thing would probably have happened in any case, through the fear and jealousy of Augustine Faly, and the golden

opportunity he had of getting rid of a popular rival, as he imagined, for the possession of his estate, which the presence of Lord Carhampton accidentally afforded him. Still, a little discretion would have made you keep your name and yourself in the background at least till the visit of the Commander-in-chief was over, and help to keep your father out of the way. You had committed no offence, but he, as you know perfectly well, was attainted in every way, as a veteran rebel who refused to take the oath, for instance. Then, having committed this dreadful blunder, you have to be hidden in a place where you had no business, you are hurried into taking an oath without consideration, and hardly knowing what you are talking about, and, dazzled by sounding phrases and military bravado, you get involved in a criminal conspiracy you do not know the A B C of, and are led by a stranger to stravague over here at the risk of your life, all for what? Because you could not sit still for five minutes in a shebeen and hold your tongue. Truly I think I may be excused for preaching this plain sermon, if it has the effect of making you more circumspect."

"I do not regret the oath I took," replied I, sullenly, for his words hurt.

"But who hindered you from taking it at your leisure, if you wanted to, at any time? You might then have been very useful in good hands, and quite safe. However, never mind spilt milk. If I have been unduly harsh, I am sorry, but, as I have mentioned before, I like you for some reason or other, and I only spoke for your good. The question now before us is, what is to be done about the present and latest mare's-nest the Government has discovered. They think they have got in Casey the clue to a tremendous plot out in Connaught, and have taken

the trouble to get him up to Dublin on purpose to put the screw on. It isn't, you see, that they care twopence about the attempted murder of their spy. That they would be rather pleased at than not, because it would save his salary and pension, but it is convenient to have a definite charge of some kind to arrest somebody on, who, you think, can give you fresh useful information, lists of persons implicated in various other and more important transactions about which you have hitherto no evidence, and things of that kind. Remember, what the Government is really after is high treason, and that the murder of some wretched Reynolds on a mountain-path by some obscure scapegoat of a Casey is a mere blind and pretext."

"Do you think this man Casey would turn traitor?"

"You do not know the means that can be used, the influences that can be brought to bear upon a man, once they have him in prison, especially a poor and ignorant man. I would not answer for the fidelity of much superior persons under the circumstances. The more there are in prison the more are likely to get there. One reason why I now wish to accelerate the rising is to save the numerous persons already imprisoned in various parts of Ireland from the ultimate consequences of the law, and to prevent a good many more from being arrested, who, like yourself, are in dangerous positions. I may be wrong, but that is my view. Seriously, Faly, you are in a hole, and I am trying to get you out of it. I have spoken to you in an unflattering manner, perhaps too much so; but the matter is grave, and I take you to be man enough to accept friendly advice from one older than yourself without offence. You must consider whether it is worth your while to peril a perhaps long and prosperous career for the sake of a futile boy's romance of an adventure, in which

you may drag down those who follow, and perchance love you, to life-long misery or a degrading death."

"But what is the alternative condition?"

"The alternative," said Corrigan, pausing, and tapping my shoulder with one hand, in a kindly manner, "is to trust me, and find out a small piece of information for me which will make you safe and Miss Doyle as well, and knock this Reynolds and Casey business into a cocked hat. I want to know at what time and under what name that priest O'Coigly goes to England. He will tell D'Arcy, in my absence. Both of them dislike and mistrust me, O'Coigly because of my free-thinking opinions, D'Arcy on account of delicate and somewhat strained relationd between us regarding—a lady. But no sooner was I out of the room (in which I wish you had stayed a little longer) than D'Arcy heard all about it, you may be sure, and he will tell you readily enough. You ask why? I will tell you. I suspect O'Coigly to be a traitor, and Lewins a perfectly honest man, of whom the reverend gentleman is making a scapegoat, with a view of flying from a place that is getting too hot for him into the comparative safety of a foreign land. My reasons are numerous and complicated, but can be set before you in confidence at your leisure another time. Should you do this, it will mean safety for yourself, safety for Miss Doyle, and money enough in your pocket to marry her on, if so please you, and live in comfort in some foreign land—I should think an intelligent fellow like you would enjoy travelling—and keep her pretty head and your own handsome one out of further mischief, and leave the revolution to older people, like me, who have less prospects before them. It is a small thing I ask, and for a good reason. Think it over, Faly."

"Faith, I'm bothered entirely. I don't know what to say."

"You are surprised and doubtful. That is only natural. If you will come to my chambers now, I will place some more convincing proofs before you. But they will only be in amplification of what I have already told you, and the hour is late, and every moment is valuable. Casey may be confessing now, and your *inamorata* arrested early to-morrow morning. You can see, from what I have told you, that I am fairly well-informed, as well as I need be in the position I hold, of having to defend all, or many of the political prisoners of our unhappy country. I accumulate immense quantities of facts, criminating and otherwise, and hold my tongue about them except when it is necessary to use them. You may depend on my information."

"But how will this help us in the matter of Casey?"

"Simple as the multiplication table. We are in a position to offer what the Under-Secretary and Major Sirr will think valuable evidence, on condition that Casey is let loose, in which case he will hold his tongue and be thankful. The authorities will take O'Coigly seriously and his so-called 'mission' as *bonâ-fide*, and go off on a fresh wild-goose chase, and forget all about the trivial affairs of Killdrinan, and the joys and sorrows and political opinions of Mr. Cormac Faly."

"And if O'Coigly is caught?"

"He has only to call upon the great Minister in England, with whom he is in such private correspondence that even the Cabinet and the Chief Secretary probably do not know his name, for protection, and he will be dropped like a hot coal, and the necessary exposure will draw all the teeth from his informing in future. The only

remaining consequence will be a little waste of Government money from the S.S. fund, which they can well afford, bad luck to them! while you, who are practically penniless, will be the gainer, at very small exertion. It seems to me you have hardly any choice."

"Mr. Corrigan, you are, as you have said, an older man than I am, and I have listened patiently to things you have said, though they hurt or angered me, though I even thought them unjust. Your intentions appeared to be kind, and I am young, almost friendless, an orphan, and, as you kindly remind me, penniless, to mislead or take advantage of whom would be as easy as it were dastardly. You have appealed to me to excercise discretion, and do or say nothing rashly. I will endeavour to do so."

"Well, well, Faly, you have chosen a somewhat inopportune time to begin to be deliberate, but proceed in heaven's name! It is chilly here."

We stood at the corner of a narrow dark entry, for privacy's sake, and the lighting of the town being imperfect in those days, we were well in shadow, while a streak of light from the wintry moon, which slanted along the pavement and part of the opposite wall of the close or passage, at the entry of which we stood, defined the shadows of the building on our side.

"Will you give me your solemm word of honour as an Irish gentleman that the priest O'Coigly is, to your certain knowledge, a traitor, an informer?"

"You are punctilious, but be it so. Yes, I will."

I thought I heard a slight scraping movement and a little fall, in the shadow near, and supposed it must be an icicle, or a piece of severed plaster or mortar, split off by the frost.

"Then I will answer you. You ask me to get you information about him which you expect Cooke or some such will pay for, and pay well for, knowing money is important to me."

"You can reassure yourself. I *know* it will be well paid for." (Oh, do you! thought I.)

"Good. And you have repeatedly said that the Government are not fools, whatever their other failings may be, therefore the presumption is that they will be wanting value for their money. You ask me to 'set' this man, a priest of my own Church, who has spoken kindly to me, with whom you have just been eating and drinking on friendly terms. You admit he is in the confidence of the highest powers of the organization, especially of one to whom he has apparently more ready access than even yourself. And he is trusted by my best friend, out of whom I am to squeeze the secret in virtue of the fact that he in his turn trusts me. I must confess this is repugnant to me."

"The feeling does you honour, Faly, but remember the life and liberty of Miss Doyle and yourself depend on it. It is not merely a question of taste, or even of money."

"That sounds remarkably like a threat."

"You may take it as such, in a sense. It is only on certain conditions that I can succeed in getting Casey out."

"Ah, yes, Casey! In addition to money, you offer me the discharge from prison of another supposed traitor, whose revelations are to bring me and another as innocent as I am into personal danger. He cannot possibly prove any connection on our part with the offence he is said to be charged with, viz. the murder of Reynolds. The first and only person his evidence would incriminate would be

his own brother, and he knows his life would not be worth a day's purchase if he bought his liberty at such a price."

"But the high treason, my friend, the illegal society you joined at Killdrinan?"

"He cannot prove I ever joined any such society."

"All this may be clever, but is wasting time. *I* can prove it, for I was present when you took the oath. I tell you, you are netted all round, and had better give in gracefully while there is a chance."

"What sum can you guarantee me?"

"One hundred or 150*l.*, and a free passage abroad for two, if required. I have, as I have said, a friendly feeling for you, and have really tried to smooth your path as much as possible, only you are so infernally argumentative all at once."

"My path! *What path*, sir?"

"That of common-sense, safety, and prudence."

"If O'Coigly's journey is worth 100*l.* to me, what is it worth to you? Come, man to man, as a matter of business, and, as you say, common-sense? You must trust me a little, if I am to be any use."

"Well, I don't mind telling you, say another 100*l.* He and the others mistrust me, or I'd do it alone, you may take your oath."

"Then he is worth 200*l.* to—Major Sirr, say?"

"Quite."

"Then why should I not make my bargain with Major Sirr on my own account?"

"He'd dismiss you with a one-pound note and tell you you were lucky to escape the gallows, if you complained. He knows I am really useful and know a great deal, nearly everything, whereas you know nothing, practically, and are in danger of your life as well."

"Then you are in his service?"

"His, or that of his betters. Come now, be reasonable. Time flies. Your answer?"

"My answer is that I now know what I have long suspected, that you would make me a cat's paw to earn your own thirty pieces of silver, or thirty thousand pieces of gold, or whatever the price is the Government gives to its dirty Judases. You think me a fool to be deluded and a coward to be frightened. Well, this is what the fool has to say: I have instinctively suspected you to be a false friend and a false patriot from the first words I exchanged with you, and have now led you on to declare yourself in such unmistakable terms, even to be lying the word of honour you were not fit to give. Now hear what the coward has to say: I will die in ditch or dungeon, by rope, axe or musket, alone, or with those who love me and think as I do, now or at any time, rather than betray the most insignificant being living that sincerely loves Ireland."

"Very pretty, but you are a fool all the same."

"Of course I shall mention all this to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and he can judge of the merits of the case. If O'Coigly is a traitor, which I don't for one moment believe, he can deal with the matter."

"You cannot get access to Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

"Yes I can."

"Oh, you mean through that swaggering ass, D'Arcy. He will be arrested to-night, on Casey's information, which has already been given in reality. Besides, even if you did gain Lord Edward's ear, I should simply deny the whole story, and he would never believe the word of an obscure stranger like you."

"I think he would," suddenly said a third voice, and the

figure of a man of medium height, in a heavy great-coat and a hat of the French high conical crown shape appeared from the darkness of the close. His stock and a scarf hid most of his face, and his hands were thrust into his heavy-flapped skirt pockets. Behind him appeared other shadows, like banditti, dim, formidable, mysterious, to whom the speaker turned, and said, "Who knows the young man?"

"I do!" said a familiar voice, and there came forward into the moonlight—Phil Doyle."

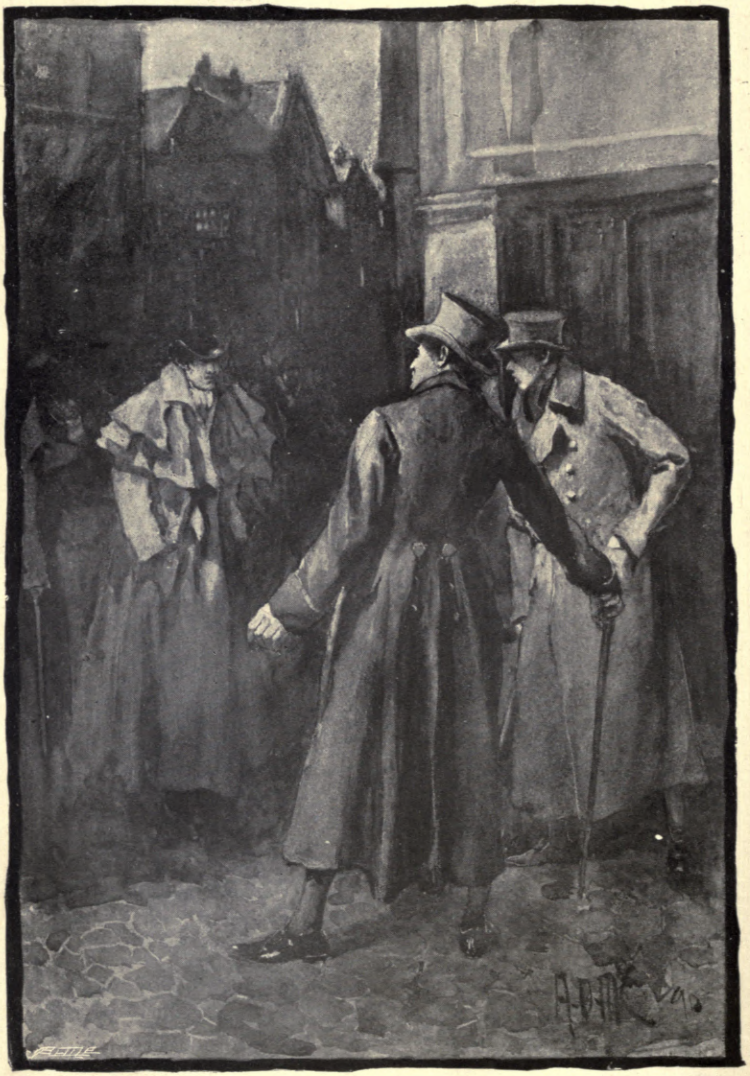
"Good. You, Doyle, walk with me in the rear of Mr. Corrigan. You, Gallagher and Palmer, go in front. If he attempts to escape, kill him. You, young sir, walk with me, and we will investigate this affair a little further."

We all turned down the narrow court which was of poor appearance, as far as the light permitted one to judge, probably inhabitated by working-men and their families, and at this hour silent and deserted.

"Who is it?" I whispered in Irish to Doyle.

"*An Ard-tighearna*," replied he.

It was indeed what the abominable Government spy and *agent provocateur* had called the "mysterious all-pervading presence, hovering always among us or near us, seldom or never seen by us," who wandered from one house of concealment to another, protected by devoted men and women from the humblest to the highest ranks, accompanied by some of his famous body-guard. It was that undaunted man whom all Ireland then looked up to as a champion and saviour, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.



Corrigan overheard by Lord Edward.

Page 171.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LION ROARS, BUT IS DISSUADED FROM BITING THE SNAKE.

We stopped at a door, a black, anonymous, modest-looking door, in the narrow dark cut which showed the moonlight far above us between the approximated house-tops, as I had seen it in old Edinburgh, and as I have since seen it in the Vichi of Genoa. Our advance-guard knocked, but not loudly. A small square opening appeared, about a man's height in the door, and a voice said, "Who is that?" A light showed in the opening. "The Rights of Man!" answered one of the body-guard, and the door was flung wide. That was evidently the password for the day, and fitted well with the views of Lord Edward, Arthur O'Connor, and many other members of the Executive Directory of the Irish Republic, but more particularly with those of the husband of the celebrated and beautiful Pamela, whose charms won the enthusiastic young heart of the Geraldine in the earlier days of the French Revolution, and are yet to be seen portrayed in the Palace of Versailles by any one who cares to look. I myself have had the honour of seeing that unhappy but brave lady in the flesh more than once.

We all entered at this doorway and passed up some

narrow, carpetless stairs, lit by a candle which the man of the house (a carpenter, whose name I learnt to be Murphy) held in his hand, and came into a room on the first floor, where there were lights, a table, and three or four men seated at it. Among the latter I was startled to recognize Father O'Coigly and Denis D'Arcy. The room was bare and comfortless, but fairly large, was closely shuttered, and smelt strongly of tobacco. There were candles, writing materials and pewter inkstands on the table, and some tumblers of punch, in spite of the well-known self-denying ordinance of the United Irishmen to abstain from any but smuggled wines and spirits for the sake of impairing the Government revenue—a singular and on the whole successful method, which I commend, parenthetically, to temperance preachers in Ireland.

Lord Edward nodded to the assembled group and took his seat at the table, I being invited also to sit down. Corrigan was made to stand before the extemporized court of inquiry, with the three men, Doyle, Palmer, and Gallagher closely guarding him on flanks and rear. Lord Edward, seeing a look of surprised recognition pass between me and Denis, said to the latter,—

"Do you know this young man, Colonel D'Arcy?"

"Indeed I do. He's the worthy son of his father, Miles Faly, who was with me in America, who—"

"Yes, yes, I have heard. A horrible story." And he briefly narrated the part of the conversation he had overheard. The others nodded intelligently, and Father O'Coigly stretched out his hand to me with tears in his eyes, saying,—

"God bless you for a brave, true-hearted boy, my son, and give your poor father's soul the rest he deserves with His saints, for which I will never forget to pray."

Denis looked at me over the brim of his glass of punch (it was miraculous how much that man could drink and carry soberly), and simply said, "It's no less than I would expect of you, comrade."

Truly, I was a proud man that night, for man I was now, and no doubt of it. I was then asked for my own account of myself, which I gave, it all being fresh in my mind, and deeply impressed on me.

Denis corroborated, as did Phil Doyle, who said, "That's all black lies about Reynolds and Casey. Reynolds is dead—leastways he's buried, and Tim Casey's never been arrested at all, and not likely."

Corrigan stood, looking serenely impassive as usual. No one could deny that he was brave in the presence of danger, for he must have been well aware that his chance of leaving that house alive was very small. Lord Edward, who had, like the others present, retained his hat and greatcoat, both in case of a sudden move becoming necessary, and because it was a cold night and no fire in the room, took a pistol out of his pocket and laid it on the table before him, and contemplated it for a few moments in silence. Then he said,—

"The question is what we are to do with this man."

"Don't be long over it, Fitz," said Corrigan, "for I have to appear before Lord C—— in court to-morrow morning." The man's impudence when he was at bay was admirable.

"It is highly probable you will have to appear before a very different kind of judge before daylight," replied the other, drily.

"Since when have you advocated assassination?"

"Never. The execution of a spy and traitor who would bring patriotic and high-minded men to death for

the sake of money, were justice, not murder. You are not a poor and illiterate man, and you would have us believe, apparently, that you are a brave man, therefore you have not the excuse of some informers, who have been wrought upon, perhaps in gaol, by intimidation and bribery, nor are you an Englishman, like the miserable attorney Cockayne, sent over by Pitt to swear away the life of the unhappy Mr. Jackson, in this country, where the law permits a single witness, however infamous and discredited, to convict of high treason. That wretched creature could at least plead that he was acting against his country's foes. You are, I understand, a fairly prosperous man, part of your professional gains having been for some time derived from the pockets of your patriotic countrymen who have constantly employed you in the defence of such of them as have been brought before the cruel and corrupt courts of this city. You have been admitted to a position of intimacy and trust among some of the leaders in the Irish Republican movement, and treated as a friend, a good Irishman, and a gentleman of honour. In return for this, you would sell for blood-money the life of a brave and stainless man, and corrupt the noble enthusiasm of a promising youth, who is, happily, proof against your insidious suggestions, deaf to your threats, blind to your glittering promises. *Mais c'est vrai tout ça, je vous l'affirme!*" exclaimed he, breaking into French, as he sometimes did when excited, and among friends. He once figured as a French master in the house of a certain family who sheltered him, and was, I need hardly say, perfectly familiar with the language.

"Don't be long-winded, Fitz," replied the imperturbable spy, "leave that sort of thing to Henry Grattan."

"Now, brothers, what shall we do? Time goes. We know not how much mischief this man may have done already, but it is quite certain that he must do no more."

"Turn him into a room alone with Cormac Faly," suggested Denis, "and then we'll keep his skin to stuff. Professor Lawless might be glad of it."

"I think I, as a party somewhat interested in the matter, retrospectively, at any rate, may be allowed to make a suggestion," observed Father O'Coigly, to whom they all turned attentively. "It appears that I was the victim aimed at, in this unhappy man's plans. Now, here am I, safe and sound, and not a penny the worse for him. There is no death to be laid to his charge as far as we know, and we know a good deal. Though he thinks himself a very clever fellow, no doubt, he has proved but a blundering and ineffectual spy, and been out-witted by a stripling."

"Fairly powerful stripling," remarked Denis, "he'd not ride under fourteen stone."

"Moreover," continued the priest, in whose countenance an irrepressible tendency to mirth tempered the severity which the occasion demanded, "it is evident, that whatever the result of our deliberations, his career as an informer and as counsel employed by us is at an end, there is little in future to dread from him He does not, I observe, seem flattered by my remarks. If he lives, it will be in obscurity, spurned by his employers, to whom he will be henceforth useless, shunned by his former friends, with nothing to do but remember that he tried to betray those who trusted him, and did not succeed, a memory, my friends, neither proud nor profitable. Let us dismiss him as too insignificant for further consideration,

as we spare the poor dung-beetle that pushes its unsavoury trade in our pathway and is unsightly but harmless. In my life I have seen many men who seemed good, and were not so, and many others who seemed bad, but had excuses. Who knows that he may not have some poor or aged relative to maintain, even out of the wages of sin?"

"Begad, if I caught a wasp I'd kill him," said Denis, "especially as it was not for want of trying that he failed to sting me."

"Prisoner," said Lord Edward, "you have heard the generous, the chivalrous appeal of him your greed and malignity plotted to destroy. In all justice, in virtue of the fact that it was but an accident that frustrated your intentions, and by the *lex talionis* enforced against the ruthless travesty of justice we all suffer from, you are in the position of a spy of the enemy caught red-handed, and you know how they are usually dealt with. When we take the field that is how they will be dealt with, and, I fervently hope, you with them. As it is, I think Father O'Coigly is entitled to dispose of you—is that your opinion, brothers?"

After a brief murmuring the opposition, if any, appeared to be over-ruled, and Lord Edward proceeded,—

"You will therefore be dismissed to the ignominy you have earned. But lest you should hurry away to Major Sirr and tell him you can lead him to where Lord Edward Fitzgerald is, which would be 1000*l.* in your pocket, I believe, you shall be detained here for the present, and Doyle and Murphy will take the greatest care of you, I am sure, and esteem it a privilege to spend the remaining hours of the night in your instructive society."

Corrigan looked at Phil Doyle, who was swart and grim

as usual, and did not appear in the light of the kind of attendant one would choose if one had a feud with him, and then he put his hands in his breeches pockets, flinging back his overcoat to do so, and fixing his eyes on the persons who sat at the table, and said,—

"Is this a veiled sentence of death, to spare the feelings of my sentimental friend?"

"Man!" said Lord Edward, "though you may be a liar and a traitor, try by a stretch of your imagination to conceive that there exist those who are neither. I have told you you shall be let loose in due time. Meanwhile bind him and search him. Examine all papers, take away his arms, if he carry any, but do not touch a penny of his money—who knows how it was earned?"

"Is it necessary to put me to this indignity?" said Corrigan. "You yourselves admit I can do you no further harm. Is it quite in keeping with your solemn assumption of magnanimity to read my private letters from personal friends, and my bootmaker's bill, which are what you will find on me?"

"He is evidently not anxious to be searched. Let us see these bootmaker's bills and love-letters at once."

The custodians of Mr. Counsellor John Corrigan, LL.D., promptly obeyed. A bulky pocket-book (from which the tablets used to write "Lewins" on were taken) proved to contain a bill indeed, but it was of a promissory character, in which its present possessor undertook to meet an obligation of £100 to one Francis Higgins, Esquire, and the date showed that it had already become due. It being found where it was, pointed to the conclusion that it had either been paid, or that Francis Higgins had cancelled the debt and given back the bill,

which would not be likely except for profitable services rendered.

"One of the flies in the Sham's web," observed Denis, as he tossed it back to Lord Edward.

"This is more instructive still," said the latter, as he read out the following letter, dated a day or two back:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I have again seen Mr. C——, and have assured him that you will serve his intention, on condition of his sending what was promised. He has done so, and I therefore return you the enclosed. Pray make it in your power to call at No.— S—— G—— on Tuesday afternoon. You will there meet the priest Quigly (the same that fled with MacMahon, the Ulster Presbyterian minister, last summer to Cuxhaven). Obtain from him news of his contemplated further proceedings. Also inform yourself of the names and addresses of any others you may meet there, as it is a regular house of call, and Mr. C—— does not propose to meddle with it at present, and it will be purposely left unwatched and unguarded to avoid exciting suspicion. Permit me to remind you that you have not half sufficiently examined Miss F——, who, as you say, has confidence in you. She is suspected of being a *post office* from Hamburg, where Lady Egality now is. Ascertain this."

Denis's face was a study. I may explain that the nickname "Lady Egality" was derived from the supposition, the correctness of which I cannot here enter into, that Lady Edward Fitzgerald was the daughter of Mme. de Genlis and "Philippe Égalité," Duc D'Orléans.

The letter concluded:—"The cave you mentioned at Killdrinan has been carefully searched lately, and no arms

found there. They must be hidden somewhere in that part of the country. You ought to be able to find out where, if, as you state, you are to be promoted to a place in the supreme Executive Council.

"Yours, etc.,
"F. H."

A short silence followed, after which Lord Edward said: "We had better go now. I have given my word to spare this fellow's life, and after all he is a failure."

CHAPTER XVI.

YET A LITTLE WHILE.

We parted in the alley, Denis and I going one way, and Lord Edward and his two guards, Gallagher and Palmer, the other, and so he flitted away into the darkness, and I never, to my knowledge, saw him again. I may have passed him, however, without recognition, for he was an adept at disguises, his many singular escapes being due partly to his versatility of resource of this kind as well as to his presence of mind, fierce courage, and faithful body-guard, who acted as piquets and spies all round, in advance and rear of him, like the cavalry of an army. In those days there was no properly organized police, the business of such a body being carried out by the two town-majors Sirr and Swan by aid of soldiers in plain clothes and paid informers. That fact, combined with the bad lighting, the numerous narrow lanes and passages of Old Dublin (some of which had singular and expressive names, such as Dirty Lane, Pudding Row, Murthering Lane), made it comparatively easy to move about undetected, or at any rate unarrested, especially if one knew one's way, and was well provided with friends and refuges, and had the reputation of being extremely handy with one's pistol. Of course this condition of the town had its disadvantageous side, many a harmless citizen who had not the defences above alluded to, and was not sufficiently steeped in treason to attract Major Sirr and his *sbirri*,

being laid to his final rest with the significant remark in the burial-registry, "Man found murthered in the street" —a pitiful epitaph.

O'Coigly and the others bade us good-night and departed, the luckless Corrigan was left in durance at Murphy's, and Denis and I proceeded along to our lodging. After a few minutes in the frosty air, Denis began to exhibit eccentricities of gait such as await the over-assiduous wine-bibber, when he changes his atmosphere and temperature suddenly. However, I took him firmly by the arm and hurried him home, in spite of his urgent demands that we should go back and kill Corrigan. "Corrigan the Dung-beetle," he called him.

Then he would talk, which I thought most imprudent at that time of night, as any kind of noise might attract undesirable attention. However, we reached home without mishap, and I lit a candle at the foot of the stairs. We were practically safe now, for Mrs. Moriarty was quite capable of dealing with any ordinary inquisitive persons, and was our firm ally, more especially Denis's, so much so that he said one day: "I believe she means to make me Mr. Moriarty yet."

Denis repudiated further assistance, and walked slowly and with great gravity upstairs, holding on to an imaginary balustrade on the wall side. On arriving at the one room we had in common he sat down on his bed, regarded me solemnly, and gave me an impressive harangue on the evils of intemperance and gambling, which he said were the curse of the age we lived in. I have since heard the same said of the ages most other people have lived in.

I busied myself in the meanwhile placing a basin and towel on the floor, and fetching the can of cold water Mrs.

Moriarty always thoughtfully provided of a night. Denis having contemplated these preparations, thoughtfully said,—

"Nephew Thompson, am I to infer from your proceedings that you imagine me to be drunk?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then I suppose I must be. Come and unbuckle this d——d stock then."

I helped him to take off his coat and his waistcoat and stock and white cravat with a brooch in it, after which he knelt over the basin in the attitude of one who is about to be beheaded "but who does not want to mess the floor," as he remarked, and I poured water over his black hair with the grizzle in it, and the nape of his neck.

"Slowly and steadily now, you bl—ted young shirk-drink!"

"Lucky for you I was then," replied I calmly, giving him the *douche* of icy February water very deliberately so that he drew long breaths and gasped. At the conclusion of that operation I handed him the towel. He rubbed his head and face vigorously, rose up and swore, then said,—

"Now, Cormac, if I have been rude to you, I apologize. Let us consider our ways and be wise. The first thing to do is to warn Miss Faly against Corrigan before the creature gets at her again, for I don't mind telling you that she does receive letters from Lady Edward for distribution. They come from Hamburg, as that unspeakable ruffian Higgins said in his letter. I'd like to know who told them that. It can't be Corrigan, for he didn't know. It must be someone at Hamburg. I tell you what, Cormac, there is some hidden hand at work against us of real and formidable power, compared to

which Corrigan is a mere finger-nail, and a black red-haired one at that. It's a good tradition that bids us mistrust red hair. When that hidden hand begins to strike, we shall know it, you mark that. I don't know if it be Lewins. I don't like to mistrust him. Any way, the sooner O'Coigly's safe out of the country and in France the better. You will see Mary Doyle later this morning?"

"I am expecting to."

"Then just tell her the whole thing from beginning to end, and let her inform Miss Faly, especially cautioning her to let no one tamper with the letter-bag, and to keep a sharp look out on all servants, visitors or beggars. Flanagan is to be trusted, and will help her. I see now why her family keep her so long in Dublin. The turn-coat has been given a hint from the Castle to that effect, because they meant to use her, unconsciously of course, for their purposes. Now we had better turn in and have some rest. I'm feeling d——d cold." And in a few minutes Denis was sound asleep, an example which it was long before I was able to follow.

In the course of the forenoon ensuing I saw both Mary Doyle and Miss Faly out walking with the stately Flanagan in attendance a few paces in the rear. I communicated my tidings cautiously, as it was a bright day for a wonder, and many people abroad. Miss Faly was surprised and shocked, having had complete confidence in the plausible Corrigan, and regarded him as an important and influential patriot, her only anxiety being lest his evident attentions to herself should cause a quarrel between him and Denis D'Arcy, which would perhaps be injurious to the cause which was to her personified by D'Arcy, and certainly embarrassing for herself. Yet

Corrigan displayed so much tact and civility that she never had an excuse for rebuffing or resenting his behaviour as in any way presumptuous. It could not be denied that he had as much right to speak to her as any other gentleman of her acquaintance, more, in point of fact, than D'Arcy, from a public and ostensible point of view, for her acquaintance with the latter was unknown to her father and brother, an engagement to him would be scouted by them with horror and amazement; while the man himself was more or less of a chronic refugee, going about under perpetually changing aliases, a purseless adventurer, to whom a marriage, unless followed or preceded by flight abroad with her, would be almost impossible.

She knew that his chivalrous temper prohibited him from asking her to share the hardship, the uncertainty, the risks, and the constant anxiety which attended the conspirator's life, and she loved him the more for it, but this closing of his mouth, both from public and private reasons, made her position with regard to Corrigan, who moved about with perfect apparent confidence and safety both in Government and in treasonable circles, was looked on as a rising and prosperous man, and had perfectly ready access to her society, the more embarrassing. She did not wish to offend Corrigan, whom she in no way disliked—I have said he was a neat, good-looking fellow—and she did not wish to annoy Denis or breed jealousy between the two men, and found the problem nearly too much for her. In short, after the first shock of surprise was over, I fancy she felt relieved to think that Corrigan had dropped out of her horizon for ever. "For," she said, "he will hardly venture to address me again, I should think; and if he does, he will not do it twice." And her expression and tone led me to reply,—

"Indeed, Miss Faly, I don't think he will."

"I knew nothing of him and cared less," observed Mary, "he was too much the beau and buck for me, with his manners and his coats and his pothry. I like a man to *be* a man, and not sneak up like a cat to have tea with the ladies when the other gentlemen are still at the claret."

I am afraid I offended in that way myself," said I, "though I neither took tea, read poetry aloud, nor deserted the claret quite so soon. But I had an excuse."

"Had you now? And what was that?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I suppose the others were not wanting you any longer in the dining-room."

This was disconcerting, because it was undeniable, and at the same time not the least what I had meant. Mary smiled like a young animal that has successfully achieved some small mischief and rejoices greatly—a kitten, for instance, who has unrolled a ball of wool and skilfully tangled the proceeds.

"No," I replied, drily, and a little put on my defence, "I wanted to hear Mr. Corrigan read aloud."

Mary smiled less, and retorted,—

"Then you might be better employed!" and turned ostentatiously to Miss Faly, to whom she observed,—

"You never can account for some people's tastes."

"No, indeed," said Miss Faly, "and I am sure some of my cousin Cormac's predilections are eccentric beyond explanation."

Mary, I was gratified to notice, was not the only one who could "tease."

"Why is Mr. D'Arcy not with you?" asked she, apparently with the view of changing the subject.

"He daren't be seen for fear of being identified, especially on such a promenade as this in broad daylight. There are probably warrants out for him ere now, and his only safety consists in not being seen."

"He is not going with Mr. O'Coigly to France, is he?" asked Miss Faly, anxiously.

"Not that I know of. Indeed I am sure not, for he mentioned to me that we were waiting for a summons which would take us from here to some other part of Ireland very shortly, he could not tell precisely when, where he expected to be busy in organizing and arranging the various local commands and baronies into larger coherent units."

"Lovely long words he's picking up," remarked Mary, "you're getting as clever as Miss Dennehy's parrot, Cormac."

"Spakin' bird," corrected I, deferentially.

"Now, children, don't quarrel," said Miss Faly, "for I have not much more time to spare, and I want to speak seriously. Cousin Cormac, I have received news that my brother George is coming to Dublin. It is no doubt unfortunate, but it cannot be helped. Now there are reasons which make it extremely undesirable that you should meet him, as you will see for yourself."

I bowed gravely.

"There are other good reasons why he and Mr. D'Arcy should not meet,"—here she coloured a little—"and I wish you to be so good as to tell him, Denis, I mean,"—the colouring increased at this accidental introduction of the Christian name—"what I am telling you, so that you may both till further notice keep clear of Aunty's house, or its immediate neighbourhood."

"Thank you, I understand. But is there nowhere, no

safe or neutral ground where we could meet, Denis and I, you and Miss Doyle? I know such a proceeding is unusual, and might be disapproved of, but the times are strange, and unusual circumstances may perhaps excuse unusual conduct."

"I think if my sense of propriety can survive colloguing with two strange gentlemen at midnight or thereabouts in the ruins of Killdrinan, it can manage to tolerate an interview in the daytime in Dublin with a relative and—an old friend. But I do not see how it is to happen. If we came to your lodgings, which would certainly not lack in impropriety, the chances are very strong that we should be recognized, followed and watched, as it appears from Mr. Higgins's letter that I am regarded by the 'backstairs cabinet' as a sort of decoy. If that did not happen the first day, it would the second, or the third."

"Have you no old servant you could go and carry jelly or whisky to? Has Flanagan a wife?"

"Indeed he would despise such a thing. No, we must try and consider whether some means of communication both safe and simple cannot be arranged. In the meantime my brother may not stay very long. He has effected an exchange, together with, I believe, some advancement in rank, into the Meath or the North Cork Militia (I really forget which, and it matters little), as a special favour for services rendered by his family to Government. You can see the hand of Lord Carhampton there. I only hope I have not myself unwittingly contributed to those 'services.' It is no pleasant thing, friend Cormac, when a family is divided as mine—ours—is, and I try to make the best of it, but if George or my father got an inkling of my real feelings or practices, I firmly believe they would cast me off absolutely, on such mercy as the world has for a

lonely and destitute young woman. Therefore, you see," she concluded, with a kindly but rather tremulous smile at me, "I must be a little careful for many reasons."

"Why can't you go to my father's?" said Mary. "It's out of the way, and humble, and it's just an old tenant and neighbour you'd be visiting, and the daylight is dark early these afternoons."

"And nothing could be more natural," I hastened to add, "than your accompanying the daughter of Mr. Doyle to see her father."

"Nothing," said Miss Faly, "not even your accompanying Mr. D'Arcy to call on Phil Doyle too. Well, we will think about it. It is time we went in now."

And we all said "au revoir," and I took my departure.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

EVENTS now began to point to the arrival of some great crisis, to accelerate and accumulate like the stones that split from a shaly mountain side and slide down. An ancient Roman *haruspex* would have discovered numberless fateful omens in the occurrences of the few weeks from March to May. First there was Father O'Coigly, who departed on his errand to France, *viâ* London, accompanied by one Allen (who subsequently became a colonel in the French service) and one Benjamin P. Binns. O'Coigly travelled from Dublin as "Captain Jones," Allen being ostensibly his servant. Binns went independently, as a stranger to both of them, but by the same packet. In London, O'Coigly was introduced by Lawless (afterwards Lord Cloncurry—not to be confused with the other Lawless, the Dublin professor of physiology, who, hearing a warrant was out for him, made good his escape to France, and was present at the battle of Leipzig, where I saw him) to Mr. Arthur O'Connor, Lord Longueville's nephew, and this gentleman determined to add himself to the deputation. This was agreed to, and from London "Captain Jones" and Allen proceeded by one route, and Mr. O'Connor as "Colonel Morris" with Binns by another, to Margate, *en route* for France, all four meeting

at the "King's Head," Margate, where the whole party were arrested by Bow Street officers, the heroic but luckless O'Coigly being, as is well known, ultimately hung upon Ponnenden Heath, after long delay, and a conviction based upon evidence which was a travesty of justice, or even of law, firmly protesting to the last against the iniquity of his treatment, affirming the rectitude of his cause, and angrily repelling all attempts made to induce him to inform while in prison at Maidstone.

The mysterious and dread cloud which overshadowed us was beginning to discharge lightnings of deadly precision. It leaked out in course of time that the party had been accompanied ("set" as the phrase went) unknown to themselves from the start, on board the packet, by some creature of the Corrigan class, who sat by them on the coach to London and chatted with them as they went, perhaps Captain d'Auvergne, R.N., who did the same service by Lawless, and subsequently after the Bourbon restoration luxuriated in the dignity of His Serene Highness Philip d'Auvergne, Prince de Bouillon—and Grand Duc de l'Andouillette as well for aught I know—for which he wrote a letter thanking the Duke of Wellington, a piece of gratitude it is doubtful whether the King and Princes of the House of France displayed, though they owed it more.

But whoever it may have been, the parlous question arose, who gave the information which led to anyone at all being commissioned to "set" the deputation?

This was but the first of many blows in the dark, probably all from the same unknown and dastardly hand, but it set us asking one another, who is it? Well, I am over ninety, and I do not know yet. However, to compensate for bad news with good, we learnt that it was

definitely arranged that a French invasion should take place in the summer, and we set to work to make all preparations complete. I had mastered the elements of drill, and under Denis's tuition, some inkling of tactics and strategy, such as might be useful in the simple *guerilla* kind of warfare which was the best we could hope to enter on at first. And so the weeks wore on.

It was understood that Lord Edward, who was an experienced soldier, was to bring in his men from Kildare and Carlow, and raise Garretstown, Naul, etc., right round Dublin to Dunleary, take the field at Finglas, and march into and capture the metropolis. This, as Dublin had no permanent defensive works, and as temporary ones could only be thrown up after the attack had given the direction, seemed very feasible, as of course the civil population was almost entirely on his side, and more of the military than the Government or subsequent historians imagined.

Then, on the 12th of March, I, happening to be at the end of Bridge Street, found all the issues in different directions blocked by soldiers with fixed bayonets, and surrounded by an amazed and perplexed crowd. I hastily retired in the direction from which I came, and awaited information. I did not wait long. Denis came and told me.

The Directory, sitting at Oliver Bond's, had been arrested, to the number of some dozen or more, and conveyed to prison. The hidden hand had struck again, with pitiless accuracy. It began to be like the stroke of a pendulum, leisurely, but rhythmic, and inevitable. Denis had heard it from Phil Doyle, who had seen the prisoners, carefully guarded, on their way to the gaol amid the usual wailing and hooting of the sympathetic

mob, and the vengeful silent eyes of the sterner sort which promised something other than hooting when time should serve—something which rhymes to "hooting."

"I told you that hand would strike hard," said Denis, "it's like a plague in the air. You begin to wonder where it will break out next."

"I suppose Corrigan can have nothing to do with it?" I dubiously suggested.

"Corrigan the Dung-beetle—the boys all call him that now—is no more dangerous than a child's pop-gun. He'd like to be, but he isn't. Thank goodness Lord Edward was not at the meeting at Bond's. He is still safe, and his name is one to conjure with. We shall just have to make a new Executive Directory and get things forward. If Lord Edward could take the field by the time they get the Maypole up at Finglas, it would be a good thing. The Antrim and Down colonels are all ready, and I have a notion Monroe and Orr will give a good account of themselves in that country."

"Where are we to go?"

"We are to be under Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey in County Wexford, my son, and support either through Carlow and Kildare or Wicklow, as circumstances may decide. Kildare's got some good level country for marching with a wide front, if there is not too much opposition, whereas Wicklow is good for unskilled troops who are familiar with mountain country and in presence of a disciplined enemy."

The next thing we heard was that many arrests had taken place about the country, including that of the above mentioned B. B. Harvey, who had been actually in Wexford Gaol at the time we were speaking of him.

At last one day, past the middle of May, Denis came

to me with a grave face and the light of wrath and battle in his eye, and said,—

"Cormac, the time has come. We must act now."

"Are the boys going to rise?" asked I, my skin and hair crisping with excitement.

"They are. It is the forlorn hope, perhaps, but we can at least die for Ireland as well as our betters. Will you come?"

"Will I come? What do you mean by what you say, Denis?" It was the first time I had addressed him by his Christian name.

"I mean that you are but a lad, and may have a bright future before you, and it may be that I do wrong in dragging you with me into this desperate business. You are at liberty to stay behind, my boy, if you like. I know you'll betray nobody, and we'll make shift to do without you in the field," he concluded, with mild irony.

"I go with you, and if you won't take me, by the memory of my father's blood I'll go alone."

Denis took my hand.

"Done, then!" he said, "and God help us all. There's more blood than that to be avenged now, I'm sorry to say."

"What's that?"

"The hidden hand has kept its hardest foul stroke for the last. Lord Edward Fitzgerald is dying of his wounds in Newgate."

"Great Heavens! Is there then a curse upon Ireland and all who take her part? What does it mean, Denis?"

"It means the old story of Judas and thirty pieces of silver, and that's what it means, Cormac. Hell shrivel the murdering hand that took the price of his blood!"

"How was it?"

"Lord Edward has, as you know, been hiding in many places, and had several narrow escapes, but always through accident and rashness hitherto, never through treachery. For instance, he was very nearly taken in March at Leinster House, when it was searched by Major Swann's soldiers, and on another occasion, more recently, when he ventured out at night from Portobello to Denzille Street to see his wife and his little child. Then the other day, at midnight, he and Neilson were stopped by a patrol, and Lord Edward calmly explained that he was a physician hurrying to a confinement, and they both got off, but it was a close shave. But there was no treachery in all these occurrences. They were perfectly natural. But what has now occurred is different. In the earlier part of last week the Geraldine was staying at 119, Thomas Street, a Mr. James Moore's —I knew it at the time, but was not at liberty to tell you, or anybody—and a man called Tuite, a carpenter, who had a job of work in the Castle, happening then to overhear Cooke say that Mr. Moore's house would be searched, hastened to give Moore a hint to that effect. (That shows you, by way of *obiter dictum*, what unexpected and apparently trivial things can upset well-laid plans. The great Under-Secretary never suspected the poor man hammering at the wainscot.) Consequently, Moore fled to Meath, leaving Miss Moore, his daughter, to look after Lord Edward. She arranged that he should move that night, from 119, Thomas Street, to a house on Usher's Island—that's a quay really—inhabited by a Mr. Magan, a counsellor and a patriot, and his sister, Miss Magan. It was further decided that, to avoid attracting attention, entrance should be made by the stable which

was in a street at the back of the house, Island Street, parallel to the quay. Close to this stable entrance, and calculated to intercept any one approaching it from the direction of Thomas Street, the party, including Lord Edward, the intrepid Miss Moore, and two of the body-guard who went in advance (and fortunately so), met Major Sirr and a party. That was last Friday night. The advance-guard, Gallagher and Palmer, whom you have seen before, were naturally the first to come in contact with them. Sirr wounded Gallagher, and Gallagher gave three stabs at Sirr, which sent him sprawling, and would have sent him to his black place had the dirty coward not worn mail under his clothes. Lord Edward got his hands on another of Sirr's men and they both rolled on the ground, but the Geraldine took no more harm than a clothes-brush would cure. Then, under cover of a fight between Gallagher and Palmer (now, you observe, become a rear-guard), Miss Moore hurried Lord Edward back to Thomas Street, where he found refuge in the house of one Murphy, a perfectly honest fellow. So far so good. But how came Sirr to be at the right place and time, Cormac? Answer me that."

"Go on," I said, too excited to reply.

"Well, it seems that night's adventures had given him of whom we speak a bad cold, and he was lying on his bed in an attic at Murphy's, drinking some barley-water or buttermilk, or something they had made him to relieve the cold, when, late in the afternoon, Major Swann and a Captain Ryan, you may or may not have heard of, looked in at the door and summoned the Geraldine to surrender. The latter jumped up and fired his pistol at Swann, or rather tried to, for of course at the critical

moment the d—d fool of a thing missed fire. Lord Edward then drew a dirk, and, grappling with Swann, stabbed him in the left side, on which Swann fired his double-barrelled pistol and wounded Lord Edward in the shoulder. He fell back on the bed, but being a man who takes a deal of killing, he was up again in a second or two and ran at Swann with the dirk once more, and here Ryan came up in support and tried to let off a pistol which, in its turn, missed fire. Then Ryan jobbed at him with a sword-cane, but, begad, it bent up on the wiry little Geraldine's ribs and wouldn't go in. Then up comes Major Sirr, if you please, who had been posting pickets outside, attracted by Swann's pistol—the only one which would go off—and he found both Swann and Ryan pretty nearly *hors de combat*, the latter on the stairs clinging to Lord Edward's legs, upon which legs their owner was still standing, and working hard with his dirk. Sirr let off his pistol and hit the arm which held the dirk. Even after that it took about two hundred soldiers to take him, and down in the passage he had nearly escaped if a drummer had not stabbed him in the neck from the rear. He was then taken away to the Castle in a sedan chair, and is now, wonderful to relate, still alive in Newgate. There's one comfort, it was found he had gralloched Ryan."

"How did you find out all this, Denis?"

"Partly from a person in the house, partly from one of the soldiers, and partly from those who tried to get up a rescue. Now what I would impress upon you is that the less the people about the country know of this the better, and the sooner they achieve some victory, some good noisy successful skirmish, with a few stand of arms captured, to get them used to bullets, the better. Then

the fate of Lord Edward can be used to stimulate them to further action. But the business is to be begun now or never. You will, if you please, act as my aide-de-camp. We are going to get Harvey out of gaol to begin with, or try to, and I expect to find a force down that way, in the north of Wexford, which should be warned of my coming. Before we start, which will be after dark this evening, I wish to say a few words to one you know of, and perhaps you might wish also to see someone who may be with her."

"Where?"

"At four this afternoon, at Phil Doyle's. That is where we will meet, perhaps for the last time. If I'm knocked over or hung, Cormac, will you take these little things, they're all I have in the world, and hand them to her?"

"I will." And he gave me his badge as an United Irishman, his Order of St. Louis from his late Christian Majesty, and a ring containing a fragment of his mother's hair. I secreted them about my person, and said,—

"But supposing I come to grief and you are left alive?"

"Oh, the luck is with the young! But should it be so, I'll give to—her you know of and I know of—whatever you wish."

"I have no property and no valuables. But give her my kind everlasting love, and say I died for her and for Ireland."

"Very good. And now let us have a glass of punch and then lie down for a rest, for it's little we'll be having to-night."

* * * * *

In the afternoon we went to Phil Doyle's humble abode, which was in the same house as the carpenter Murphy's (not to be confused with Murphy of Thomas Street), and by great good fortune got there without attracting attention or suspicion, for the Dublin authorities were very much on the *qui vive* now, apprehending an outbreak in vengeance or rescue of the captured Fitzgerald. We had not waited there long before Miss Faly arrived, looking pale, nervous, and distressed, and small blame to her. "Ah, poor Lady Edward!" were her first words, and she fell into Denis's arms and sobbed. Mary Doyle, who followed her, did not fall into mine, but said,—

"So you're away out of this to-night? I'm sorry to be leaving Miss Faly too. She is the true lady and the kind friend."

"What do you mean, then? Who talks of leaving her?"

"No one in particular talks of it, but I am going to do it."

"What is it you mean?"

"Sure, you're stupid! It means that there is going to be a fight for Ireland, does it not?"

"I believe it does, then."

"And is it me that would stay away from it? Not to speak of my having taken a kind of foolish fancy for a great, wild, addle-headed boy called Cormac Faly. My friend, I'll be there, to beat the drum and see that you don't run away before the red soldiers."

"Are you clean mad?"

"No more than the rest of you. Just take it all calm and easy. I know all you know and a bit more, and I've good authority for what I say."

"But—but, Mary, there will be real fighting, I believe."

"But—but, Cormac, I don't entertain the shadow of a doubt of it, and it's we that will win too. Father's away out with the boys already, and where he is it's not for me to be absent. Besides, it'll be as warm for us in Dublin as elsewhere soon."

"I confess I don't understand you."

"Indeed it will take you all of a long life to do that. You just do your duty and I'll do mine, and leave the result to those who are more powerful than we poor boys and girls. There's Miss Faly wanting home again. I must leave you now, Cormac."

"Mary!"

"Well, then?"

"I may never see you again."

"But you will, I tell you."

"Will you bid me God-speed?"

"Of course, and send you back safe and victorious."

"Mary, I know I'm a stupid boy, but I am going on I know not what of a desperate business, and I must tell you—I'm not good at that kind of talk, and I've no experience, to tell me how to say things, but before God and the death I'm going to face I love you better than all else in the world!"

"Cormac, my poor boy, don't I know it? I can read in you more than you can speak, and now the time has come I don't mind putting joking on one side, and telling you—there, I won't tell you anything!"

But she did better. She put her arms round my neck and kissed me with her fragrant mouth, though all Dublin might be looking. Miss Faly was still crying. Then we left.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DUBLIN GETS A LITTLE TOO WARM FOR US.

When we got back into our humble refuge in Mrs. Moriarty's garret, and were making preparations for departure, putting on riding-boots and great-coats and stuffing shirts and stockings into their capacious pockets, "for," said D'Arcy, "we travel light, and have no transport service"—not forgetting flasks of the tawny "wine of the country," I said,—

"Denis, I am pretty sure I saw Corrigan in Dame Street before we turned down our passage."

"Did you now?" replied Denis, as he buckled a belt full of money, French and English, round his waist, under his waistcoat, "and how was he looking?"

"Shabbier than he used to. Not quite such a dandy."

"Poor devil! His plumes would be drooping a bit, by now. I fancy his last little job did not give his employers much satisfaction, however prettily he painted it up in his description. D—n Corrigan, anyway. His teeth are drawn, that's one thing, praise the saints. Would you do me the kindness to buckle the Adjutant-General's stock, Mr. Aide-de-camp? I like to go to war dressed like a gentleman, if I can, though I have often come out of it in soleless boots and clothed principally in dirt."

And he put on a white cravat slightly soiled with

claret-spots and an imitation pearl pin which Mrs. Moriarty had given him. When I had helped him on with his coat and his great-coat, and he had assisted me reciprocally, he asked, carelessly, as it were,—

"By the way, did Corrigan see you at all?"

"I don't know. He was not looking at us."

"Let us hope not, for if he saw us he would have watched us here, and his next step would be to fetch some of Beresford's bloodhounds with a warrant to take, seize and apprehend our bodies for high treason, which bodies would subsequently be hanged, but not till they are dead, their entrails taken out, and whilst they are yet alive (if they are) burned before their faces, their heads cut off, their bodies divided into four quarters (while still alive, if possible, I suppose), and the resulting display of butcher's meat placed at his Majesty's disposal—and much good may it do him!"

"Denis."

"Well, then."

"Does it not seem to you that the sooner we are out of this the better?"

"Indeed it does. I've no mind to be taken in my bedroom like poor Lord Edward on the eve of action. Look out of my window, and see if there is any one suspicious-looking in the passage."

I obeyed.

"There is no one except an old man—why, it's Flanagan, talking at the door—it seems Mrs. Moriarty is telling him we are not here—he is turning away again."

"Go down after him, run like hell, and bring him in. Mrs. M. means well, but she does not know he is a friend."

I went, soon overtook the old butler and drew him

inside the door. Denis in the meantime had come down.

"Well, my friend," said he, "what is it?"

"Ye must go, Misther D'Arcy, sir, and put your best foot to it. Whin the young ladies was out this day, you know where, I follied at a rispeckful distance, just to see all was safe, as ushil, and while they was in at—in there, I waited about, and saw them come out, and then you and the young gintleman, and I saw a young gorsoon of a lad following you, sir, and a knew um. He does be doing messages and the like for that decaving, schaming son of a b—h, Counsellor Corrigan. And when I got back after the ladies to the Green, I watched a piece, and soon I saw Misther Corrigan, right foreninst me, walkin' about, aisy-like, takin' the air. To him soon comes my gorsoon and spakes with him, and Corrigan goes straight the Sham Squire's house. That's enough, thinks I, I'm off. I'll save 'em if there's time."

"And begad, I believe you've done it, my good old friend. I can't thank you enough. There isn't time. Good-bye, Flanagan, till better times. Take care of the ladies. Good-bye, Mrs. Moriarty, I'm away out of this on business."

Mrs. Moriarty wept, and said,—

"Sure I know what your business is, then! God send you safe out of it! I wish you weren't going at all!"

"There, I've no time to lose—give me a kiss, then. Flanagan, you'll kindly forget to mention this detail at home. Come along, Cormac."

"You know," Denis continued to me, as we hastily walked down the passage, "we are safe to be watched now, either by Corrigan or someone else, probably the latter, as he knows we know him by sight—perhaps the

boy Flanagan alluded to. However, I think we'll be one too many for him now, whoever he is."

"What are you plans?"

"Later on we will walk out to enjoy the evening air outside Dublin in the direction of Milltown. At a cross-road there stands an inn, or tavern if you like, kept by a decent man named Neligan. There we will find horses, and you will subsequently have the pleasure of riding by night through what you would admit to be the most beautiful scenery you ever saw, if it were not too dark to see it. At present I propose that we go and eat and drink at Kelly's Coffee House."

"Would it not be better to get out of town at once? We are after having one narrow escape, as it is."

"And we are going to have another. Do you smoke my lover following us yet? Don't be letting him see you are looking. But we can't go yet, and I tell you why. The word, the pass-word, do you see, for the guards and patrols will not be given out till six o'clock. When that happens, a certain honest soldier man is to come or send to Kelly's to let me know it, for I assure you every road will be blocked with pickets, and whoever wishes to leave Dublin after the recent alarms will do well to remember that."

And we walked to Kelly's Coffee House, where we had a steak and some porter, at our leisure.

"Do you not think," I said, "that that spy will go and fetch soldiers or something to us?"

"He daren't leave us. He's propping a corner outside now, knowing the moment he left we could disappear and lose him. He is not aware we are waiting here by appointment. Poor thing! Will I ask him in and give him a drink? It's coming on drizzling, too, and he'll

be uncomfortable out there, poor boy; devil receive him!"

And Denis called for pipes and punch. Dear old Denis! I believe there is no conceivable emergency in human life, from birth to marriage and death, with the accompanying discomforts attending each, that he would not think improved by pipes and punch, and pipes and punch we had, with Corrigan's spy outside in the rain, the soldier not come or sent, ourselves just escaped from the Dublin shambles, and the angel of death spreading his wings over Ireland.

"Well, Cormac," said Denis, raising his tumbler, "here's 'Cut the Painter!' and may it be soon!"

I pledged him and it got lighter. The rain left off, only a summer shower, not really "soft" weather, just enough to lay the dust, and a beggar-woman came in selling newspapers and ballads, and making the usual voluble appeals to possible purchasers. "Ah, God save ye kindly, gintlemin dear! Sure it's the handsome faces and the pretty legs ye've got, Glory be God! I wish I was the lawful wedded wife of all of ye this night!"

"What is it then, Kitty?" said Denis.

"Buy a paper, captain dear! here's a full, true, and partic'lar account of the life and capture of Lord Edward Fitzger'ld, and the cuttin' of Ryan the Yeo's g—ts out. See that now!"

Here she dexterously put a small piece of paper, under cover of a news-sheet, on the table, which Denis covered with his hand. It was the desired word for the ensuing night patrol and vendettes. After a little more conversation and the purchase of a paper for form's sake, the woman withdrew, and Denis said, in a tone inaudible to

all but me, "We will go now. The word is 'Hepenstall.' Think of that."

I knew, of course, the legend of the Walking Gallows—indeed it is no legend at all, but a historic fact, concerning which has, in later days, been happily written:—

"Here lie the bones of Hepenstall,
Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all."

We paid for our meal, and rose. As we went to the door, I said,—

"How about the spy outside?"

"You will see. He does not know we know him yet. And he does not know us quite, or our resources." And Denis walked straight up to the astonished youth, who was about seventeen or so, and said,—

"Now leave this! By G—, if you don't leave this I'll kill you! You'll do well to go. And tell Mr. Corrigan, with my love, to go to h—ll, and congratulate him on having succeeded in a fresh failure."

The lad gaped in amazement upon the big, sallow, flashy-eyed, black-browed "rebel," who had thus unexpectedly accosted him, for a few seconds, and then fled.

"Now," said Denis, "let us use our legs and get out to the Rising Moon."

And in this wise we quitted the unhappy capital of Ireland, worm-eaten with spies, reeking of the blood of just men, hag-ridden by the Sham Squire, and dominated by the bloody sceptre of Lord Castlereagh.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RISING MOON.

THE walk out to the Rising Moon did not take more than about an hour, during which I was much excited, for were we not going forth to war? Though to all appearance two harmless citizens taking a walk in the cool of the evening, we were a pair of conspiring rebels, units in the great organization which at last, driven and goaded to despair, crippled through the loss of its best leaders, sold by traitors, undermined by vague and unaccountable alarms, was yet going to make one reckless and forlorn stand against the persecutors and spoilers of our dear native land.

My skin pricked for the knowledge that any time soon I might be facing the muskets and swords of the King's troops, and that there was now no going back—nor, indeed, did I want to go back.

"Denis, how does a war generally begin?"

"In a properly conducted war, the cavalry of each side, whose function is to—"

"—Serve as the eyes and ears of the army, try to find out the positions, strength, and intentions of the enemy and to conceal its own. Thanks to your tuition I know that. But I mean, what actually happens? What does an individual combatant see?"

"He might first see the figure of a man dismounted, leading his horse, half-hidden on the sky-line, by some brushwood or a bit of wall, on rising ground. That man is either a patrol from an outpost, or forepost, as the Germans call it, in a more retired and concealed position, or he is one of the scattered members, the storm-petrels of an advance-guard. It would depend whether the enemy was on the move or not. If each of you sees the other, you will each probably retire upon your nearest support, and give information that the enemy is in sight, and for a little while nothing will be visible. Soon some other men on horses will be seen in new and various directions, who will penetrate as far as they can to their respective fronts and flanks. I am supposing these remarks to apply equally to both sides. Before long these individual cavaliers will grow into pairs and groups, and, as they push along, will come eventually into contact with some opposing group, and there will either be an engagement, or one of the parties will give way, and gallop off to join its main body. Soon after that, you will hear a big bang somewhere. But as we shall be totally deficient in cavalry, at any rate at first, we shall hardly go through the elaborate and orthodox chess-board campaign. It is well to remember that infantry are perfectly safe against cavalry, if they keep the proper formation, take a good aim, use their pikes well, and don't lose their heads. But we have yet to learn what our infantry will be like in the field. I think the Government troops are of a very damaged quality, those that have been for the last few years in Ireland, I mean. They have been pampered, and allowed to commit all sorts of undisciplined excesses, and that tells in the long run."

"It seems strange to think, as we look at these peace-

ful ripening fields, these trees and cabins, that a few days may, for all we know, change them into trampled mud, broken wood, and smoking ruins."

"Smoking ruins have not been exactly a novelty in Ireland lately. I only hope, in the interests of civilization and of Ireland, that in the event of our people being successful there will be no fanatical reprisals, and that Christian men will remember they are not American Indians."

I looked casually round at the view after we had plodded on silently for a time, wrapped in our reflections, which were serious, and perhaps thinking of our dear mistresses behind us in the grim capital, and I suddenly caught sight of something.

"Denis, have you a perspective glass on you?"

"I have not. I shall find it at the Rising Moon, together with our pistols. It is safer at present to go absolutely unarmed, and a spy-glass would be suspicious. But you have good sight of your own—and so have I for that—what is it?"

"I could almost swear I saw that boy again, a long way behind. He's gone out of sight now."

"The devil you did! Well, he won't dare follow us far. He'd better not. We are not in the streets now, and the Rising Moon's a dangerous neighbourhood for spies."

"Would you kill him, Denis?"

"Well, I'd have a try, if he forced me to it. I'm not going to have a fine scheme spoilt by any scruples about wringing the neck of a dirty little gutter-sparrow of a lawyer's clerk, just to oblige Mr. Counsellor Corrigan, with whom this is a personal matter as well as a political one. He has had a grudge against me for a long time, you know

why, and now includes you in his bad books, I don't in the least doubt, since the affair in which he cut so undignified a figure. It's not only the Government's blood-money that makes him so keen after us. It's spite and jealousy. These cold-seeming little men are often d—d passionate under the surface."

"He's a courageous man, do you not think?"

"Oh, he is that! A traitor is not of necessity a coward. But he likes the safe side. If he had a quarrel with me, what was to hinder him from quarrelling like a gentleman, regardless of political affairs, and inviting me out to the Fifteen Acres? By G—, I wouldn't have baulked him! But no! he takes the safe side, and hopes to get me out of the way by setting the right machinery in motion, and to pocket the reward into the bargain. He is a deep, unscrupulous, selfish man, without a spark of chivalry, honour, patriotism, or religion. He merely assumes as much of those virtues as suits his immediate purpose, and can hardly conceal the sneer with which he regards them."

"A bad man to have as an enemy."

"A worse man to have as a friend. But see, here we are."

I saw before me first some umbrageous oaks, then a road turning to the right, and in the angle formed by it and our road, sheltered by the oak trees, a rather tall, decayed-looking dark brick house, with a tiled roof and boarded-up attic windows. The other windows were flush with the outer wall, frequently broken, and large, and the door (in the middle of the front) had a rather pretentious but dilapidated pediment of the Grecian style. Ivy grew over the end walls and climbed the chimneys. The main building was oblong, and I could see signs of

an untidy yard, with scratching fowls in it, and dung, which betokened the near presence of a stable of some sort. I should put the whole down as originally a gentleman's house, built about the time of William of Orange, or even earlier, and now fallen to baser uses. Its present purpose was indicated by a black board, which hung from a rusted iron rod over the pediment, on which was portrayed a white crescent moon, presumably in the act of rising.

There were no signs of any particular activity or expectation about the place, and from one chimney only a faint streak of smoke floated out on the calm evening air, from which by this time all signs of rain had passed away. There was no person visible, and it would not be difficult to suppose the Rising Moon to be either uninhabited or gone to sleep. The bustle of an inn, the chatter of customers, the calling of orders, the geniality of the landlord, were all conspicuous by their absence, but I fancied I heard a faint humming noise, as of distant talking, and once the sound of a horse pulling up the rope of his head-stall.

"Queer kind of inn this, Denis! It seems deserted. Why, the door's shut!"

"Deserted? That's exactly what it is wanted to seem. That is just the impression we wish to make, and why the Rising Moon was selected, a decayed, crazy, dull, neglected, uninteresting-looking old barn of a place, with nothing about it to attract man or beast, and probably nobody inside it but a deaf old woman smoking a clay pipe. That's your notion of it, is it not?"

"Pretty such, though I am led by your manner to think otherwise."

"Not the sort of place the soldiers would think it

worth while to search, no plunder, no good meat and drink to steal, no women and girls to ill-treat, and quite public, candid, and unashamed of itself, is the Rising Moon. It stands here at the roadside, before the face of all men, and says, 'Here I am, poor, but honest, having seen better days. If you like to knock you can come in, but there will be little to repay you.' That's it, is it not?"

"Pretty much. Well?"

"Well! In that house are two hundred muskets, cartridge-boxes, and ten thousand rounds of ammunition. What do you think of that?"

"Mother of mercy! But that puts us in a very dangerous position?"

"Did you think war, more especially armed insurrection, was going to put you in a *safe* position?"

"I mean more especially in respect of our being seen and followed by that creature of Corrigan's."

"Double genitive, not grammar, my learned friend."

"D—n and blast grammar to hell! Excuse my impatience, Denis, but do be serious."

"I am serious enough, and reason to be, in all conscience; but what is the matter? If the 'creature of Corrigan's,' as you term him, dares follow us up, he will assuredly never go back."

"But supposing he has gone back already, and is only the advance-guard, as you would call it, of soldiers riding on horses, guided by this lad, should we not then have placed ourselves, and the arms you mention as well, in rather an unnecessary peril by halting here just now?"

"Begad, there's some sense in what you say. Wait now, and I'll take a look back down the road and see. If any one is coming, we will walk straight on, ignoring the

Rising Moon, and so take them on a false scent. Ah! in the distance there *is* some one coming."

We were just then concealed round the corner of the cross-road, where the trees stood, and Denis looked back in the direction from which we had come by putting his head very cautiously out over a loose stone wall, which fenced the Rising Moon premises from both roads, and naturally came to a salient angle where they joined. Having once been seen by our pursuers, it was obvious that the latter, on reaching the cross-roads, would search for us at the inn as to which direction we had taken, and searching the inn we particularly wished to prevent, wherefore Denis and I continued our journey conspicuously along the original road, as if quite unaware we were followed, until a depression of the ground hid us. We then left the road and doubled, as the hunters phrase it, under cover of the roadside wall, and any trees or gorse which could conceal us (and there was fortunately just there a good deal of both), across country back again to the Rising Moon. This time Denis led me round to the rear of the house, where, on his giving certain knocks, a door was opened by a short, stoutish man, with a vacant, good-natured countenance, in his shirt-sleeves, and we entered what seemed to be the kitchen. Denis hastily explained to Mr. Neligan, for it was he, the state of things, and we were immediately conducted to a stone-flagged kind of pantry, or larder, adorned chiefly by hams and pieces of bacon suspended from the roof, in one corner of which a pump stood, and hard by the pump a well-stone with a ring to it. Neligan gave a stroke or two to the pump-handle, and water poured into the bucket in the ordinary manner.

"Now you'd never doubt but what that stone covered

the well that water came out of," said Mr. Neligan, "but it does not. The real well's outside the house, and covered up. See now!" And he pulled up the well-stone by the ring, and exhibited a sloping ladder, leading apparently into the bowels of the earth.

"Get you down," he said, "it's quite safe, and you'll find more light when you get further."

We went down, just as the clatter and jingle of half a troop of yeomanry riding up to the front door rang in our ears. They had gone in pursuit of us at a moderate pace, not to give us the alarm, seeing that we did not appear to apprehend pursuit, and then lost us after passing down the dip, as we had anticipated, and gone on some way beyond the point at which we had left the road before it dawned upon them that they had been tricked, and had then cantered back to the cross-roads to make inquiries, and naturally addressed themselves to the Rising Moon in the first place. The advantage of our manœuvre was that they had now no reason to suppose that we had gone to the inn any more than to any other place, having once lost track of us; whereas, had we simply gone to Neligan's on our first arrival at the cross-roads, they would have had strong reason to suspect him of harbouring us.

"Never fear," said Neligan. "I'll sort them."

He put the stone in its place again, and we groped our way down the steps. It was not far, and the descent was child's play after the well-hole of Killdrinan. When on level ground we caught sight of a pale gleam of light which proceeded from a hole in the wall, about the size of a brick, near the roof, or more correctly the floor, overhead, which hole communicated with out of doors, and was screened outside by long grass. Other similar holes appeared in different directions, and we were evidently in

a large cellar, divided by walls into compartments, and apparently co-extensive with the plan of the house.

"That was touch-and-go," I said.

"Don't make a noise. Listen!"

We heard tramplings and voices overhead. Following the direction, we found ourselves under the room in which the yeomanry were, and could easily hear that they were cross-examining Neligan, and embracing the opportunity to consume pots of porter at the same time. Neligan, with his bland, round, meaningless face, and plump middle-sized body in workman-like shirt-sleeves, seemed quite equal to the situation, and capable, as he subsequently described it, of "making a hare" of the officer in command, a young man called Finlay. The latter said,—

"What's your name?"

"Malachi Neligan, your honour."

"Do you keep this house?"

"I do."

"Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?"

"Protestant, your honour."

"Are you a loyal subject?"

"I am."

"Will you drink the King's health?"

"I will, in any liquor your honour is pleased to pay for."

"Will you say, 'Bloody end to the Pope'?"

"Indeed I will!" (But he did not, you see.)

"Well, give me a pint of claret and let these men have a pot of beer each; and, by J—s, I don't mind paying you for it, as you are a loyal Protestant."

"Sure, your honour's very kind. Will I bring you the same clar't wine Major Sirr does be havin' when he comes here? It's a fine wine, captain."

Mr. Finlay (who was not a captain, as Neligan well knew), replied, in a tone of surprise,—

"Does Major Sirr come here?"

"Sorrow a less. Indeed he does, when he will be riding this way, huntin' after them bloody rebels, and passes me the time of day, and maybe has a word or two in private for me, for I'll do no harm by tellin' ye a sacrut, captain?"

"No, no, my man, speak out!"

"Well, then, I'm not what I seem."

"What in h—ll are you, then?"

"Come near, and listen while I tell you. I'm a Government spoy, and a thrusted man by them in authority!"

On hearing this I started, and was about to say something, when Denis clapped his hand on my shoulder, and whispered, "Keep still now!"

"Then by the Lord you're the man I want just now. I'm after—but can I trust you, Neligan?"

Here Neligan appears to have made some private sign, invisible and inaudible, of course, to us, which convinced the yeo., who said,—

"Well, well, I see you're an honest poor man, and I don't mind standing you a knock. I'm after two big rebels who have escaped by the skin of their teeth from the rope that was waiting for them in Dublin, and they were seen along the road going south by here. Have you seen anything of them?"

"I seen several men on the road to-day, and some of 'em looked like the very spit of big rebels. What were they like at all, captain, dear?"

"Here's a written description of them," said Mr. Finlay, lugging the pouch of his cross-belt round to get a paper

out. "First, 'Denis D'Arcy, sometimes known as Count D'Arcy, and as Maguire, an officer in the French service, British subject, born in Connaught, speaks French, Irish, and English fluently; about five feet eleven, probably over forty years of age, dark complexion, aquiline nose, shaved face, dark hair, turning grey, worn rather long, eyes brown, finger-joint missing.'"

Good! thinks I, they don't know the Thompson *alias*, Mrs. Moriarty has been staunch.

"'Probably has French money in his possession. Supposed to be going in a southerly direction, either to Kildare or Wicklow, to organize a rising of the disaffected Papists in those parts.'

"Second, 'Cormac O'Connor Faly, aged about twenty, quite six feet two, and of powerful build, black hair, straight, and cut rather short, short cheek-whiskers to the ear. British subject, born in Scotland, speaks Irish and English and elementary French; brown eyes, straight nose, high cheek bones.' There, that's the description, but we have a lad outside who can identify both the beggars."

"Have ye now, sir? Won't we have him in and give him a pint of porter or a noggin of the best? Sure he deserves it, pointin' out them bloodthirsty traitors."

"Very well. Here, you, Saunders! Take all these men out now you're done drinking, and send in the men minding the horses for a drink, and the boy Turner too."

Here a trampling and jingling took place, and a fresh lot of yeomanry took the place of those who had been having the porter, though the officer remained sitting before his claret, and mollified by the blandishments of it and good Malachi Neligan. Denis patted me on the

back ecstatically. His amusement at the conversation seemed to have completely put out of his head all remembrance of the fact that our lives hung by a thread.

"Ah, and is that you?" said the voice of Neligan. "I'm glad to know the honest face of ye, me young rebel-hunter, and to have the honour of takin' ye by the hand. Sure ye're an example to older men, and ye'll not be forgotten. It is a good Protestant you are now?"

The lad, in a somewhat bashful manner, replied that he was a Catholic.

"Ah, now, that's bad! It's early influence does it, captain, dear;" then, in a voice intended to be confidential, but distinctly audible, which must have made the wretched clerk quiver,—

"Are ye sure now he's to be trusted?"

"Our information's right enough," said Finlay, who seemed loath to leave his claret. "We have it from headquarters by Mr. Cooke."

"God send him his reward! But good Mr. Cooke might be decaved."

"But Mr. Beresford told him, and Mr. Higgins of the *Freeman* told him."

"Musha! And who told the Sh—, the shelebrated gentleman ye spake of?"

"We are spaking in confidence between one loyal Protestant and another?"

"Indeed we are. Let me be gittin' ye another jug of clar't wine on me own account, captain!"

* * * * *

"And now!"

"Well, it was Counsellor Corrigan."

"The good loyal gentleman! But he's a decaver!

We've our eyes on him, the Government and me, and I'm tellin' you what I'd not tell to many captains. I believe he's misleadin' ye! Do you know now that he was on intimate spakin' terms with Lord Edward Fitzgerald?"

"As a servant of the Government, I believe."

"Ye believe that?"

Words could not express the suspicion and contempt Neligan threw into those words. The yeomanry officer seemed nervous. He said,—

"But my information is exact!"

"Begorra, mine's exacter, axin' yer pardon. Now you are after describin' them to me, I know them two rebels you want as well as if they were me brothers. And I can give a pretty near guess where they're gone to, and that's Tallaght, where there's a gathering of the boys going on, as perhaps Mr. Corrigan disremembered to tell you. You may catch 'em before dark yet."

"The devil! Would they be armed?"

"Sure, it's them have the guns and long pikes—cartloads of them!"

"And are there many rebels likely to be there?"

"Hundhreds and hundhreds, an' they're going to attack Dublin. Ye might catch them on the way yet—an' they've sworn too," added Neligan meditatively, "to cut the liver out of every yeo. they see, savin' your prisence. Ah! it's the bloodthirsty rebels they are, glory be to God!"

Mr. Finlay turned to his sergeant, and said,—

"Saunders, I think we had better drop our present errand and gallop back to Dublin with this news, and get troops sent out towards Tallaght."

"I think we had, sir."

"Get the men mounted, then; make haste!"

"You won't leave me?" said the lad.

"Oh, G— d—n you! I've no further use for you. You are big enough to walk home by yourself."

"And if ye like to stay here awhile, me child, I'll give ye a bed and be a father to ye generally, so far as a simple poor man can."

"Ah, well, there's a guinea for you, Neligan," said Finlay, and I heard it clink as he threw it on the table, "for the drink and any trouble the lad may put you to."

"Heaven be your pillow, captain, dear!"

Shortly after this I heard the lot of them clatter and jingle away.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SLEEPY HOUSE AWAKES.

Mr. Neligan came to what I may call the pump-room, inviting the lad Turner to accompany him, which the latter did, suspecting nothing. Imagine, therefore, his petrifaction at seeing rise from under the ground at his feet the two formidable rebels he understood to be by this time away in the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains!

Neligan's paternal, almost caressing, tone suddenly changed also, and the promising youth found a piece of cord round his wrists before he had quite realized the situation.

"What will I do with him, Mr. D'Arcy?"

"He ought by rights to be taken out into the yard and propped against the wall and have a horse pistol emptied into him, but he's not worth it. Lock him up in any room handy till we've got away, and then send him back to Corrigan with his hands tied."

"Won't I trim his ears a bit wid the shears first?" suggested Neligan persuasively, at which the boy looked very sick.

"No; we're not savages, and he's only an instrument in the hands of his master. I give you leave to cut *his* ears off, and anything else he has about him, if you ever get hold of him. Now then, to business. It will be dark in half an hour. Where are the boys?"

"Some are in the big attics sleepin', seein' they're to march all night, and some are comin' here with the carts, after dark."

"Shall we have as many as we counted on?"

"Maybe not quite, but there won't be many missing."

"More power! Come now, Cormac."

And he led me upstairs (and old, crazy, dirty stairs they were) to the attic story, where we entered a large room such as people use for storing apples and putting away lumber, lit only by one or two holes made on purpose in the boarded windows, and seeming at first to my eye very dark. When my sight became acclimatized, I saw, strewn about the floor, much as I have seen them between decks in a ship, a number of men sleeping, or, if not actually asleep, at any rate resting.

"Good evening, boys," said Denis. "Here I am. Cormac, these and others have got to convoy all the arms they can carry from here this evening to a place in the direction of Arklow, more or less, where they are to meet a number of men to receive, and, I hope, use them, and what you and I have to do is ride along the road and be on the spot at the right time. These men will have to take about two guns and proportionate powder each, and will go by bohireens and mountain-ways off the road, on our flank, but will not be far off if we meet with any opposition. And wake up, my children, for we are off as soon as it is dusk, and it's not far short of it now."

The men arose, stretching and yawning, and I found that they all had arms, many having, as Denis described, two sets. The rest of the arms, chiefly pikes, were in the cellar, to be called for by another contingent to follow in our rear, in charge, as I learned, of Phil Doyle.

It was a moment of deep excitement to me, as I watched

these dim, grim figures in the great attic, rising like the brood of the dragon's teeth, and slinging cartridge-boxes over their common every-day country-made clothes. It looked as if they meant something. We were getting nearer and nearer to actual war.

"How was it," I asked Denis, "we did not get these men to attack the yeomanry? They could have shot them all down out of window."

"And made noise enough to wake the dead and bring a crowd round us just when it is our particular wish to be quiet."

At last we were all ready, and outside the Rising Moon, Denis and I seated on two decent enough hacks, his a sorrel and mine a chestnut. I rode about fourteen, I am afraid, or I would have rather had the the sorrel, as it seemed quieter, and I was not as good a rider as Denis; however, it was not so fitted for my weight. The men were already starting in twos and threes in a long straggling column along the road, meaning to leave it and march on either side after they had got down the dip.

"Now, Cormac, we are in a state of overt war. Let us start." And we rode away.

The beauty of the still May night was over the Wicklow mountains, and the stars prompted the same reflections as when I saw them over the sea from the cave under Killdrinan Abbey, and I thought much of Mary, and how she had kissed me. That is important when you are in love for the first time.

"There is no doubt at all," said Denis, "that we have a big piece of work before us. But we will begin it, and raise the devil's own dust, crippled as we are, and hope old Tandy and the French will come in time to finish it off."

Denis seemed, if anything, in a more cheerful mood than usual. I suppose it was because he saw a prospect of fighting that his

"Bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne."

Our men had scattered over the country-side and were not visible now at all, and we rode along watchfully and at a moderate pace.

"Here we are, for Ireland!" said Denis. "Right or wrong, the ball's opened now. But we must ride warily, for there is no knowing now whether the next party we see will be friends or enemies. There are sure to be patrols somewhere, there are probably bands of a guerilla character converging from different parts, not yet concentrated, and equally probably wandering squads of yeos."

Before long, I said,—

"Denis."

"What's that?"

"What will have happened when those troops got back to Dublin?"

"A question to be answered. I was not thinking of that. They will report, of course, what they heard. Major Sirr, or somebody else with rather more brains in his skull than that Finlay thing, will not be quite satisfied with that report, and friend Corrigan will probably be consulted. Directly he hears the name of Neligan, and his kind remarks about himself, he will see through the whole thing at a glance, and the yeos. will be sent back helter-skelter to arrest Neligan, if still to be found, and pursue us along both roads. Probably they will have reinforcements."

"What had we better do?"

"Evade them, if we can; fight them, if we must. St! What's that?"

We drew to one side and halted in the dark shadow of some trees, and looked back and listened. There were lights coming, and a sound of wheels, and soon a great lumbering, rumbling, pot-bellied mail-coach rolled up and passed on.

"Do you think they saw us?" I said.

"If they did happen to see two horsemen halted by the roadside, they'd be more anxious to get away from us than we from them. Let us follow in their wake now, and the noise of our trotting will be covered by the noise of theirs."

And we went on without speech or incident for some little time, while a pale, yellow radiance began to appear between the foliage of the trees and over the rising ground to our left, heralding the gradual appearance of the golden moon, not full, but a sort of a symmetrical egg-shape, and road, trees, and our two selves became visible in a faint semblance of their natural colouring, but with strong shadows. The stars paled, there was no wind or cloud, but the air was full of the sweet nameless fragrance of a summer night, and all was silence but the rumble of the mail-coach and the sound of horses' hoofs. That the hill-sides were full of armed men advancing rapidly with their athletic mountain-bred strides, gathering a tall, silent, ragged recruit sometimes as they went, who came down from some remote mountain cabin to relieve some one of half his burden of guns and ammunition, and march on with the rest, no one would have dreamed.

These fellows, our contingent, carried the firelocks and ammunition, while another body, following in the rear, brought the pikes in carts. The carts had, perforce, to

go along the road part of the time, but went off it as much as possible. In case of opposition, we, as advance-guard, roughly speaking, could hold the enemy with our muskets until the pikes could be, some of them at any rate, uncarted and brought to our assistance. I forgot to say that our saddles were furnished with holsters and pistols, two each, and that Denis had a spy-glass in a leather case slung round his body. Suddenly, turning a curve, we saw the coach pull up, and lights moving about in the road.

"Patrol," said Denis curtly, "have your pistols handy; don't say a word. Wait." And we halted. After some time the coach went on again, and we rode easily forward making no attempt at concealment.

"Halt! Who goes there?" We were confronted by two men with firelocks and fixed bayonets, and a corporal with a lantern. They were infantry, in tall shakoes with peaks or visors, a brass armorial device in front, and a little white plume or *pompon* at the top, high-collared red coats with white *revers*, white cross-belts, woollen "wings" at the shoulders (betokening, as I afterwards learnt, membership of a light company), white breeches and black gaiters. Such was the appearance of what I was now obliged to regard officially, or technically, as "the enemy." The rest of them were apparently making themselves comfortable in a roadside shebeen with whisky, for which I much doubt if they paid.

"Friends!"

"What friends?"

"Mr. Thompson and Mr. James Thompson, on particular and private business for Mr. Under-Secretary Cooke," replied Denis, calmly and haughtily.

"Give the word of the day."

"Hepenstall."

"Well, that be right so fur," said the corporal, who was evidently an Englishman. "Weer's yer papers?"

"My papers are confidential. Can't you see that? I've given the countersign, you blockhead. You don't expect me to give you private Government despatches to spend half an hour spelling out?"

"'Owsomever that be," said the corporal, "my horders is that papers is to be showed, and showed they'll 'ave to be. I won't interfere with 'em myself, but you'll 'ave to bide till my officer comes on visitin' rounds."

"That's a devil of a nuisance; however, I suppose you're doing your duty, though you may not know how much mischief your delay may cause. How long will your officer be?"

"You won't 'ave long to wait."

"Ha, well, have it your own way. Who are you here?"

"We're the West Meath M'lisher."

"But you're an Englishman!"

"I've been put in yer in place of Sergeant Sullivan, wot's deserted over to they blamed rebels. I'm acting sergeant here, but I'm corp'le in the Fourth Futt, the King's Own. That be my rig'ment, rightly speakin'," replied the corporal, who appeared to be fond of hearing his own voice. Then we heard the sound of horses trotting on the road at a distance.

"Yere they be! That's 'im, and 'e've got a hescort of yeomanry for scoutin' and to protect 'im from the rebels."

"Have the rebels risen, then?"

"So they tells me. I hain't got no horders about that though."

"It's chilly waiting about here, is it not, James?" said Denis to me. And he sneezed. I have seldom heard

a more powerful sneeze. It was calculated to carry far in the still air of a May night. Then he did it again.

Immediately after this an officer rode up, accompanied by about ten or a dozen troopers of yeomanry, under a sergeant.

"Guard, turn out!" yelled the corporal, and the guard did turn out, slightly unsteadily.

"Who is this?" said the officer. The corporal explained. "Well, gentlemen, you must show me your papers. Hold up a light, corporal, and let me look at them." At the movement of the lantern, Denis's horse shied a little, and, pushing against mine, brought us both well on what I may call the Dublin side of the picket, that is, towards our proper rear. The yeomanry had passed, all but a few to the south, or front of us. Those behind had, apparently, a cart with them, but the light of the lantern held up to our faces prevented me from seeing properly.

"By G—!" said the officer, "it's that d—d blood-thirsty rebel, D'Arcy, and this one—this one is Cormac Faly. They're both proclaimed rebels and traitors. We're in luck to-night. Dismount, you G—d d—d papist spawn!"

"Dismount, Cormac," said Denis, "they're too many for us," in a melancholy voice, but I saw him wink at me when an opportunity allowed. We dismounted. Our horses were given to two troopers to hold, and we were taken and hustled, under guard, into the shebeen. In the light I now saw clearly what I had previously suspected dimly. The officer was Captain George Faly.

"We've captured a cart-load of pikes, covered up in straw, in charge of a friend of yours," observed he with an

unpleasant grin. "Bring in the other prisoner, and you, Patsy, here, stir yourself, and get me something to drink."

An odd, half-imbecile-looking man, or lad, with long rough hair over a gleam of pale eyes, muttering to himself, rose up from where he was crouched on the ground in a corner, and saying, "Iss, yer hanner," humbly, left by a back door. Denis again found occasion to wink at me, unobserved. He seemed wonderfully self-possessed.

Then Captain Faly seated himself at a coarse deal table, stretched his legs out and waited, whistling.

In a few minutes two yeoman entered, bringing in as a prisoner—Mary Doyle. She was placed near the wall opposite to Captain Faly, and we near the wall to his left, where the back door was.

Captain Faley holds a Court of Justice.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN FALY HOLDS A COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE room, bare, dirty, scantily furnished, and serving both as kitchen and guest-room, was about fourteen feet by twelve, with a low wooden ceiling black with the smoke of generations, the rafters of which had a few hooks in them to which one or two lanterns were attached, for the purpose of giving more light than was afforded by the pair of guttering tallow candles stuck in bottles on the table. The usual turf fire, with a pot hanging over it, smouldered on the hearth, and some pots of porter stood on the ground near it, the soldiers having apparently thought fit to take the chill off at night-time, though the weather was far from cold.

I shall never forget that room. It now contained Captain Faly, seated as described, Mary Doyle, with a yeoman gripping her by the arm on each side, facing him, and us two, each guarded by two militiamen with fixed bayonets, on his left. The yeomen were armed with swords only. A sentry with bayonet fixed stood at the entrance door, and the yellow light flung a changeful glare of lights and shadows on us all as the lanterns swung gently to and fro on their hooks.

I looked at Mary, and she looked at me. Captain Faly seemed in no sort of hurry. He simply sat and glared

and gloated, the first on me, the second on Mary. At last he spoke,—

"That fellow's a d—d long time with the whisky."

Just then the lad Patsy came in and placed a wooden noggin on the table before the officer, and silently resumed his position on the ground, in a corner, and rocked himself with his hands clasped over his knees. Captain Faly took a copious draught of whisky, and said,—

"Now then, ladies first! I will not ask you who you are, Mary Doyle, because I know. You are caught red-handed in a treasonable act, as you know, and the best you can do is to save your neck by giving all the information in your power. Do you recognize these two men?"

Mary made no reply, but gazed in apparent curiosity at the wall, just above her questioner's head.

"You had better not turn sulky, you insolent slut, or we'll find means to make you talk."

Just then there was the sound of horses' feet outside, and the sentry gave the usual challenge, shortly after which there entered Corrigan.

"Ah," he said, "good evening, Captain Faly. Quite a little family party. I thought I should find something in this direction."

"Come and sit down, Mr. Corrigan. I have just begun the examination of this prisoner."

"I should not waste a moment doing that. Get them all back to Dublin as quick as you can."

"I would have you bear in mind, sir, that I am in command here, and I choose to examine the prisoners, and, by G—, I'll do it."

"Oh, by all means! I merely wished to hint that their secure and immediate delivery is important. There

are more rebels than these still at large," he added, with a significant nod.

"The King's troops are here for no other reason," replied Captain Faly, haughtily. "I beg you will not interrupt the Court-martial. Now, miss, where is your old faggot of a father, and where were you taking that cart-load of croppies' tooth-picks to?"

Mary remained silent.

Captain Faly said to the yeoman on her right,—

"Leave hold of her, and prick up her memory a bit. Keep her tight, you other!"

The first obeyed, and drawing his sword, put the point into her arms and shoulders once or twice, so that the blood ran down over her clothes.

At this I made a sudden spring, and snatched the musket of the man next to me on my right, and kicked suddenly at the back of the knees of the one on the left, so that he staggered. I had him down in an instant by swinging the barrel across his face, and then, by shortening my grasp, put the bayonet into the man beyond me, with whom Denis was struggling. We we were both far more powerful men than our guards, and in a moment were each in possession of a gun and bayonet. Denis engaged the uninjured man next him, bayonet to bayonet. I held mine by the barrel and drove the butt into Denis's opponent's face, and then we stood at bay, attacked by the two yeomen, Captain Faly, and the sentry. None of us liked to fire unless obliged, on account of the smoke in a small room making friends and enemies invisible, and a *mêlée* with cold steel took place.

"Go out and get help, Corrigan, you d—d fool!" said the captain, panting, as he drove at me with his sword, I guarding awkwardly, but violently, with the bayonet, and

protected by my long reach. Corrigan hastened to do so, but was met at the door by the lad Patsy, who had slunk out, crawling on the ground, and possessed himself silently of a pike from the captured cart, which he now darted into Corrigan's chest with an appalling screech. Corrigan dropped across the threshold, vomiting blood in great, choking gasps, and just then a sudden report of firearms was heard outside, and a commotion among the horses.

"Hurroo!" called Denis, "it's all safe now!" and he fired his musket point-blank in the sentry's face. Then men rushed in, men with pikes with blood on them, and Captain Faly and the two yeomen were as dead as pork in about two minutes, the half-imbecile Patsy was dancing on the floor in a puddle of blood, whooping, one of the lanterns was broken and the light out, the candles were upset, with the table, but one was still flaring in a pool of grease, and beginning to burn the table till I kicked it out. A tremendous noise of firing continued in the moonlight outside, and Mary, with blood-stained clothes and a very pale face, was reclining on the ground where she had originally been standing, being violently sick. A reek of powder-smoke hung over us all.

I jumped over a body to where Mary lay, and said,—

"Are you much hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt a bit, not more than cutting your finger, Cormac, dear," she said wiping her eyes; "but it's the blood—and that Corrigan—in the doorway there—" and she shuddered.

Denis said,—

"Patsy, or whatever your name is, stop that noise, and listen to me. Is there a woman in the house?"

"Naw, yer hanner. Me sisther's lyin' dead an her bed, and me brother's gone out wid de boys."

"Then get me a noggin of whisky, quick, for the lady."

Patsy produced it at once, from a recess in the wall, having evidently only gone out at the back door previously as a blind, for the purpose of giving our rescuers information.. Then Denis said,—

"So I see you are not such a fool as you look. Now clear all this butcher's meat out of the cabin. Take this, as much as you like, Miss Doyle. It'll not hurt you now. And I should stay here for the present till this affair is settled. Cormac, you once said at Mullingar, 'Let us go out and kill the beggars,' when the occasion was a little premature. Now come and do it!"

We went out. There was less firing now. The rebels had mostly got within pike-distance, and the frightful yells of men and horses in deadly pain were mixed with the triumphant shouts of their victorious assailants, frenzied with the delirium of vengeance. We still had our muskets.

"Don't fire," said Denis, "by this light we might hit our friends. Let us get a pair of pikes." We found the cart which had contained them, but it was empty.

"It matters little," said Denis. "They can do without us. The yeos are bolting, do you see?"

The survivors were galloping off in the direction in which we were going. We, the insurgents, were between them and Dublin, and we drove them before us.

"They will make a big circuit round our flanks and get back that way," said Denis, "unless some of our people head them off, but with the road so clear before us now it will be a sin to waste time and ammunition firing after

them. We have got to press on as hard as we can till we meet our friends. Ha! Just what I want! Here is Phil Doyle and his string of carts overtaking us!" It was so. The escort had hurried up, guided by the sound of the firing. "Just in time to be too late!" remarked Denis cheerfully.

"Where's my *geirseach*?" asked Doyle with an anxious note in his voice.

"She's safe enough, in yon cabin."

"What was it happened her?"

"Well, it seems she and a cart got overhauled by a patrol of yeos—but begin at your end of the story, how did you lose her?"

"She went on ahead out of sight, she was that proud to think she was leading the march of pikes, and then after a time came firing, and we covered the ground pretty fast then, you may take your oath of that. That's all I know."

"Well, she's behaved like a hero. She'll tell you all about it. And, talking of angels, there she is."

Here Mary walked up, having tidied herself up a bit, seeming none the worse for her recent shock, and decked, if you please, with a cartridge-box and sling, and carrying a long musket with a bayonet on it she did not quite know how to unfix.

"Bad luck to the weight of it!" she said. "I'll never be able to keep the end still without resting it on your shoulder, Cormac. 'Tis a wonder to me how you flung the thing about like a fishing-rod in there a while back."

"Plays it better than a pitchfork almost, does he not, Miss Doyle?" said Denis. "But I advise you to put that gun in one of the carts. You can walk alongside, you know, and get at it whenever you want it to play

with, and don't run away ahead by yourself again, for the enemy are in front of us, and if they got hold of you in their present frame of mind you'd be sorry for it. You stick by your father. Now, Cormac, no more waste of time. Come and help me get the men in motion."

"Do you feel quite able to go on now, Mary?" said I.

"Indeed I do. But all that whisky is making my head sing a little."

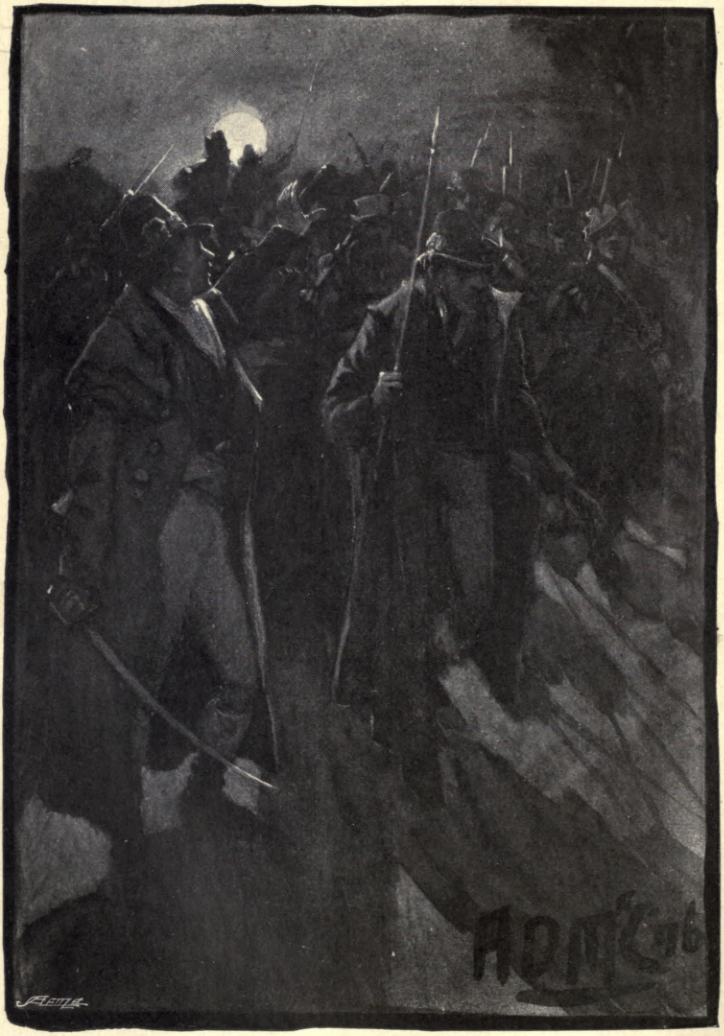
"You'll walk that off. *Au revoir!*" And I hurried after Denis to the front.

There may have been some dozen of the yeomanry to begin with. We found five dead, and the rest fled. I am afraid there were no wounded.

"The boys were not likely to give much quarter," said Denis, "under the circumstances. That is often the case at the beginning of an insurrection, which is even worse than a properly conducted civil war. Later on they will become more habituated to discipline and that natural law of give and take which is the foundation of the rough etiquette of war. But think of the provocation. How many of these men of ours received any quarter from the Government troops? How many have had their houses burnt over their heads and worse by these same yeomanry? Pharaoh hardened his heart and would not let the people go. The Government have raised the hell of vengeance at last, and, by the powers! they'll have to take the consequences!"

There were no live horses left, not even the ones we had ridden, which had probably taken fright and scampered home, so we had to continue our march on foot. After carefully collecting all the arms and ammunition left behind by the defeated troops and distributing them to those who required them (for, gathering as we went, our

numbers were much greater than when we started), the men were with some difficulty and delay formed up on the road in some semblance of marching order, and we started, the gun-men chiefly in front, the carts and pikemen in the rear. Denis now ordered all to stick to the road unless attacked, in which case they were to spread out on each side. I need hardly say that every article of value, including in some cases clothing, had been stripped from the bodies of the slain. Our next halt was to be at a place called the Three Trees, in the hills to the south-west of a village called Ballylocart, where our rendezvous was appointed.



On the march to the Three Trees.

Page 237.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHILE SOFT WINDS SHOOK THE BARLEY.

AFTER we had marched for some hours, with halts for rest at intervals, of which I took advantage to go and talk with Mary, in our rear, and most of the men to sit down by the roadside and smoke, and perchance here and there take a mouthful of potheen, I said to Denis,—

"There's a light ahead."

"A light! I should say there was a light! It's as big as a Baal-fire. Great, red flames lighting up dark smoke, Cormac. That should mean fighting of some sort, but there's no firing. Moreover, that is about where Ballylocart ought to be."

The men noticed it, and were eagerly speculating as to what the cause might be, and our pace became instinctively and unanimously accelerated.

It was not wholly dark, as dawn comes so soon in the latter part of May, and it grew lighter as we proceeded. We met no one. Our route being circuitous, we did not seem to approach much nearer to the point of interest for some time, but to place it more to our right before we got it fairly in front. In the meantime the glory of the morning grew, the moon, now going towards its setting, paled, the stars got fainter still, and the sky on our left became a delicate yellow, like primroses, showing us dim

grey and purple outlines of hills. The flames of the conflagration turned less red and the smoke volumed up more conspicuously. At last the splendour of the sunlight of a faultless summer-day broke through the valleys and over the hills, as if our old god Baal was sending us a fair omen to cheer us on our perilous way.

When we reached the village of Ballylocart, which was one long, straggling street of cabins with some scattered farms in an undulating, wooded *terrain*, with hills away beyond, it had a mournful and deserted appearance. Hardly any one was to be found, indoors or out, except a few women and children, who fled at our approach. At last we found a young woman whom Mary succeeded in convincing that we were friends and not enemies, and from her we derived the following information. Nearly all the able-bodied men of the neighbourhood had left for the rendezvous at the Three Trees, with the view of joining us and the insurgent army now in process of collection. The yeomanry we had driven in front of us had arrived here, and, finding the place undefended, seized the opportunity of making reprisals for their recent discomfiture and destruction by raiding a village now only in possession of women, children, old men, and the few adults who had *not* joined the insurrection. Such was Ascendency justice. The chapel, a poor little half-wooden, half-stone structure, with the priest's house appended, had been burnt, making the conflagration which had attracted our attention, and we now saw the smoking ruins of it, among which, curled up with heat and blackened by soot, lay a flimsy tin cross, which had stood over the door.

"It's wicked," exclaimed Denis; "it's like burning a bird-cage or a child's favourite toy. God! It makes me cry to think of it."

But that was not all. Such of the humble dwellings as contained anything worth having had been plundered of all that was portable, and in the first into which Denis and I looked we found two old men, both hard on eighty, lying murdered on the floor. In another we found a woman and a man clinging together, and shot through by the same bullet. They seemed to have tried by their attitude to protect their infant child, which sat or lay partly between them, alive, and trying to pull over its mother's dead face towards it with a vague and feeble little hand. We were all halted in the village street or open space by now, and Mary and Phil Doyle had joined us, the former still wearing the cartridge belt, but without her firelock and bayonet. She at once caught up the baby and tried to cheer it up, and went away to find some milk if possible. We continued our tour of inspection, and soon came upon a house burnt down with eight bodies in the hot ruins. Just then Mary returned, having discovered a woman who had been in hiding, who undertook to look after the orphaned infant, and informed us that there had been an indiscriminate massacre of those who did not make their escape on the first alarm that soldiers on horses were coming. It was dark and late at that time, and nearly every one was at home and asleep, which made escape more difficult in one sense, though perhaps easier in another. She herself was almost naked, having run straight out of bed, and one of our men had given her a coat and some sacking from one of the carts. She also said that the eight bodies in the burnt house were those of one Laffan, his daughter, his wife, and five neighbours, who had been shot, and the thatch fired over them as they lay, Mrs. Laffan being at that time merely wounded, and so unable to escape, but able to be burnt alive.

While we were talking, two children came up to the woman, and said,—

"Mrs. Coffey, daddy is dead, he is, and mammy is dead, too, *and the pigs is drinking the blood.*"

This piece of evidence, awful in its simplicity, outdoes all the eloquence of the world, even as the silent appeal of just Abel, which rings through the ages yet.

"Fuillelew! That's the little Fitzpatricks," said Mrs. Coffey. "Come away home with me, and I'll thry if I can find ye a taste of something."

Denis stood listening and looking round at the desolate, wrecked, blood-and-fire-stained village, and said to Phil Doyle,—

"Someone will have to pay for this, or I'm greatly mistaken."

"That's a true word," said Doyle. "Which way then did the yeos go when they left this, Mrs. Coffey?"

"Sure, they went west."

"Going back round our right flank to Dublin *viâ* Enniskerry," said Denis. "Just what I thought they'd do. We've lost 'em, Phil."

"Mike Dwyer of the Wicklow mountains will not be losing them, sir, you may take your oath of that. He watches the roads from Donard to the sea, you might almost call it. Do you know who these yeos were, Mr. D'Arcy?"

"Can't say I do. I only heard them through a floor in the daylight, and only saw them in the dark. Who were they?"

"The Ancient Britons."

This was a corps celebrated at the time for its atrocities—a name to frighten children with in these parts, just as five or six years later the name of

Buonaparte was in England. Only Buonaparte, with all his faults, did not strictly confine himself to attacking such as could make no armed resistance, as the Ancient Britons did at Dunlavin Green, and Lord Roden's "fox-hunters" on the Gibbet Rath—but I wander.

We proceeded to the rendezvous at Three Trees, a beautifully enclosed and hidden glen in the hills not very far from Ballylocart, with a stream of excellent water at the bottom of it, coming down in a fall at the summit or upper end of the glen, over which stood three fir trees, against the sky, as seen from the lower entrance, hence the name. Here we found a body of countrymen awaiting us in eager excitement. A few of them only were armed, and they chiefly with scythes attached to poles, or else, said they, they would have gone to Ballylocart when they heard firing, and attacked the yeomanry, but, as their commander said, an ex-sergeant of the Westmeath Militia, called Sullivan (already alluded to), that would have been a useless sacrifice of able-bodied but unarmed men, and would have entirely upset the arrangements for the rendezvous, on which so much depended. Denis wholly approved of this, and asked if Sullivan had any information to give. He replied that the country was rising to the south and west of us.

"Begorra," he said, "we'll pitchfork the dirty dogs from the Slaney to the sea before we're done!"

"I hope so. Now are these men of yours drilled, Sullivan?"

"A little, sir. Some more than others."

Privately, now I beheld it by daylight, I thought our array about as unmilitary as it was possible for a crowd of people to look. They wore green ribbon cockades, their only semblance to uniformity, while a few of our

contingents had the jackets or head-gear of the soldiers they had killed. However, it is not always the plume and helmet which makes the victor.

"Very well, I am going to distribute arms and ammunition to you."

"Yes, sir."

"The best drilled men are to have the firearms, as far as they go; the rest can have the pikes, and are entitled to the first firearms we capture. When we march we will be two threes abreast on the roads, four gunmen and two pikemen. Form your men up in a company, Sullivan, in line, best drilled men in the front ranks and on the flanks of the rear rank, and send one man in every ten from the rear rank to deliver the arms and ammunition we bring. My men are tired and yours are fresh."

Sulivan gave the military salute, and acted accordingly. While the arms were being distributed, our men, who had been marching all night, were told to lie down in the bracken and heather and sleep, which they were nowise averse to by now. Those that had it, took provisions from their pockets and ate; those that had not, were more or less provided for by the new men, and a few bits of bacon, and the like of that which had been thrown into the carts. Some fowls and eggs had also been brought from Ballylocart, and Denis and I, sitting on the bracken within sound of the waterfall, made a capital early breakfast, prepared by the former, and consisting of the following dainties: an egg each, beat up with heather twigs, mixed with whisky and milk—(some cows belonging to an Orange Cromwellian squireen had been driven up to the Glen of Three Trees)—in a wooden noggin, some cold slices of smoked ham, with the mark of a militiaman's bullet through it, and some oat bread, con-

cluding with a thundering long drink from the stream. After that we posted sentries from among the new men, and then sat down to a pipe of tobacco (I smoked readily enough by this) preparatory to sleep. Like hunting, or hunted animals, we slept by daylight after waking at night.

"Do you really believe," I said to Denis, snuggling myself into a comfortable position in the bracken, on a convenient slope, "that our men will be any use against real soldiers, in daylight, and them not taken by surprise?"

"They'll improve, they'll improve! 'Tis true they bear a remarkable likeness to a band of robbers at present. But we'll have daily drill till all's blue. No need to wait for the rising of the moon now. The critical moment is when the shooting begins. If they'll stand that the first time, I don't care about the other times."

Soon after that he fell asleep, and I followed his example.

When we awoke, towards noon, we found that more provisions had been obtained by Sullivan's men (who were quite fresh and had had no fighting and no marching to speak of), and every one fell to and ate what he could get. This was noon of Sunday, Whit Sunday, the 27th May, on which day events of moment we knew not yet of were taking place.

Mary Doyle and her father and a few men had remained for the time in the village of Ballylocart, but came and joined us now, and it was decided that we should push on southward and not wait for darkness. Rumours were in the air that we were wanted in County Wexford as soon as we could get there.

Early in the afternoon Denis formed and started an

advance-guard of picked men, under Sergeant Sullivan, to go along the road with flanking parties on the hills well to the front, whose directions were to hold their arms up perpendicular if they saw any troops when they came to a fresh curve of the route, or the brow of an ascent the ground beyond which was invisible to the main body, and to hold them out horizontally if they saw no enemy. That having been done, the main body started, the carts, now laden no longer with arms, but as much provisions as could be obtained about the country and some live cattle, in the rear, protected by a guard under Phil Doyle. And so we marched in the warm sunshine, "While soft winds shook the barley."

CHAPTER XXIII.

OCH! DAR-A-CHRIST! 'TIS SHE THAT STILL COULD STRIKE THE DEADLY BLOW.

DURING this march nothing of importance happened. We paused at intervals for rest, and early in the evening we halted and camped in County Wexford, not far from the town of Gorey. It was our intention to march again early in the morning and join the other insurgent bodies we had reason to expect would be concentrated somewhere to the south of us. While the men were taking a snatch of breakfast about sunrise on Monday morning, Denis went ahead into Gorey, to find out cautiously what was the exact position of affairs, and so be able to judge the best route to adopt to Wexford City, that by Oulart, or Ferns and Enniscorthy, the bifurcation of these taking place at Gorey. When he returned his eyes were bright and laughing and his step quick as he strode over the ground to us. He waved his hand.

"Fall in the men, fall in! We march in a minute. Now, silence! Listen, while I tell you great news. On Saturday night, that is the night we left the Rising Moon, we Dubliners, the chapel at Boolavogue here and twenty farmers' houses were burnt by the yeomanry. (Mutterings, *Hell to their souls! Bloody ind to them!*) That night the brave men of that part rose, and they fought a party

of the Camolin yeomany cavalry (*more power!*) and they bate 'em! And they killed Lieutenant Bookey, the officer in command! (Yells of enthusiasm and confused acclamations.) Wait now, listen. They spent the night raising the country, and yesterday morning, while we were asleep in the Three Trees Glen, they took up a position on Oulart Hill, about six miles east from Enniscorthy, where they were attacked by part of the North Cork under Colonel Foote, and divil knows how many yeomanry. Well, what did they do? Why, they killed five officers and 106 men, and only the colonel, a sergeant, two full privates and a drummer are said to have escaped to Wexford to tell the tale. I don't think the North Cork will put Oulart on their regimental colours. The yeomanry, I need not say, were not killed. They did not stay long enough. (*Like the bloody cowards th' are!*) Now we have first blood and victory on our side from the start, and I want you to show the boys of Wexford, of Boolavogue, and Oulart, that you can be as brave and victorious as they. A few more good, hard, rapid blows like that, and the Irish Republic will settle fairly down in her saddle, and the green flag float over Dublin Castle before the French come. We are now going to march to join our friends, and take Enniscorthy this day, please God!"

I never heard such yelling or saw such ferocious joy as I did among our men at this announcement. Some in their wild enthusiasm let off their guns in the air, from the mere feverish desire to make a noise, a childish, extravagant, and incautious practice, Denis told Sullivan to warn them privately and informally not to repeat in future.

"Some day," I heard Sullivan urge to an effeminate

shock-haired "boy," reminding one of his ancestors with "glibbs," with the pale gleam of devilment in his blue eyes, "you'll be offering the hand off your arm and the ears off your head for one of them rounds you're just after wastin'."

"Now then," said Denis, "silence; or get as near it as you can."

"Let us once get our pikes into them bloody yeos, colonel, dear," sang out the glibb-haired one, whose name was McCaffery, "and we'll give you a silence you can hear all over Leinster!"

"Asy now!" said Denis, who knew that these excited, half-disciplined creatures must be humoured to some extent, "keep your formation, don't make more noise than you can help along the road, see that your flints don't get loose, put your best foot foremost, and now, in the name of the Irish Republic, Quick march!" And his voice was as the sound of a trumpet, and we all marched on, advance-guard in front, carts and cattle in the rear, and it was early in the morning of Whit Monday, the 28th of May, 1798.

"Well, Cormac, better than we expected, almost; what?"

"Indeed it is," said I, as we tramped rapidily along (our great-coats were put in a cart), stimulated by the exciting intelligence we had received, and cheered by the bright sunshine, the daily persistence of which seemed to bid fair to herald happier days for our long-suffering country.

Could it only be true? Could it be possible that we were to awake from the nightmare of centuries, after all our tortures, losses, toil and tears, and that the Ireland of Henry, of Elizabeth, of James, of Cromwell, of William

was to vanquish the Ascendency Hydra in these latter days of the dying Hanoverian century? Were it only so, the great smoky cloud that hovered over us would be rolled away and split up by the sunlight of liberty, our dear friends rotting in gaols here or toiling in plantations or colonies abroad would be set at large and come home again, our religion would cease to be a crime and a stigma, and no longer render the poor Ulster tenant liable to have the notice stuck on his dwelling, "To Hell or Connaught!" Our constitution would cease to be a mockery, our government to be a foul dung-heap for corrupt sycophants and ruthless tyrants to batten on, and we would be a nation once again.

In reply to some such flight as this, Denis dryly said,—

"But we haven't done it yet, my friend. The sycophants and the tyrants will not cease to batten because two companies of militia have been cut to pieces and a troop of yeos put to flight. We have the English Government to fight, and they will give trouble before they haul down their flag to our raw levies."

"They had to haul down their flag to raw levies in America.'

"With French assistance."

"Which we expect to have now."

"True for you. You are young and have the hopeful heart, and I am wrong to discourage it. We will do our best and hope for the best. We want a few more striking successes now, before the enemy have time to concentrate a large number of men, and above all we want to capture some guns. A few field guns would make a wonderful difference. They raise a fine encouraging uproar, and may possibly hit something as well as produce moral effect."

The sun grew warm as the hours wore on, and before we had gone many miles we began to see signs of hostilities. At Camolin the store of arms had been looted by the insurgents with whom we were to co-operate. At Ferns the house of the Protestant bishop was in a blaze. The Anglican bishop of those days was more of a political than ecclesiastical officer, was often a notoriously bad character, or an absentee, and almost invariably made a vast fortune out of the people, and was an instrument of oppression. Notwithstanding these undeniable facts, I thought it wrong to burn the houses of those who were, or ought to be, non-combatants. Whether these bishops always acted as non-combatants, however, is open to dispute.

After some necessary, and rather more unnecessary delay at Ferns, we got on the road again, and had got as far as Scarewalsh Bridge, where the road crossed the river Slaney from N.E. to S.W., about three miles from Enniscorthy, and began to ascend a hill, when my ears were attracted by a dull noise in the distance, comparable to that made by tapping the ends of the fingers upon a table, not touching it with the nails. It was frequent, but irregular. I looked at Denis.

"The game has begun," he said. "Step along, boys!"

A shiver of excitement ran through us, and tears stood in many eyes, as we pressed with long, rapid steps in the dust, and the detonations in front of us grew louder. Ere long we reached the summit of our ascent, and the road began to go down again, and then up once more, and then we saw Enniscorthy wreathed in white smoke on the west side, on which it was apparently being attacked, for there was another and answering wreath of smoke still further to the west which must be that of the insurgents.

Out of range, on some rising ground to the east of the town, stood some troops whose business, Denis explained to me, was to resist, if necessary, any attempt to cross the river and so attack the town on the east, and from a commanding position. That rising ground, I learned, was called Vinegar Hill.

Let me briefly explain the position of Enniscorthy and the contending forces we saw before us. The town is on the river Slaney, and mainly on the west side of it, approachable from the east, and from Wexford, by a bridge over the river. From the west, or opposite side, the town is entered by the Duffrey Gate, whither several public roads converge, namely, those from New Ross, Scollagh Gap, Newtownbarry, and the one by which we were now approaching. It was on this side that the fight was proceeding, the Duffrey Gate position being defended (as I afterwards ascertained) by a corps of yeoman infantry under Captain Pounden and Lieutenant John Pounden, his brother. The eastern, or bridge gate, was held by a detachment of the North Cork, as yet in undisturbed security, and the high ground commanding them on the east was crowned with troops, between whom and their possible assailants ran the river. Other and less important points were covered by yeoman infantry under Captains Cornick and Jacob, and cavalry under Captain Solomon Richards.

"Halt!" cried Denis, holding up his hand, and he took out his telescope and examined the position for some little time. At length he observed to me,—

"Do you see what we have got to do? All the shindy is in front. Here come we, fresh as paint, on the left flank, on our friends' left flank, I mean. What we have to do is to attack the fellows on that hill, drive 'em off it,

and then if we can't force an entrance to the town over the bridge with all the advantages of position on our side, we'd better go home and take in plain needle-work. See, first take the hill over there in flank, then take the town in rear, as it were."

"How are the boys to get over the river?"

"Wade, or swim. Fly, if they can, I don't care, but over that water they've got to go, and I'll go in front, over the water to Charlie, Charlie being the key of the position in this case. I'll explain it to Sullivan and the men. You do the same. The carts are to remain over here, out of sight and under guard. Make haste!"

The men were delighted at the prospect, and roared, thoroughly grasping the spirit of the manœuvre, which now began by the long column of route turning (individually) to the left, which converted it into a thickish line facing diagonally towards its objective point, namely, the right flank of the force on the hill beyond the Slaney (which, we were told by some one who knew, could be waded). We started downhill towards the river. When we got close to it I could clearly see the soldiers up on the other side, and they saw us. I could see the big cocked hats of the officers, their long-tailed red coats and white breeches. I could see that some wore only one epaulette, which glittered in the sunshine. The men, in tall shakoes, were ramming down cartridges, and every now and then some movement made a bayonet flash.

On occasions of this sort one thinks of many curious things. My first thought was, "Thank God, there are no cannon!" Then I thought what a pity it would be to have to die, and leave the beautiful country, the green trees and grass, the blue sky, the running water and the

warm sun. Then I wished that Mary Doyle was there to look on at me. I would almost like to be wounded, in some thoroughly safe and not very painful or disfiguring manner, for her to nurse me carefully and admire my prowess. Remember, I was but twenty. Then I suddenly remembered my dear and excellent father, flogged to death by the infernal monster Lord Carhampton, the Ancient Britons, who pricked my dauntless girl's body with their swords, and made orphans at Ballylocart, and I, too, rammed down a cartridge and looked to the priming of my gun. And we all started running in a long, irregular line abreast to the Slaney, yelling like Pandemonium. Denis went in front.

"Come, on, my children!" he sang out, holding up his musket and bayonet as easily as a sword, and, beckoning with it to follow, he dashed into the water, and we all went after him. I saw the glint of a line of horizontal bayonets, then a long, white, woolly streak of smoke hid them, and for the first time in my life I heard overhead the singular little noise which bullets make. The volley carried high, not so high but that I thought it judicious to duck, upon which Denis said what I have since observed the experienced soldier invariably to say to the novice under similar circumstances,—

"Cormac, the bullet that hits you is the one you *don't* hear."

Before we had all got across the Slaney, we were fired at again, by both infantry and cavalry, and some of our men were dropped, a most unpleasant spectacle, as their blood streaked the water in a horribly suggestive way. My gun was knocked out of my hand by a ball just as I was going to fire it, so I accepted a pike from a wounded man. Well, the passage of the Slaney had been

accomplished, and once over we were not going back again in a hurry. We went up the slope as quickly as we could, suffered and returned one more volley, and then we were at them. I grasped my long-handled pike firmly at about the height of my waist and let it out smartly into the space in front of me. I do not know whether I hit anything or not. There was a confusion of smoke and there must have been firing still going on, but there was so much noise that I could not hear the reports. It was a terrific and deafening uproar, and had a singularly exciting, almost intoxicating effect on the senses. After a little while, I do not know whether three minutes or thirty, the whole scrimmage appeared to be moving on, and I moved with it, still darting out that pike like an angry wasp's sting. Then we seemed to move quicker, and the smoke floated slowly away to leeward, and I found Denis holding me back by the shoulder, and shouting, "Halt! Halt! Halt!" to the men.

I was surprised to find that I was shouting like one possessed, and that my pike-head was wet to the flanges.

"Go and fetch back the men, all you can," said Denis.

"Where are we?" said I, "and where are the enemy?"

"We are on Vinegar Hill, occupying the position we attacked, and the enemy are flying towards Wexford as hard as they can go. I want to stop our boys from pursuing them, and get back to business. Run off with you and tell them so."

By strenuous exertions and much shouting, Denis, Sullivan, and myself got the men together again, in a line facing the bridge on the east side of Enniscorthy. We found to our gratification that we were now reinforced by a large number of men from the westward attack, who,

like us, had waded the Slaney, under the leadership of a Mr. Thomas Synnott, of Kilbride, an elderly gentleman of property, respected in his neighbourhood by Catholics and Protestants alike, and his nephews, Michael and Miles Doran.

We now proceeded to open fire on the North Cork, who defended the bridge. They fired back briskly enough, but were in an obviously inferior position, and we approached nearer and nearer, till a cry was raised of, "Pikes! Pikes! Give 'em the pikes, boys!" And we charged them, and there was another struggle, accompanied by much noise. Then the North Cork fell into confusion, and, preceded by the yeomanry who were supposed to support them, fled tumultuously along the road to Wexford, fired upon by us till they were out of range. After securing any arms and ammunition about, we entered the town by the bridge, victorious, to meet and congratulate the western detachment who, after a severe struggle, involving the death of Lieutenant John Pounden, had forced the Duffrey Gate and dispersed the troops. There was much shaking of hands and shouting. I found that I was uninjured, tired, indescribably thirsty, and absolutely voiceless, and that is all I know about my first battle.

The enemy's loss, to the best of our knowledge, was three officers and eighty men killed, and a large number wounded. On our side, from our more exposed positions and movements, the loss was somewhat greater.

Many houses in the town were burning, roof-slates were cracking in the flames and flying about in all directions, just as a piece of slate will do which has accidentally found its way into a sea-coal fire, windows were smashed, and bodies were lying scattered about reddening the streets,

while the splendid, radiant sun indifferently shone over all, a spectacle which made a deep impression on me, and remains imprinted more vividly on my mind than scenes of more terrible carnage and destruction I have since beheld, such as the breaking of the ice at Austerlitz when the Russians were retreating across it under fire, or the sack of Ciudad Rodrigo by the English, a crime committed upon their own unfortunate allies.

It is, I suppose, natural that the earliest impressions should be the most permanent. I remember things which happened last week worse than things which happened seventy years ago. But perhaps the things which happened seventy years ago are better worth remembering.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUSPENSE.

DENIS, his hat gone, and his face all smoke-blackened, came up, and, in his Frenchified way, put his arms round me, and embraced me, saying,—

"Are you hurt at all?"

"Devil a bit," I whispered hoarsely, "but I'm dog-tired, filthy dirty, and have the thirst of ten on me."

"I'm with you there, particularly the last. Come away out of this, and let us find a tavern of some kind."

"Where's Mary?"

"With the transport and commissariat, I hope. Here! You, McCaffery, where is there a decent inn here, with the roof on it?"

"Mr. Synnott and Mr. Rossiter and the rest of the gentlemen is gone to Rudd's, sir. 'Tis further on, on your right. They do be holding a counshil o' war."

"Than's it's time I was there."

Here McCaffery insisted on presenting Denis with an officer's sword and belt (*spolia opima*, I fancy) and a green silk sash which, at the urgent request of several, he put on, in order that friends as well as strangers to his person might recognize the Adjutant-General, and we went to Rudd's.

"The population is all on our side," said Denis,

"except the magistrates and a few Cromwellian squireens —and I only hope some of the boys don't get destroying too many of them with scythes and pikes now their blood's up. However, they've had a hot morning and are pretty well tired out, that's a comfort."

"Denis, who is right about the 'raw levies' now?"

"You are, and more power to you and them. I'm proud of you both. Yourself did credit to your training with the pitchfork."

"Ah, get away!"

We found Rudd's Inn fairly crowded, but Denis had the soldier's *flair* which led him to find food and drink under difficulties, and in the most improbable places, as well as "a way with him" which secured the favour and protection of the female attendants, who had already, by the way, decorated their heads and persons with the long-proscribed bright green ribbons in honour of the occasion. From one of the rooms came the sound of the following, as we entered,—

"On the Curragh of Kildare,
And the boys will all be there
With their pikes in good repair!"
Says the Seanbhean bhoght.

"Who's in there, *mo chroidhe?*" said Denis to one of the girls.

"The gentlemen, sir. Sure they're houlding a counshil of war."

"Are they now? Well, well, I'll attend it directly. Where can we find a bucket, a towel, and a pump, dear?"

"At the back here, by the stable. Sure it's yourself has the black face then, captain, glory be to God!"

By the aid of the above appliances we had a refreshing

and much-needed wash. I found after drying my face and neck that the skin smarted a good deal, which was attributable both to the powerful sun of that memorable Whit Monday and to the pungent smoke of gunpowder. When I afterwards saw myself in the yellowish, distorting mirror, in the coffee-room, I found that my face was bright red and shiny, except where my hat had covered my forehead, where there was a sudden change to white which struck me as droll.

"You'll have to part with most of that valuable skin in a day or two," observed Denis, who was now copper-coloured where I was red. "Rub your face with grease before you sleep—or get one of the girls to," he added with a chuckle.

This conversation took place over a dish of eggs and bacon and a quart jug of claret, which you may be sure we did not waste any time in finishing. Denis then lit a pipe, recommended me to do the same, and to order a jug of punch, while he went to the so-called council of war. I followed his advice, and the girl kindly boiled me a kettle and mixed an excellent jorum of strong scalteen, after enjoying which, with a pipe, I stretched myself on a settle—("Sure, you're a dreadful tall man!" said the waitress)—my pike by my side, and fell sound asleep. When I was awakened (I do not know after what interval, but it was still daylight), by Denis, he said,—

"There! I've done my best, and if they don't like it it's their own fault!" And he flung himself into a chair and stared moodily before him with his legs stretched out and crossed, and his hands in his breeches pockets, like a man who has worked till he is tired and is disappointed with the results.

"What's the matter?" I asked, still lying down on

my settle. The other people who had been in the room had left.

"The matter is that this army, or whatever we are to call it, consists of well-meaning d——d fools. The force is mostly camped on Vinegar Hill, that's well and good. Then Synnott and Rossiter and the rest of the leading spirits complain that the men are very much out of hand, and divided in opinion as to what to do next. Some are for attacking the next military post, some for 'protecting' the particular neighbourhood they come from, which is always represented as in more immediate and urgent danger than anybody else's neighbourhood, while a large number entertain the luminous and practical idea that the war is virtually at an end, and all that remains to be done is to plunder and massacre as many Orangemen as possible, forgetting that some of our best and leading rebels are Protestants. I mildly pointed out at that blessed council of war (where there was a deal more punch than practical sense going), that the men had no business to have any opinions at all, except one, that the enemy must be beaten as quickly as possible, and ourselves put in possession of all important places and stores before the Crown can send reinforcements, and that to accomplish that end strict obedience to orders was an elementary but important condition.

"Then came the question what orders were to be given, and the unhappy fact became evident to me that each leader thinks he is the general officer commanding, especially a fat-headed priest called Roache, who is as brave as a lion, as conceited as the ass that wore its skin, and has no conception of warfare other than may be derived from a village pig-fair. I pointed out that this must be reformed indifferently, and that I would be better

employed placing a few outposts than sitting listening to a lot of d——d unmilitary stuff and nonsense. At that some of them were a bit huffed, but old Synnott, who has glimmerings of sense, said that it would be a very good plan to place outposts, and hoped I, as a man of war from my youth up, would be kind enough to go and do it. So I left them, all talking at once, and went to Vinegar Hill, where I found this blasted army in a fearful state of incoherence, and the amount of row, and talking, and contradiction, and cabal, and jealousy, and general devilment I've had to put up with, is enough to turn the milk and break your heart. I made 'em a little speech, told them I knew something about war, and that if the enemy only knew the state they were in he would come and play Old Harry with them. However, I got out my pickets; stuck 'em on the Wexford and New Ross roads, and out towards Scarewalsh Bridge. We'll go and visit and relieve by-and-by. Just now I'm going to have a rest." And pulling another chair to him with his foot, he put up his legs, and was asleep almost directly.

My reflections were uncomfortable. If our army, at this promising but critical moment, turned into an ungovernable mob, what would become of us all, and of me in particular? Extinction by bullet or bayonet I had made up my mind long ago to risk, but the nearer approach of a probable death by rope and gallows, with the other picturesque concomitants of an execution for high treason, now presented itself with grisly distinctness to my imagination. And then there was Mary.

I believe after this I dozed again, and woke up towards nine in the evening. The girl was laying a supper, and Denis was standing combing his hair at the glass. A couple of candles stood on the table, as well as bread, salt,

cheese, and a jug of claret. Soon we sat before a smoking stew of potatoes, onions and mutton. How this had been obtained I know not, as the house must have been thoroughly eaten out hours ago. I suspect Denis, or perhaps young McCaffery, who had constituted himself a kind of esquire or orderly to us, had "borrowed" the meat somewhere, but asked no questions. I got up and paced about the room after supper, and complained of feeling muscular stiffness all over.

"I'm going to take you out for a walk that will loosen your long joints," said Denis, and we set forth to visit and relieve the outposts. While we were at the one towards Scarewalsh Bridge, there arrived from the north a curious party. There was a cart, escorted by some wild-looking, gaunt, but powerful "mountainy" men, whose leader, a man of stern, sorrowful, and, I should say, fanatical countenance, wore a sash, which the lantern light permitted us to infer was green, round his waist, and a soldier's helmet on his head which had a small crucifix where the plume or crest should be. In the cart sat a shawled country girl, holding and steadying as well as she could from shock or jolt the body of a young man who lay in some blood-stained straw at the bottom of the cart. When I looked at him (I suppose he might have been near my own age), lying dead or senseless on the straw, and the girl with great strained eyes, and face pale in the yellow glare of the lantern (the moon was not yet quite risen), I thought of myself and Mary Doyle, and was grateful to God and His Holy Mother that I was not in that young man's place, nor Mary Doyle in the girl's.

Nevertheless I liked to imagine myself helpless, so, with my head pillowed in her compassionate arms. I daresay these thoughts were selfish and weakly sentimental, but I

thought them. The ideas of a young man in love are often foolish though he finds them new and beautiful, and surpassing the wisdom of the ages. He and they have had many a million predecessors, but so have to-day's sunrise and next year's May flowers which I shall not see. With all my scientific instruction I had yet to learn that surgery is most inimical to sentiment, that nursing is frequently an undignified and disagreeable occupation, and that a good, big, round, leaden musket-ball which has entered your abdomen somewhere and left it again some other where annihilates romance for the time being.

"What's all this?" asked Denis of the man in the singular helmet. The latter replied,—

"I am Michael Dwyer of the Wicklow Mountains. These men are my kinsmen and followers. This man in the cart is David Prendergast, shot, among others, by the 'Ancient Briton' yeomanry on Dunlavin Green. My own uncle John Dwyer of Donard lies there dead with some thirty or more. This girl saved Prendergast's life by taking him away out of a heap of bleeding corpses when he was left for dead."

"You have had some fighting up there, then?"

"No. Not yet. These men were killed unarmed, in cold blood, in the presence of their wives and mothers, by a platoon of the 'Ancient Britons' under the orders of Captain Saunders, of Saunders' Grove. This man here was taken to his mother's house and laid upon a bed. Soon Captain Saunders heard tell that the croppies were coming alive again, and went to the widow Prendergast's cottage with a pistol, 'to put her son out of his pain,' he said. But the mother and some others put him out of the house, and being alone he was afraid and rode away.

And then I came and took him. The 'Ancient Britons' were ordered to thrust and hew at the other bodies lest more croppies should come to life."

"And what do you propose to do, Mr. Dwyer?"

"To take this poor boy into safety, to the camp at Vinegar Hill, and then to go back and give the 'Ancient Britons' some Dunlavin lenity."

"So you know already there's a camp at Vinegar Hill?"

"All Wicklow and Carlow and Kildare know it. Everyone knows it except the Government, and they'll hardly fail to find it out soon. Two soldiers have been sent north already by way of Gorey to ask for reinforcements."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Denis, "I forgot to send out a party to watch that road."

"It matters little," said Dwyer, "I watch the roads leading north through Wicklow. Those two will not deliver their message."

"Indeed? Did you take them prisoner?"

"No, sir. I killed them. I am keeping a tally. I mean to have blood for blood without remorse for Dunlavin Green."

"Very well, pass on, Mr. Dwyer."

I am happy to say that the young man Prendergast ultimately recovered, though his injury was such that it was nearly nine months before he could eat solid food. The commissariat resources of the rebel camp were rather rough, and not always very ready, but we kept him alive on new milk and potheen. In the course of time he married the young woman who had so bravely preserved his life, and lived for many years, the sole survivor of the massacre of Dunlavin Green.

When we got back to Enniscorthy, we returned at once to Rudd's, where we heard voices singing in the public coffee-room, and noticed the general symptoms of a carousal. This was what some female voice (I expect some friend of McCaffery) was singing, as we passed the open door,—

"We girls of Connaught are a puzzle to many;
We don't care a thrawneen and far less a penny
What anyone says from Galway to Coolany,
I don't think we'll ever be quite understood!
The English have never yet managed to quell us,
Our faults though they're always too ready to tell us,
I fancy the fact is they're mortally jealous
Because we are witty, and pretty, and good."

Then came a chorus in which many voices joined,—

"Then here's to the girls of Connaught
Who never do less than they ought,
And if they do more
Why, they do it galore,
But they take care they never get caught!"

After laughter had subsided, a deep male voice struck in with another verse,—

"In the deep of dark years there were kings
Who came from the East with rich things,
Who sailed upon ships as on wings,
Who worshipped Astarte and Baal.
They built us the timeless round towers,
That mark this rough coastland of ours;
And they left us with poisonous flowers,
The offspring of Sidon and Gaul.
"Yet here's to the sons of Canaan,
And here's to the Connaught *seachrán!*
And here's to the pikes,
That the yeoman dislikes,
And Bagenal Harvey *go slán!*"

As we went away to seek repose somewhere, Denis said, laughing,—

"Those boys are enjoying themselves as if they'd been to a fair or a wake—and wake it is for some of them too,

God rest them! You'd never think they'd been looking in the face of violent death for hours, and many of them for the first time. We're an odd race, Cormac."

"Our enemies on that account perpetually misunderstand and vilify us, and will have it that we are irresponsible buffoons when we are not bloodthirsty savages."

"Bedad, they're wrong there, for we're both together. In all sadness, as Shakespeare would say, the deep affection and vindictive passion co-exist with the queer cunning and laughter-loving recklessness in the same individual oftener than not. The blood of the Gaul (which is Gael) has not been mixed with that of the old Moloch-worshipping Sidonian for nothing. Small thanks to the English if we can be laughing yet."

"Do you really believe this is the beginning of the end, Denis?"

"I think the *écroulement* must come sooner or later. If it be not now, as Hamlet says, it will be to come. A system based on selfish injustice and buttressed by corruption and terror may last for a long time, and often does, as a drunkard may maintain a semblance of health and spirits by constant resort to the dog that bit him—(Let's have a jug of punch before we turn in, Cormac, go you and tell that decent girl that admires your inches so)—whenever he feels a bit low, but it cannot last for ever. Look at the late French Monarchy, for example. There, by the way, your friends the raw levies have become the soldiers of Holland, the Rhine, and Italy, and will perhaps be heard of again. Their leaders are mostly men of quite obscure origin, whose talents and courage have given them the victory over *émigrés* officers, grand dukes, and field-marshals who are the product of the uncanonical

amours of kings. Yet I do not feel over-hopeful. I have lived long enough to see many surprises and many disappointments, and I shall not be astonished if I am food for worms long before I see Ireland free, or even if not free, treated with common humanity and justice. Nevertheless, Oulart is good, and Enniscorthy is better, and we will go on till we drop. There is no other way."

After a little more disjointed conversation, we had finished our punch and fallen asleep.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TIDE RISES.

When I awoke again the sun was shining and Denis was absent. I could see that he had already dressed and gone out. About this time there arose a great shouting outside in the town and neighbourhood, but it was unanimous and enthusiastic, and easily distinguishable from the grumblings, bickerings and factional brawlings hitherto prevalent. I wondered and waited, doing my best to perform a tolerable toilet in the meantime. After a while Denis made his appearance, looking considerably brighter, and having evidently discovered and utilized a barber's shop somewhere, an improvement markedly needed by this time in my own personal *décor*.

"Well," he said, "the situation, as the French would call it, is saved, for the present, owing to the wholesome dread our performance of yesterday—(by-the-bye, we call it the battle of Enniscorthy now)—has set up at Wexford. The fugitives there are all circulating the most hair-raising tales about our numbers, prowess, and blood-thirsty ferocity, if only to explain their own undignified *déroute*. Consequently, the authorities there have happily hit on the very plan most suicidal to their own prestige and best for ours, a plan of which their military advisers must have seen the absolute fatality of, had they not

utterly lost their heads. They have let out Bagenal Harvey—that is what the boys were screeching about just now—and Edward Fitzgerald of Newpark, and John Colclough of Ballyteague, on bail, and sent the two last here by way of an embassage to us 'to use their influence with the Insurgents to induce them to disperse and lay down their arms.' I need not say that the arrival of these two gentlemen has not had precisely the effect contemplated by the wiseacres of Wexford. The dissensions have ceased like magic. Mr. Harvey having been detained at Wexford as a security for the return of the other two, we are sending Colclough back to say that not only Mr. Fitzgerald but all the other gentlemen assembled at Vinegar Hill are coming to Wexford to deliver in their own proper persons the answer to the dirty message the King's authorities in that city have presumed to send."

"Then we are marching to Wexford?"

"As soon as we can move."

"I am more than glad to hear of it. It would be too pitiful a thing if what has been so long prepared, so justly provoked, and so well begun, should come to an ignominious end through our own want of self-control."

"Beautiful! Spoken like a copy-book. When we've taken Wexford, Bagenal Harvey is to take the command-in-chief, and Heaven take to itself that miserable Father Roache soon, or else teach him some glimmering of sense!"

In the early afternoon we marched, including Mr. Fitzgerald, whose acquaintance I made, as well as that of the subsequently distinguished and finally martyred John Kelly of Killan, he being then about twenty-five years of age.

We halted in a mountainous region known as the Three Rocks, so close to Wexford that the inhabitants of that place must have been able to hear our stragglers calling out the names of their various baronies in the darkness of the night in order that the response might lead them to their proper quarter. For here, at the Three Rocks, we encamped and reposed the still summer night.

Early the next morning our spies brought in tidings that troops were on their way from Duncannon Fort to Wexford, presumably to reinforce the latter place, now threatened by us, and that the main body of this force, under General Fawcet, were at Taghmon, while an advance guard was not far from us. It will be seen that the road from Duncannon Fort (on the Wexford side of Waterford Harbour) *viâ* Taghmon to Wexford city passes not far from our position, on the lower ground to the north. Consequently, it was decided that we, under the general command of John Kelly (Mr. John Hay and Mr. Edward Fitzgerald having declined the command on the ground that they were not, at present, invested with proper authority), should intercept the advancing King's troops, and with that intention we assumed a position close and nearly parallel to the road, and facing, roughly speaking, in the direction of Taghmon.

Ere long something came in sight, and from the length of road occupied and the dust made, in the distance, Denis estimated it to be about a hundred men, and a few guns. This force actually consisted, as we found later on, of three officers and seventy men of the Meath Militia, with sixteen artillerymen and two howitzers.

Our tactics were very simple. In the words of Denis, they consisted of "rushing at them before they know

where they are." We let them approach very near to our position, and then let off our guns and went at them with a yell. The contest lasted barely a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time those who were not killed, wounded, or prisoners, were retreating in the direction from which they came, and we had one officer a prisoner, several men, including the artillerymen, the two howitzers and their ammunition waggon, "which," said Denis, "is exactly what we require."

"Indeed," said Mr. Kelly, "I think the next batch are likely to have a very warm reception indeed, but who will we get to work those guns?"

"Make the artillery prisoners do it," suggested Denis, accustomed, no doubt, to the stolid indifference of Continental mercenary troops.

"I wouldn't trust them. They are nearly all Orange, and would spike the pieces at some critical moment and then bolt."

Finally it was decided that Sullivan should instruct, under Denis's superintendence, a number of young men, who, not as yet having fire-arms, could be spared from the fighting line, in moving, placing, and laying the guns, in ramming, sponging, serving the vent, etc., after which Sullivan should have the separate command of our artillery next time there was any fighting, an arrangement with which the worthy man expressed himself well pleased. As I was going back into the lines of our encampment after the above skirmish, I saw the officer of the Meath Militia who had been taken prisoner delivering his sword to young McCaffery, who at once delivered it to me, saying, "he'd have nothing to do with the likes of her, as a pike would answer him much better, or even a spontoon."

The officer said: "You seem to be a gentleman, and in some kind of authority over this d——d mob. I throw myself on your protection, as I expect some d——d bog-trotter will lop my head off with a scythe if I am left alone long."

"I will do my best for you, but let me remind you that to talk that way to us d——d bog-trotters (who, by the way, have now several times defeated the equally d——d King's troops) is scarcely calculated to conciliate us. Come and let us see if I can get you some refreshment."

"I thank you. Nothing I should like better. The dust of the road and the fighting have made me cursed dry. Lord, to think of Us being defeated by a—well, I *am* d——d!"

"You probably anticipate. But let us not dwell on unpleasant subjects."

After that the fellow endeavoured to humour and conciliate me to the best of his clumsy ability, and most repugnant to the feelings of such a conceited swaggering booby must the humiliation of his position have been. I placed him in safety and under guard, and saw him supplied with food and drink. Later in the day I handed him in to the security of Wexford barracks.

Meanwhile our chiefs were holding a council which I proceeded to attend. I found them discussing the advisability of marching to the attack of Wexford then and there, with the smoke and dust of fighting on our faces, and the glitter of victory in our eyes. We had the arms and ammunition of our lately defeated enemy to the good, including the two howitzers; we had reason to expect reinforcements from various quarters; and, above all, we had the prestige of previous success in our favour. We knew also that the people of Wexford were in anxious

suspense, and looked upon our rising as their forlorn hope, and its fruition as something almost too good to be possible. The general spirit or "moral" of our force was also very high, and the general state of discipline, unanimity, and subdivision of function more promising than heretofore.

"The boys are getting more used to soldiering," said Denis, "and looking forward to the day when they will wear medals for Enniscorthy and Three Rocks which history will by that time describe as the Marathon and Thermopylæ of Irish Independence. I say by all means attack Wexford while our blood's up, and the enemy feeling a stomach-ache. Let us ride on the tide as it rises, the tide which taken at the flood will lead to Wexford!"

We were seated, or lying down, resting and enjoying the sunshine in a well sheltered dell where the council of war was being held, and the foregoing words were addressed by Denis to those present who were in any kind of leadership or authority. Our main encampment, and the approaches to it, were not immediately in view, but they were not far off, and sentinels were placed in all directions, sentinels who were smart, sure-footed, long-sighted mountain men, who knew the use of a gun, who were quite efficient for their purpose, though they might sit or sprawl on the heather in an apparently careless and quite unsoldierlike manner, and we therefore felt safe in holding our conclave (with which a breakfast or luncheon was happily combined) in this secluded hollow.

Mr. John Kelly warmly supported Denis's view, and said: "That tide you talk of should lead to Dublin too. We've got to drive the King's forces away out of the road to Dublin, and the road to Munster. From Wexford as a base, with Enniscorthy and New Ross as advance

"I looked, and beheld in a common peasant's dress, but carrying her musket—Mary Doyle."

Page 273.

posts, we can do it, and join hands with the Kilkenny, Carlow, and Wicklow men, while the North works downwards towards the capital—the plan speaks for itself. What is the garrison in Wexford?"

"I gather," said Denis, "from information, that it is a composite mass of regulars, militia, and yeomanry, not much exceeding a thousand all told."

"And many of them made acquaintance with us at the passage of the Slaney and didn't like us. I propose we march and summon them to surrender!"

"Is Colonel D'Arcy here?" asked a voice suddenly, a voice which set all my nerves a-thrill. I looked, and beheld in a common peasant's dress, but carrying her musket, and having her cartridge belt slung round her, with a green silk handkerchief tied deftly over her dark hair, Mary Doyle.

"By the holy, it's you!" exclaimed Denis, and he briefly explained to those round him who she was, and what her services to our cause had been, upon which all present rose and bowed to her.

"Told you I'd see you again, Cormac," she said to me, in an undertone, as I advanced to greet her; "but I'll talk to you later. Colonel D'Arcy, all the soldiers in Wexford are coming."

"The devil they are!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THREE ROCK HILL.

THERE was no doubt about it, we discovered, as we all hurried forth. The matter had been decided for us by the enemy, while we were deliberating. Several of our advanced posts had sent in the alarm, and the camp was in a bustle. Already the crop-haired gunmen, some of them the famous wild-duck shooters of Shelmalier, were hurrying down towards the foot of hill to act as advanced skirmishers, *tirailleurs*, as we now would say, and there was a brave show of scythes on poles, swords and bayonets captured from the soldiers, and some, too few, muskets among the main body, but the greater part of us put our trust in the "long bright pike," which I knew now to be a terribly efficacious weapon as soon as the enemy got within push of it, and these were standing up, waving and gleaming like a crop of steel barley in the sunshine of that summer day, waiting for the word to advance. Our officers were running up and down, bawling orders, and getting the different groups and baronies together, some in white breeches and green uniform coats with gold epaulettes, some in ordinary attire, adorned with a sash of green or a bunch of ribbon of the same. There was, of course, no such strictness of discipline and exactitude of formation as is found in thoroughly trained and experienced armies, and many persons took up such

positions as seemed good to them, an exercise of private judgment winked at by our commanders, because they knew we were all unanimous in our determination to do our best, and that to harass imperfectly disciplined but willing fighting men with rigorous attention to detail would have been premature at that time. We had at present one clear rule of tactics which everybody understood, which was, that the boys should get within pike's length of the foe as soon as ever they could.

Taking advantage of this looseness of formation, and having received no particular orders from any one, I put my good twelve-foot pike with the green ribbons on it over my shoulder, and went to the front, towards a kind of crest commanding the slope towards Wexford, where Sullivan and his extemporized gang of gunners were hauling and pushing and heaving, with much energy, strong language, and perspiration, our two howitzers among stones and gorse-bushes into position. I went partly to help, if need were, and partly to see the front, for as yet the enemy were invisible to me, and I wanted to see this garrison of Wexford, the largest force we croppies had yet encountered of the King's troops.

"Anyway, we have to fight, be they as many as they may," I said to Mary Doyle, who walked with me; "for every man of us knows that there will be no terms but the rope if he surrenders to the enemy, and no terms but the pike if he deserts us. Every man has got to be either with us or against us. It has been decided to tolerate no neutrals."

"What will happen if we're beat, Cormac?"

"Oh, the hanging and houseburning, now temporarily interrupted, will go on more merrily than before. I'm told they're sending over the Germans, the Hompesch

Dragoons, from England, who spare neither man, woman, nor child, to pursue us about the country."

"We've got to run away before we can be pursued, and the running has been mostly on the other side up to this. The flag is still flying on Vinegar Hill."

"And they're stretching the traitors outside the old mill. There's poetry for you! But stay you here, Mary. Don't come further this way. Here you are under cover, but as soon as we get yonder where Sullivan and his guns are, there will be a clear view up and down to the road."

She stopped, and I fondly imagined my words had taken effect, until I saw her rest the butt of her firelock on the ground, select a cartridge with great deliberation, bite and ram it down, prime freely, and close the steel down again over the pan. She then looked at me with a kind of shine in her eyes which told me there was little hope in reasoning with her. I was desperately anxious, for I knew her tameless spirit and, may I add, inconvincible obstinacy well.

"For the love of God, Mary, what is it you are going to do?"

"I want to see that view you were mentioning. I think it will be pretty."

"Ah, listen to me now; don't be a fool!"

"Thank you."

"Is this a time to be cutting jokes? Is this a place for you? You know it is not."

"You want shaving badly, Cormac."

"I beg of you to be serious. You don't know what you will be at. I have seen death and wounds and flame and smoke enough for the last day or two, to teach me that war is a cruel and awful thing, even a righteous war such as ours, even what I suppose is a small war compared to

those we read of, when only men are concerned, but if the women we love are to mix themselves in it too, it will become unspeakably horrible and only fit for savages. I beseech you, for the love I bear you, keep away now, and give that gun to one of the boys." Mary spoke seriously at last,—

"Cormac, *mo bhuachaill*, it is, as you say, no time to be joking. I am here to fight for Ireland, and for the love of Ireland I will die if need be. I will not stay behind when you go to the front, and I will not give up this gun. And if I were to die, I was thinking I would like to be near you. That is all."

"But you might be taken prisoner, which would be worse than death."

"Not alive. I've thought of that. Cormac," added this truculent Amazon, with a little sudden shiver, and a lower voice, "does it hurt badly to be shot?"

"I should say it hurts damnably, judging from the noise some of the victims make," I replied, rather morosely, and purposely exaggerating, being at my wits' end what to do with this girl, who said,—

"Come along then, we're wasting time," and shouldered her musket. Then I exclaimed, out of all patience,—

"Then, as it seems you are as mad as a hatter and as obstinate as Balaam's ass, let us go on, in God's name!"

Mary at this entirely changed her tone, saying,—

"Don't be angry at me, *mo mhuirnin!* It may be the last day one or the two of us will see the sun. Don't let us be quarrelling because I want to do my duty. Wait a little while now, and tell me again—"

"What?"

"The story you told me before. It's getting an old story now."

It is strange how we have to do what they tell us, however unwise the thing or intempestive the occasion. I took her in my arms and she put hers round my neck, and we clave together, and I felt her tears run into my mouth. I remember also that that gun of hers fell on my foot during the proceedings and hurt damnably, though I held my peace about it at the time.

"And you're not angry any more now?" she said.

"I am not. You shall do what you like, and the saints in glory keep both of us!"

"Then let us go, you and I, to the front."

"*Fág a' bealach!*" called I, and we started.

"What a great big man you are, Cormac!"

"I am. Is it to-day you are finding that out?"

"I always used to think you were a kind of boy—and you were too. But you're different now."

"I'm the same size, anyhow."

"Powers defend you from growing any more! I know that. But indeed, you are not the same at all. You talk no longer as if you were afraid of me."

"I've learnt better. You'd only tease and have no mercy. Moreover, I've had serious things to take up my mind."

"And wasn't I one of the serious things?"

"Indeed you were, and you know it. I've had responsibilities, and perhaps they make one feel older."

"And you've had your hair cropped and carry a pike and wear the green. Let me look at that pike. It's murdering bright. Did you kill anybody with that yet, Cormac?"

"Upon my conscience and the cross, I don't know. But it stuck in something somewhere at Enniscorthy and came out red. There was too much smoke and volcanic

eruptions and general devilment prevailing to arrive at greater certainty."

"What did you do when you saw the blade was bloody?"

"I believe I wiped it on the back of a North Cork man, who was lying convenient."

"Ah, well, I suppose I'll get used to war, but I don't like blood."

* * * *

"Now, if you stand here for a minute you will see all the way down the hill. There is the road, and our advanced gunmen dotted about towards the foot of the slope. There, in the dust, are the enemy coming. They're not in range yet." We were standing something to the right rear of Sullivan and his guns, which he had planted to command the road approaching our position from Wexford.

"I nearly forgot to tell you, Mary, we've a live officer prisoner this day. Very civil he was to me, too."

"The dirty coward!"

"No, he was not that. He did his duty in the fighting. If he had not he would have escaped with the others. It is quite a mistake to assume that men are cowards simply because they get defeated in war. That's a child's idea. They are often beaten by position, by having their communications threatened, by being enfiladed, vastly outnumbered, or insufficiently provided, and a dozen other reasons which would make it wrong for them to do otherwise than retreat."

"Well, mine may be a child's idea, but it is to die before you are beaten, and I call it cowardly to give in, however clever the reasons may be. Keep on, I say,

whatever happens, and—Holy Mother of God! what's that?" (Here the intrepid preacher of reckless no-surrender leaped in the air and clutched at me.)

"That is only our two little cannons going off. Come and see." And we ran over to what Sullivan grandly termed The Bathery. Our conversation had so interested us that we had neglected for the moment to watch the road, or we should have seen the enemy, regulars, militia, and yeomanry, advancing to the attack, led by an officer who went bravely in front of the attacking line and reached the foot of the hill, only, I regret to say, to perish at the first discharge of our guns, though whether actually hit by these or by our skirmishers I do not know, as the latter were firing as quickly as they could, at the same time as the howitzers were discharged, and the green and grey hillside was veiled in bluish patches of smoke.

Mary's eyes glittered, and she grasped her musket by the barrel with the left, and the small of the butt with the right hand. I could see that a strange exaltation was coming on her, which since then I have heard called "cannon fever." It is the excitement of the nerves consequent on the actual noise of the discharge, and I have seen it, aye, and felt it, even on field days when blank cartridge was used. She watched the cheerful McCaffery, who was vigorously spunging The Bathery, and fingered the lock of her own gun in an impatient way.

"Could I hit them from here?" she said.

"I doubt it. You would be more likely to put a bullet into the rear of one of our own skirmishers."

"An' there'll be no need," said *ci-devant* Sergeant Sullivan, "for I see some of them rethratin'!—the yeos leadin' the way as ushil. I'll give them a small *bosóg* to

make them step out. Kape clear, miss, for the rekyle of The Bathery is desthructive."

It became apparent that the early fall of their leader (whose example of bravery and self-devotion was pitifully wasted on his troops), and the evident fact that we had a strong position, defended by unexpected cannon of unknown number, was having an intimidating effect on the King's troops. They were visibly hesitating, officers gathering together in groups and then hurriedly dispersing and giving orders, and pointing up at our position, obviously trying to persuade or bully unwilling men to advance, men, some of whom retired out of range, and then turned round and fired ineffectual volleys for form's sake, men, some of whom did not stay to fire at all.

In the meantime, after much elaborate aiming and many directions to his assistants, who had to "take up the trail" and wag the things about till trained and planted to Sullivan's satisfaction, there was another alarming pair of bangs, and a volume of white smoke, which cleared away in time to show us the King's troops making a precipitous retreat on Wexford, where their arrival as disorderly fugitives placed the Ascendency authorities in a state closely resembling hysterics. From our main body, now all clustered on the ridge overlooking the Wexford Road, arose a tremendous shouting and yelling, the pikes were brandished, the green flag was waved in the sunlight, and Mary said to me, with a heightened colour and the tears of triumph in her eyes,—

"Is this all? Is the battle over?"

"Bloodthirsty creature! Do you want more?" said the voice of Denis D'Arcy. "Cormac, my friend, we march *instanter* on Wexford. If we go after them now, before they can re-form or communicate with Taghmon or

Duncannon, the town will be ours without a blow. Sullivan, limber up and be ready to advance along the road. Cormac, go you down the hill and collect all the advanced gunmen. Don't bring them here, but form up on the road to serve as advanced-guard and escort for the guns. Sullivan, you will advance when Mr. Faly has done that. Cloney and Kelly and myself will follow with the rest of the men. March straight to Wexford as close to the enemy as you can go, and tell them we're all coming behind you by the thousand, with our pikes in good repair. If they show fight open out on each side of the road, and let Sullivan have a shot at them, and keep your men firing till the pikemen can come up. Then charge, and pitchfork the *bodachs* into the pit of h—ll! I pray your pardon, Miss Doyle, for using camp-language."

"Colonel D'Arcy, may I go with—with Mr. Faly?"

Denis looked at her with admiration, not unmixed with amusement, and said,—

"Faith, my lady, I hardly know what to say to that. I have no right to give you orders, but I do not wish to encourage a beautiful young lady to put herself in range of those dirty cowards representing the British Army this day between here and Wexford. What is it you want to do?"

"I want to shoot a few yeos for one thing. I have not forgotten Mullingar, nor the picket and the Ancient Britons—and I didn't have a chance yet to let this gun off."

"Maybe the yeos would shoot back if they saw 'twas only a woman. But stay, here's some new trick. Merciful powers! It's a flag of truce. What next? At this rate we shall be recognized belligerents before long

instead of bloody rebels. Cormac, just go and see the gunmen don't kill the *parlementaires* out of sport; tell them to halt in the name of the Irish Republic, and speak their business. Go on preparing to advance, every one, all the same."

It was even as Denis had said. Two deputies, the brothers Richards, had been sent to treat for the surrender of the town of Wexford by the King's troops. And scarce a shot had we fired. Our fortune was indeed greater than I expected. As I escorted them up the hill, the Messrs. Richards informed us that the officer who had so gallantly led the troops to the attack on our position at Three Rocks and fallen at their head, a fruitless but noble sacrifice, when we opened fire, was a retired military gentleman of the name of Watson, residing in the neighbourhood, whom Colonel Maxwell, of the Donegal Militia, had persuaded to take the command.

When we got up to the camp, and the brothers Richards were brought into the presence of our leaders, we heard enough to ably demonstrate that by this time the unrestrained and unpunished rapine, violence, and general indulgence in lawless and destructive acts of the last year or two under Lord Carhampton and the Insurrection Act, had so demoralized His Majesty's forces in Ireland, that the best thing we could do was to complete that demoralization as quickly as possible, by seizing all the military posts and deposits of arms which the opportunity placed within our reach, before those fresh troops could come over from England, which rumour already told us were on their way, including the cruel and ferocious Hompesch Dragoons, of whom we had heard the wildest and most extraordinary rumours.

The Wexford ambassadors told us that the magistrates

and the Ascendency faction generally in the town were in a state of desperate alarm, and well they might be, thinking that the hour had at last struck when the iniquities of years were to be accounted for, and convinced, perchance, by the conscience-stricken memory of many a crime and cruelty what kind of doom they deserved.

They not only condescended to treat with us (now for the second time), but waited, nine in number, seven magistrates and two military officers of high rank, upon Mr. Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, beseeching him to use his influence to mitigate the just resentment of an outraged people. Thereupon that most humane and kindly gentleman (destined, after much strife, sorrow, and disappointment, to meet with a shameful and cruel martyrdom at the hands of the very persons he was endeavouring to save and protect) wrote a letter, which the Messrs. Richards brought to the insurgent camp at Three Rock Hill. Here it is :—

"I have been treated in prison with all possible humanity, and am now at liberty—"

"Yes," commented Denis, "they let him out when they daren't longer keep him. Go on."

"—I have procured the liberty of all the prisoners here. If you pretend to Christian charity, do not commit massacre—"

"He's been hearing of Dunlavin Green, maybe," observed Colonel John Kelly, grimly.

"Was there not some talk too about a mill on Vinegar Hill?" asked Denis, with a genial smile; "you may take your oath the Wexford magistrates heard *that* story through a magnifying-glass. But I am interrupting."

"—Or burn the property of the inhabitants—"

"The inhabitants! What inhabitants? The in-

habitants are all patriots," exclaimed Father Roache. "Anyway, there's plenty of room in the gaol for all those who are not."

"And their property is too valuable to burn, I make no doubt," remarked Denis. "Go on, get this lesson in 'humane letters' done."

"—And spare your prisoners' lives.

"B. B. HARVEY."

"Wednesday, May 30th, 1798."

"Ah, well," said Denis, "Harvey is a gentleman.. But I don't see, in the meantime, why we should not advance while terms are being treated of."

It was pointed out to him that we might thereby perhaps have to fight for what we seemed likely to get without, and that our present position was practically unassailable. Denis said nothing but,—

"Well, have it your own way. Tell me when the talking's done, and you're ready to move, and I'll see that the boys do move, and that quickly." Then he lit a pipe, and turning to me, continued in an undertone,—

"What we want is a commander-in-chief who knows what he is at, can make himself obeyed, and has an elementary acquaintance with the practice of war. Maybe I could put my hands on such an one, though I've never seen his face, if they were to ask for him. But they won't ask him except when they've got into a scrape and it's nearly too late to get them out of. There is, with all respect to the Church, a d——d sight too much priest about the staff here. The one good man in the lot is John Kelly. I can depend on him. However, it's no good grumbling."

"Won't Bagenal Harvey take the command, when we occupy Wexford?"

"Perhaps. I hope so. But he is a Protestant, and Roache won't like that."

It was not till after Mr. Edward Fitzgerald had gone away, accompanied by one of the Richards, to superintend the carrying out of the terms, that we discovered the whole thing to be a treacherous and cowardly ruse. The flag of truce and negotiations for surrender were mere blinds, excuses for making a delay, in order to give time for the magistrates and military to effect an escape, carrying their arms with them, which many of them did, in the direction of Duncannon Fort, burning farmers' houses and Catholic chapels as they went—an apt practical comment on Mr. Harvey's humane exhortation to the insurgents. The Messrs. Richards had acted in perfect good faith, being unaware of the use which was being made of them, and that while they were arranging for the surrender of the garrison, the greater part of the latter was hurriedly leaving Wexford.

After this discovery we had some difficulty in preserving the lives of our prisoners, who had not, after all, been to blame in the matter.

Denis said, "*Vous l'avez voulu, Goerges Dandin!* What am I after telling you? Before you negotiate with a rat you should make sure that the door of his trap is shut. There's hundreds of muskets and thousands of rounds lost us by this d——d cackling up on Three Rock Hill at a time when we ought to have been occupying all the roads and surrounding the enemy."

This he said as we were marching in furious haste towards Wexford.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TIDE IS WITH US STILL.

I DO not think in all my life I have seen and taken part in such a wonderful outbreak of triumph and gladness as was our entry into Wexford that day, May 30th, 1798, not even when we saw the Emperor come back to us in the beginning of the Hundred Days, for there were a great many who regarded that memorable event with foreboding and regret.

Every window fluttered forth green flags, green handkerchiefs, green branches, and even green rags, while the ladies wore ribbon cockades of the same colour, and the inhabitants shouted and sang together with our fighting men in exultant joy. We all then thought the bad old times were gone for ever and the Saturnian kingdom come again, as we marched along with our guns and pikes, and scythes on poles, and our green ribbons and banners streaming out in the sun.

We held Lord Kingsborough and a good many officers prisoners, in spite of the unfortunate escape of the main body, and we held the capital of County Wexford, as well as the position of Vinegar Hill where the main rebel camp still was. We had beaten and put to flight the armed forces of the Crown several times, we had captured arms, ammunition, and even cannon, in the short space of

three or four days, so we had some reason to triumph. But it soon became evident that some of our less disciplined adherents were inclined to triumph a little too much, under the influence of the hospitality of the town, the excitement of the moment, and the infectious example of those base characters who seldom fail to appear in the wake of even the most highly regulated and carefully trained of armies, and would be likely, if not carefully put under control, to create a state of anarchy in the town in which our prisoners, and any hapless persons known or suspected to be of the Ascendency faction, would be far from safe. The command of a large body of armed men, of quick passions, and more or less under the influence of drink, is, above all in the hour of victory, a difficult task and an awful responsibility. I myself had some difficulty in saving a poor fellow from being pistolled in the Bull Ring by mistake, he being supposed to be an Orangeman, whereas in reality he was a United man. It is only due to myself to add that I should have endeavoured to save his life even had he really been an Orangeman.

This state of things was, however, soon put an end to. Mr. Bagenal Harvey was elected General-in-chief by acclamation, and a small committee or council formed to preserve order and good government, and I may add that, although attempts at political vengeance were occasionally made, and usually suppressed, there was no plundering of property, and no female experienced the slightest insult or injury.

One of the first acts of the Wexford committee, after the restoration of order, was to issue a proclamation in the name of the People, authorizing the arrest and trial of certain magistrates whose public conduct had been marked by more than the usual atrocity, they having now

prudently disappeared. Then, after a council of war, it was decided first to send a separate force *viâ* Carrigrue, in the direction of Gorey, to open up the road to the capital; this done, to return to Wexford, after which, re-united with the main body, to proceed with the latter to operate in a westerly direction, and capture New Ross, the key of Munster, so turning Duncannon Fort and Waterford.

The above detachment having started, there was nothing in particular for us to do, except drill, till it came back again, for on its success in protecting us from the enemy in the north largely depended the feasibility of our march to the west. General Harvey remained at Wexford in the meantime, as did Denis and myself.

A word about our commander-in-chief. Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey was a refined, upright and liberal-minded Protestant gentleman, with a hereditary estate of about 2000*l.* a year, and that free of encumbrance. He was far from strong, and was just now in delicate health resulting from his confinement in Wexford gaol. Though brave and chivalrous by nature, he was at the same time of a somewhat nervous temperament, which told on him in moments of emergency and helped to wear down his strength. And this man gave up health, fortune, influential and highly-placed connections and friends, liberty, and lastly laid down life itself for the sake of his persecuted countrymen, mostly of a humble station and a different religious persuasion from his own. What a contrast to the ambitious, double-minded, time-serving vendors of innocent blood, upon whom the Government heaped honours and wealth, to the infamous Higgins, to Corrigan (happily despatched to his account), to "Sheares" Armstrong, to the nameless traitors who delivered Father O'Coigly and

poor Lord Edward into the hands of their enemies—in short, to all the obscene vultures that sniffed and gloated round the Dublin shambles!

Harvey invariably used all his influence on the side of humanity to the vanquished, and, though intrepid in the field, nothing distressed him more than the ghastly and sickening tragedies which occasionally disgraced the conduct of both sides in this stormy and passionate struggle of ours

> "To burst in twain the galling chain,
> And free our native land."

In a few days our detachment returned from the north, and, judging from the noise they made while yet in the distance, we concluded that they had met with good sport. When they actually entered the town, dusty, tired (and perfectly sober, strange to relate), their eyes shone, and they were all singing—

> "And Ireland shall be free
> From the centre to the sea,
> So hurrah for liberty!
> Says the Sean-bhean bhoght!"

And they brought with them many prisoners and three pieces of cannon! It was even better than we could have expected. They had met Colonel Walpole with a strong force and three guns and had defeated him, killing many, taking several prisoners and capturing the guns. They were then attacked by a fresh force of 1500 men under General Loftus, upon whom they turned the three guns to such purpose that Loftus had to fall back, the enemy to evacuate Gorey and Arklow, thus leaving the approach to the capital exposed. This gallant achievement has since become known to history as the battle of Tubberneering.

After due congratulation and the needed rest and

refreshment, and a fresh council of war, at which I had the honour of assisting, it was decided to march to the west, and leave the Vinegar Hill army, for the present, to take care of itself and of that part of the country. Accordingly we started *viâ* Carrigburn and Taghmon, and on the evening of June 4th reached Corbet Hill, where a camp had been arranged for, within a mile of the town of New Ross, on the Barrow, across which a bridge led into County Kilkenny.

New Ross was occupied at this time by the Royal troops under General Johnson.

We had with us General Harvey, Colonel John Kelly, General Cloney, Mr. (or captain) Matthew Furlong, of course Father Roache, Father Moses Kerns, and a number of other gentlemen, mostly provided with horses and green uniforms, who were prepared to devote both life and fortune to their country's cause. Our force was now better organized, we had at least some artillery, and we had the prestige of success with us and a firm belief in the righteousness of our cause, so it is not surprising that the camp that night resounded with song, or that the whisky-jug circulated with some freedom—perhaps too much.

Tired of the society of our staff, and its port and claret and whisky, I wandered away into the summer night, watching the glaring camp-fires near, the twinkling lights of New Ross in the distance, and the wonderful Milky Way above. After a while I found her whom I wanted, and we stood awhile together, saying nothing, but holding one another very closely. At last she said,—

"Is it not all wonderful, and the most wonderful part of all our being here to see it? Where will we be this time to-morrow, Cormac, I wonder?"

"Please God, we'll be in New Ross, and Bagenal Harvey

in General Johnson's headquarters. But perhaps I'll be shot, Mary. I've been lucky as yet, but you can't count on luck lasting."

"Oh no, you will not! And Cormac, will you wear this? Maybe 'twill help to turn a bullet aside; put it under your clothes." And, first kissing it, she handed me a small medal, of oval shape, with a religious image upon it.

I thanked her and promised to do as she had said, though I knew if it pleased God a bullet should come my way, it would not spare me for all that. And then we said good-night and kissed one another, for we knew that the next day would begin early.

The singing still went on.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEW ROSS.

I NOW come to speak of the awful battle of New Ross, which lasted from early morning till near dark, the daylight of a long June day, marked not only by the distinguished gallantry of some, but also by the inhuman savagery of others, such as seldom, I trust, has been or will be in Christian warfare. And this brings me near to an event in this civil war which I can only approach even now, far away as it all is in the grey old years, with tears and fierce wrath—futile wrath now, for the guilty have long since gone to their account. A thing was done on that June 5th which altered, and it may be warped and embittered my disposition for life. I am not a practised writer, but I tell you the grim truth which I with my eyes have seen, you, my brothers from the Old Land all over the world into whose hands these words may fall when I am dead, and when you read them you may perhaps trace in them a dim dream-like vision of the grey old square-set stone gateway and streets of New Ross, veiled in white smoke and flashes of fire, and may catch a far-off echo of the crash and din of '98.

At half-past three in the morning of June 5th, General Harvey issued the following summons to the officer commanding the King's forces at New Ross :—

"SIR,—As a friend to humanity, I request you will surrender the town of Ross to the Wexford forces now assembled. Your resistance will but provoke rapine and plunder to the ruin of the most innocent. Flushed with victory, the Wexford forces, now innumerable and irresistible, will not be controuled if they meet with any resistance; to prevent therefore the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a speedy surrender, which you will be forced to in a few hours with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides. Your answer is required in four hours. Mr. Furlong carries this letter and will bring the answer.

"I am, sir, &c.,

"B. B. HARVEY."

The King's troops had occupied the suburbs, the fields, walls, and ditches between our camp and the town, and had, since dawn, been dropping random shots at us, which did little or no harm. It was to one of such outposts, or advanced positions, that the above letter was carried by Mr. Matthew Furlong, an amiable and unassuming young man, who rode quietly up, exhibiting a white flag on the end of a pike. On his halting and explaining the object of his advance, the outpost fired a volley, killing him on the spot. That is why General Johnson never got the letter, and that is why the battle of New Ross began earlier than had been intended or expected by either side. The rage and fury of our people at this cold-blooded murder of a messenger of peace and mercy made it impossible to postpone the attack a moment longer, much less to make a second attempt at a parley.

Colonel John Kelly at once started with the first battalion of the Barony of Bantry, 1500 strong, to drive

in the soldiers lining the ditches, walls, outlying cabins, &c., with the ultimate object of forcing the Three Bullet Gate of the town, a large, heavy-looking, and rather ugly stone structure, originally called the Bewley Gate, but better known by the other name ever since Cromwell's celebrated three cannon-shots which are said to have taken the town. Denis and I with another battalion supported, firing from a ditch on the left rear of Kelly's advance at the soldiers on our left front, and so the action began.

Compared to this battle, the others at which I had been present (I was not at Tubberneering) were but child's play. We had a large number of the English regular troops to deal with, which was no joke, as well as the militia, to which we had become accustomed and learned to despise. The better part of them had deserted to us already, and the remainder were more encumbrance than help to the enemy, with certain exceptions.

The cabins and suburbs of New Ross were soon in a blaze, which made advancing uncomfortable, though adding a certain awful grandeur to the scene, and the constant deafening crash of musketry, combined with the periodic booming of cannon, which now came into play on both sides, made an impression bewildering, exciting, and terrible upon me, a youth unversed in warfare, who little dreamed of Dresden or of Leipzig.

It was at this opening stage of the engagement that Lord Mountjoy, of the Dublin Militia, was shot dead, in a well-meant but misunderstood effort to harangue the insurgents, who had not forgotten Furlong. So crime begets crime.

The Three Bullet Gate was defended by two six-pounders, up to the barking mouths of which brave

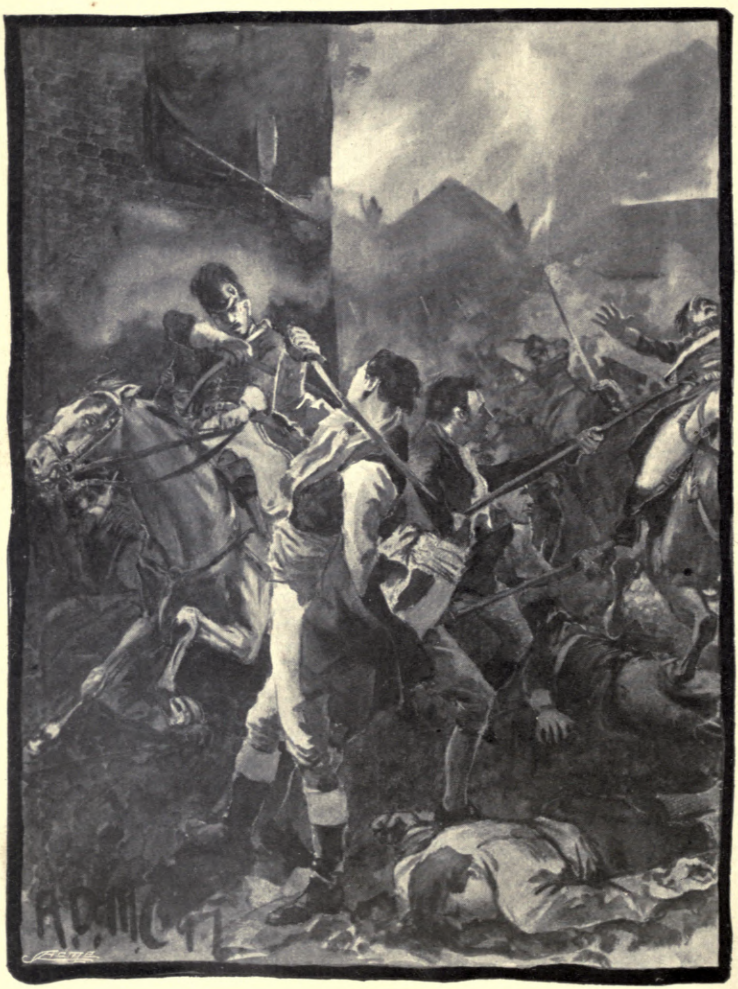
Kelly led his men, having driven in the troops so far in half an hour.

Denis and I and our men then arose from our ditch and rushed, under a tremendous fire, to the support of Kelly and his men. By this time I was too much excited to care whether I was shot or no, and on we went, dropping on the way fewer men than might be expected from the uproar and smoke in front of us.

Well, we took the gate, or rather Kelly did, and we remained to hold it while he went on to take the barracks and the arms and ammunition there, which he did, but was most unfortunately shot in the thigh in the attempt. We could ill afford to lose such a man. He was taken back to Wexford for medical aid.

From this gate a street led into the town in a northerly direction, almost parallel with the river. The barracks were to the left of this, down Michael Street, and beyond them went Michael's Lane towards the shambles and the river. More of our men having come up to the gate, we moved on in the direction just indicated, gradually pressing the enemy more and more in the direction of the Barrow. During this advance we sustained a charge of the Fifth Dragoons, and we killed Cornet Dodwell and twenty-eight men, which meant twenty-eight carbines and cartouche-boxes to the good.

The noise and heat had become almost intolerable by this time. The echo of the streets made the discharges of the fire-arms much louder, and the limited space compressed us all into a dense mass of rushing, dusty, blood-stained, sweating and shouting madmen. The guns in our hands were almost too hot to hold, the long pikes were streaming scarlet, a cannon before us was being hurried away in flight by three live horses, with a dead one



New Ross.

attached to them there had been no time to cut free, the air was dense with smoke, through which perpetual flashes cut and darted, some in front, some from windows and loop-holed walls—yet on we went through this reeking, deafening hell, slowly, and with great exertion and sacrifice, gaining ground, until at last, with a sudden yielding movement, like the collapse under pressure of a sheet of ice, the main body of General Johnson's army fled across the Barrow into County Kilkenny, leaving only the main-guard at the market-house and the Clare Militia in the Irishtown, which is on the side of New Ross furthest from the river. Surprised at the slackening of fire and comparative freedom of movement in front, I said to Denis, "What does this mean?" He, wiping his face with his handkerchief, and putting his sword into its scabbard, said,—

"It means we have taken New Ross. The biggest part of the job will be to keep it. Let us go and find Harvey at once." And we went back towards the Three Bullet Gate.

Denis's forecast was only too well justified, for it was at this period of the day that a mistake was made, not unnatural on the part of the men, under the circumstances, but fatal to our purpose and discreditable to our commanders. What ought to have been immediately done, and with decision, before the men had time to lose their cohesion and get out of control, was to drive the nail home by at once attacking and dislodging the remaining detached parties, and securing the bridge and the opposite gate—Broguemaker's Gate, I think it was called—which would have made the town practically and unassailably ours. Instead of this, our men were permitted to break into confused groups and to wander about the streets seeking drink, of which they found far too much, wasting

valuable time and losing all semblance of military discipline.

We found poor General Harvey at his wits' end, being passionately harangued by General Thomas Cloney, who commanded the whole Barony of Bantry contingent, on the lamentable state of affairs, and Denis added his voice in the same sense, pointing out that the enemy would be back again before the men could be pulled together unless something were done, and we should have the whole work to do over again. Then, with Harvey's consent, Denis and Cloney and myself went and endeavoured to collect a fairly respectable force to fire on the main-guard with one of the Three Rocks howitzers, a thing we ought to have done long ago. It was now too late. The enemy had come back again, the houses were full of foes who fired at us so hotly, that after sending in vain to Harvey for reinforcements, we had to fall back. General Cloney then made a desperate attack on the Clare Militia in Irishtown, but the men had become demoralized and would not follow him.

Through the above mentioned fearful error and subsequent confusion, the rebellion of 1798 practically became paralyzed, not through the skill or courage of the Loyalists, but through the want of self-control and foresight of the Croppies. Not that there were not more battles and good battles fought, but the failure to keep New Ross after having once got hold of it was the beginning of the end. Had we held it, we could have joined hands with Munster on the left, and with Kildare and Wicklow on the right, while Down and Antrim threatened the capital from the north, and all Ireland would have been in a blaze that nothing could extinguish. As it was, there had been a sacrifice of three hundred killed and five hundred wounded on our side (I do not know how many

on the other), only to have the victory their blood had bought thrown away by the recklessness and incapacity of their surviving comrades.

The fight continued indeed till nightfall, but we were on the losing side now. Our men were melting away, those who remained staunch were dead tired, and many were killed by the enemy's cavalry as they lay asleep or drunk on the pavement. General Cloney, who had been in the thick of it all day from dawn till dusk, told me afterwards he fell asleep as he sat on his horse from sheer fatigue, despite danger, noise, flames, and everything else, towards evening.

We, i.e. Denis, I, McCaffery, and a number (alas! a decreasing number) of others, whose names I do not know, were slowly being forced back with the hand-drawn howitzer in the direction of Broguemaker's Gate, many of our men falling, and many more, I grieve to say, flying, before we reached that point, so that the force that had been a comparatively dense mass was now a thin and scattered group, and we could see one another and move about with comparative ease. We made one more halt, and turned to the front. An officer waved a sword from a window on the first floor of a house, and called out,—

"In the King's name, surrender!"

Denis stood up, took off his hat to the officer, and called out in his penetrating bugle-throated voice,—

"In the name of the Irish Republic, fire!"

We did so, but could do little more. We had but a few rounds left, and pikes are no use against men in the upper floors and on the roofs of houses.

I was at this time struck with horror and amazement at hearing a well-known voice close behind me, saying,—

"Oh, I'm fit to be tired, Cormac, looking for you!

Will it never be done?" Turning, I saw Mary Doyle, her eyes blazing wide open, her face all stained with the smoke, her dress torn, and the space between the finger and thumb of her right hand black where the priming had caught it when the flash had blown backwards. She leaned her carbine on the ground, and said,—

"I've fired all my cartridges, I've got my right shoulder aching with the kick of them, and I've had nothing to eat since four this morning."

"Where's your father?"

"He is where yours is, God be good to him! and all that is mortal of him lies by the Three Bullet Gate. It looks as if we'd be joining them soon. And—" here the girl frankly broke down and wept—"I've no one left now but you, Cormac."

"Let's get her out of here," said Denis; and we went towards Broguemaker's Gate. At this juncture the men who were drawing the howitzer dropped the lines and ran away out of the gate. We were very few now, three men and a girl.

"D—n their souls to h—ll!" said Denis.

"Do you mean to say," said Mary, "you are going to leave our dear little cannon behind, which cost heroes' lives to get?"

"I don't see men enough to take it away, Miss Doyle, and that's the unfortunate truth. They are all too busy looking after their own safety. I'm afraid we'll have to abandon the poor thing."

"Well," said Mary, seating herself on the gun, "here shall I stay to be shot sooner than leave it behind, and everlasting shame be on you if you don't procure some men to carry it off."

"By the Eternal, if ten per cent. of the men had the

"Seating herself on the gun."

Page 301.

courage and sense of this lady we'd have won this battle hours back!" said Denis, and he succeeded with some difficulty in collecting five men to take up the ropes and move the gun. This was sufficient to stimulate the enemy, and two more merciless volleys came crashing out, and the hot blue sky was hidden again with smoke. Mary uttered a little startled cry, and slipped down, remaining on the ground. Denis and I and McCaffery hurriedly carried her down a lane to the right, out of the line of fire, where it proved that her left tibia was smashed by a bullet. By the aid of some linen bandaging, Denis made a practice of carrying about with him, I did the best I could in the way of temporary treatment, and then Denis said,—

"What are we to do with her?"

"Oh, leave me here!" moaned the girl; "what does it matter?"

"There's a house where many of our wounded are, sir," said McCaffery, "in a good safe place. Will I take a door down, and we'll carry the lady there?"

"Do so, McCaffery, by all means. And Mary, my dear, if ever they have a Queen of Ireland I hope it will be one like you."

It was the best we could do, and we did it. The extemporized hospital was uncomfortably crowded, and a disgusting spectacle; but we found a place for Mary, and gave her the best surgical relief possible under the circumstances, and got a woman to attend to her.

There was now a lull in the conflict which had been proceeding, off and on, for thirteen hours, which we decided to take advantage of to obtain a cart or vehicle of some kind to convey Mary to Wexford, not only because qualified medical assistance might there be obtained, but because

New Ross might at any moment become the scene of another sanguinary encounter, our men, in spite of heavy losses, being still numerous and not far off, and it being quite conceivable either that we might make a rally, or the enemy attempt to press their partial success home. The fact was that both sides for the moment were tired of fighting, and, as it were by mutual consent, paused to take rest and refreshment. We passed one party of our own side enjoying a cask of port in an excellently sheltered ditch, and from their appearance I should say their only contribution to the whole day's achievements had been drinking in a ditch. Such adherents are worse than enemies.

After a long while we succeeded in obtaining a cart, and by the time we got near New Ross again fighting was going on, and parts of the town seemed to have caught fire. But we little dreamed what had really happened, what we were to be told when we reached the Three Bullet Gate. The enemy had, it seemed, not by accident, but wilfully and wantonly, set on fire the houses containing our wounded.

We rushed into the town desperately, crowds of us, all our fiercest passions roused, every coward transformed into a ferocious fighting man for the moment, at the news of that unspeakable atrocity, all our fatigue gone as if by magic. We attacked recklessly foot soldiers or dragoons, and literally cut and thrust our way to the place where that fire was. It was too true. The houses were already more than half consumed, and unapproachably hot. A few slightly injured ones had run out, only to be killed for the most part by the yeomanry, who stood by laughing at them as they ran, half-dressed, wounded, and unarmed—"out of the fire into the frying-pan," as one of them who escaped told me the yeos had sportively remarked. There

had been no chance for Mary to escape. She could not walk, and there was no one to carry her.

Those yeomen did not laugh much when we came. We took blood for blood without remorse, until forced back by the actual weight of superior numbers, and then we went back fighting, with our faces to the foe, and still doing rare good work with the long pikes. I never saw Denis in a passion before. He had hitherto been active, but in a cool, business-like way, as of a person who knows he is doing a good day's work, but has done it before and expects to have to do it again. Now it was as if there never was going to be another fight in the world, and the chance must not be lost. He had thrown off his coat and rolled it round his left arm—a trick he had learned in Spain or Italy, I take it—and was working his sword with lightning-like rapidity and masterly precision. It was beautiful to see how he almost sported with the clumsy swordsmen of the yeomanry, and how the blade played in and out like a wasp's sting among the lungs and livers of those paladins. Oh! It was a good fight that! Denis had his mouth tight shut, in a sort of grimace which stretched and pulled at the skin of his cheeks, his brows wrinkled over his dark, splendid, blazing eyes, and he never uttered a sound. When it was all over, he gave a big sigh, and said,—

"God! We've made Hell fuller the last few minutes. Get me a drink, somebody."

We soon came on General Harvey gazing disconsolately at the smoking ruins of Scullabogue Barn. There, as you know from history, our people, on hearing of the fate of the hospital in New Ross, burnt and slew our prisoners. General Harvey, dear, good man, was horribly shocked and distressed. He had not had a dear, helpless, incomparable

Mary, nor even a brother or son, in the New Ross hospital.

Do you think I handled a bucket to put out one spark at Scullabogue? Now, I sometimes wish I had. No, I do not! I know I ought to repent. But I do not. Mary's murder rises up before me.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RACES OF CASTLEBAR.

For a long while after that I had, it seemed to me, no heart or mind. I went mechanically from place to place with Denis, was present at the affairs of Lacken, Longraig and Fooke's Mill, where I believe I did my duty in a dull sort of way. When I saw a redcoat, if I got near enough I put my pike in him, saying, in a half-crazy fashion, "Blood! But blood is not so bad as fire."

At last there came a nightmare of thunder in the dim dawn of June 21st, which was the cannonade of Vinegar Hill, and I received a wound which I verily believe brought my right mind back, though I was still rather deaf, and then after that the heading and hanging began. The Wexford insurrection was over, though it went on yet in Wicklow and Kildare and farther north with alternate successes and defeats for some time.

Poor, kindly, well-meaning Bagenal Harvey, poor, valiant, pig-headed Father Roache, were among the first to be hanged on Wexford Bridge, and their mutilated bodies cast with every indignity into the water.

John Kelly's head was kicked like a football along the streets by the triumphant champions of "law and order."

I do not wish to dwell on the long and tragic tale of senseless rabid butchery which concluded the history of

the rebellion in this part of the country, the farcical courts-martial, with their pre-arranged verdicts, where our judges were the bitter enemies we had just been fighting, who disgusted even their English and Scotch allies with their ferocious injustice.

It is no use whining. We had been undoubtedly engaged in an insurrection and must take the consequences. Denis and I and McCaffery became a trio of hunted exiles among the Black Stairs mountains, and after many struggles and hardships, too long and miserable to describe, found our way into Connaught, and finally to old Killdrinan Cave, where we lay and rested, and tried to recover health of mind and body, maintained at the risk of their lives by the devotion of the peasantry and farmers, who supplied us with food and drink they lowered to us after dark.

Times, of a dark night, Denis ventured to steal a meeting with his lady-love, Miss Faly, who had, of course, been informed of our whereabouts by the people. She was naturally much grieved and alarmed at the failure of the rising, and unspeakably shocked at the horrible fate of her friend, playmate, and foster-sister, Mary Doyle. She had also, in the great kindness of her heart, had a stone put over my father's grave, which I was shown stealthily, one moonlight night, by one of the Caseys, who left me kneeling here.

This brings me to the month of August, 1798, when our smouldering hopes were entirely extinguished after one last bright flicker.

It was old Connel-an-Bard who brought the news. Denis was looking at a map of Ireland: "You see," he was saying to me, "old Lake is at Castlebar with 5000 men, and more. If anybody wanted to go from hereabouts

to Sligo and Dublin, let us say, they must first clear him off their right flank."

"And who wants to go to Sligo?"

"I have reason to hope that a good many persons will ere long. I have observed lights out at sea of a promising description the last night or two, and the boys wanted to build a big blaze on Lenadoon Point, but I said no. More people might see that than we wanted. Every mother's son of them has got a pike buried in the ground or hidden in the thatch, you may take your oath."

"You think all is not yet lost?"

"I hope to have another fight for Ireland yet, Cormac. There is that in me that says they have not heard the last of us yet. I only wish that little Italian, who is at present the greatest of Frenchmen, had made up his mind a month or two sooner, all the same. We'd be in Dublin this day if he had. Never mind, we may get there yet."

And so we talked and waited in suspense in our gloomy hiding-place inside the wave-beaten cliff of Killdrinan, when Connel-an-Bard came. He had climbed in from the sea entrance, and he was wearing his old '45 hat and cockade, in which he had followed the fortunes of one of Prince Charles's Irish "wild-geese," a native of Connel's country from Fontenoy to Culloden, and he was in a state of unusual exaltation. His information, reduced, as Denis expressed it, to its lowest common denominator, was that the French had landed in Killala Bay and were on the march to Ballina. Connel did not know in what strength they were. It was not till many hours afterwards that we knew that Humbert's expedition consisted of little more than 800 men, and that Buonaparte had decided that Egypt instead of Ireland was to be the destination of that great army from which we had hoped so much. Had

he decided in the reverse sense there had been no Waterloo.

"Well, Cormac, we can't sit still down here longer now. What? I want to hear the silver music of the French *reveillé* once more." And we stood and clasped hands, and started off in silence, but with beating hearts and sparkling eyes, to find the French, Denis, myself, and the half-insane old man.

We soon fell in with large clusters of peasants gathering along the road with pikes and scythes, all heading one way, taking mountains and boggy short cuts, and apparently well aware of their direction and object.

We came in contact with the invaders somewhere to the eastward of Ballina, and I saw for the first time French troops on the march. They were marching quickly and silently too, with no display of brilliant banners and eagles, and no stirring martial music, but in a keen, business-like way, these dark-blue soldiers, who formed the advance-guard under an officer, General Sarrazin, to whom Denis presented himself and then introduced me. General Sarrazin greeted us with great cordiality, and recommended us to collect our local forces in the rear of General Humbert, who was at Ballina, and about to advance, after leaving a garrison there, to attack Lake (who had superseded Lord Hutchinson) at Castlebar. Therefore to Ballina we went, and found General Humbert, who had already made his plans and collected his information, mainly by aid of the Irish officers in the French service who were with him, whom I was glad to see.

"It appears," said Humbert, "that our friend the enemy has detached a force to obstruct us along the only road by which he assumes it is possible we can approach his position. It is therefore our duty to achieve the

impossible, and approach by a route he does *not* consider practicable. By the aid of your gallant countrymen here, who know the *terrain*, that is what we are going to do. I have distributed proclamations broadcast, calling attention to the wrongs of Ireland and announcing that we have come, in the name of the French Republic, One and Indivisible, to their assistance, and to establish Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and to cement the efforts you Irish have already so bravely made to shake off an intolerable tyranny. I have caused the Irish Republic to be proclaimed. I leave 200 men here in Ballina. We start forthwith, by a forced march which will last us all night, after Sarrazin. You, Colonel D'Arcy, and your friend, this gentleman, will be honouring me by attaching yourselves to my staff, where you will find many compatriots. I commend you to the attention and care of Captain Bartholomew Teeling." A tall, thin gentleman, in a French uniform, saluted us gravely, and then entered into cordial and lively conversation in English.

The soldiers had eaten their food and fallen in. The order, *par file à gauche !* had been given, and the next word was drowned in the outburst of the most heart-stirring peal of music I had ever heard, and the men began to sing as they went—Ah! How often have I heard it since—

> " Allons, enfants de la patrie !
> Le jour de gloire est arrivé !
> Contre nous de la tyrannie
> L'étendard sanglant est levé."

We waved our hats and shouted, and the Irish local levies yelled and brandished their rude weapons. The French had come at last!

Well, we marched that day, and well on into the night, fifteen hours, to such purpose that Lake was astonished to

perceive, early next morning, hostile troops rise out of the autumnal mist which covered a defile hitherto regarded as impassable, and advance with great *élan* to the attack.

Think of that attack! Eight hundred soldiers, after a long and difficult forced march, advancing up a steep hillside whereon were five thousand troops of all arms and nine pieces of cannon in position! They ran up, those wiry little blue-coated *tirailleurs*, with cat-like activity, firing with leisure and precision, as men could who had been at war with nearly all Europe since 1792.

Behind them were swarms of my countrymen, "with their pikes in good repair," waiting eagerly for their chance.

Suddenly Denis said to me,—

"Cormac, by the light of Heaven, they're breaking!"

"Who are?"

"Who? Why, the enemy! They're wavering! Here! all you boys with pikes, now's your time. I've no sword, give me a pike. So. Now follow me in the name of God, and charge for Connaught! Connacht aboo!" And we started with the wild war-cry of "Connacht aboo, aboo!"

History, English history, is usually somewhat neglectful to describe what followed, how we drove the enemy flying to Tuam, nearly forty miles away, how we took five English pairs of colours and all the artillery, and gained for the battle the name it is known by, the Races of Castlebar.

But I have to tell that in the moment of victory my dear and kind friend Denis D'Arcy met the death I know he would have chosen, had he been asked. A bullet struck him and broke his brave true heart, and he died in the happy belief that victory had come to Ireland at last. We

took him away, and many of us waked him as he lay, until the time came to give him a soldier's funeral.

I found occasion to put the small objects with which he had entrusted me in Miss Faly's hands. Poor Miss Faly! She had lost a brother on one side and a lover on the other, as well as a dear friend of her own sex in this disastrous and sanguinary war. As I have since learnt, she never married, and lived to be an elderly lady, very neat, very quiet and patient, and quite, quite mad. She is now with Denis, and I trust the darkness that was upon her has been taken away by the Eternal Compassion.

As for me, I was taken prisoner at Collooney and remained in gaol a long time, as did many of my betters, including my gallant friend, Bartholomew Teeling, who met his death on the scaffold with an undaunted spirit, in spite of the protest of Humbert that he was an officer in the French service, and therefore entitled to be treated as a prisoner of war, and not as a rebel, in spite of the testimony of enemies as well as friends to his humane and honourable performance of his duty as an officer and a gentleman. I expected to be hung, but cared little now. I had nothing left to live for. My father and my love were cruelly murdered, my only friend was slain in battle, the cause of my country was lost, its courts of law, civil and martial, equally turned into a reeking shambles. Even Connel-an-Bard was dead, I heard. He was killed by a Hompesch dragoon, whom he unfortunately mistook for a Frenchman, misled by the man speaking a foreign language.

Of my old acquaintance, Napper Tandy, I can say little, as I was in prison when the Tandy invasion in the *Anacréon* took place, and by the time I was set at liberty, on condition of going abroad and not returning to

Ireland, Tandy and two others, Morres, to wit, and a man called, I think, Blackwell, had been taken prisoners at the "American Arms," in Hamburg, by the connivance of the authorities of that free town, who were no doubt bribed and intimidated by Pitt, and in spite of the protests of the French minister-resident, M. Reinhard. Tandy and his two companions were conveyed to England, where they remained for some years in prison, until, under pressure from Napoleon, Tandy was released and returned to France, where he received promotion to the rank of general, but soon afterwards died of age, disappointment, and the hardships he had undergone. The English would have hung him, I am perfectly certain, had it not been for the First Consul, who held them somewhat in a pair of tongs just then. I am happy to say that Napoleon also exacted an enormous fine from the worthy citizens of Hamburg for their treacherous breach, both of hospitality and international law, in allowing the English Minister to arrest and imprison Napper Tandy in their territory.

I passed from Ireland to France, on my liberation, and became a "wild-goose," entering that wonderful army which was to become the admiration and terror of the world, upon whose golden eagles the sun of Austerlitz had yet to rise. In its ranks I have passed through the greater part of the Napoleonic campaigns, except that of Spain and Portugal, and after Montmirail I was disabled by a wound and a long illness from further service, and therefore, strangely enough, though I have fought against Austrians, Russians, Prussians, Hanoverians, Saxons, Bavarians, and what not, I have never met the English in battle since the Races of Castlebar.

Of my marriage with my late wife, whose acquaintance I made in France, I will say nothing, as it is a personal

and private matter, wholly unconnected with the subjects of this memoir, which, fragmentary and imperfect as it is, and must, under the circumstances be, will, along with the pike-head I carried at Vinegar Hill, I hope, serve to call to my grandchildren's minds the heroes, the victims, the martyrs, and the sacrifices, never to be ungratefully forgotten or superciliously minimized, ridiculed, or depreciated, and the fierce red harvest gathered in that splendid and terrible summer of Ninety-Eight.

I desire that the relic I wear suspended round my neck, given me by Mary Doyle on the eve of New Ross, may be buried with me when the time comes.

THE END.

GILBERT & RIVINGTON, LTD., ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, CLERKENWELL, E.C.

DOWNEY & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

The Romance of the Irish Stage. By J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY. 2 vols. crown 8vo. With Portraits of Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Abingdon. 21*s.*

A Doctor's Idle Hours. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

My Theatrical and Musical Recollections. By EMILY SOLDENE. Demy 8vo, with seven Portraits. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Way They Should Go: Hints to Young Parents. By Mrs. PANTON, Author of "From Kitchen to Garret." Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hibernia Pacata: or, The Wars in Ireland during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Edited, and with an Introduction and copious Notes, by STANDISH O'GRADY. 2 vols. medium 8vo, with Portraits, Maps, and Plans. 42*s. net.*

Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism. By JOHN O'LEARY. 2 vols. With Portraits. 21*s.*

Historic Churches of Paris. By WALTER LONERGAN. Illustrated by B. S. LE FANU, and from Photographs. Crown 4to, gilt edges. 21*s.*

The Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By THOMAS MOORE. A New Edition, revised and annotated by MARTIN MACDERMOTT. Large crown 8vo. With a Portrait. 6*s.*

Photography, Artistic and Scientific. By ROBERT JOHNSON and A. B. CHATWOOD. With fifty-four Photographic Illustrations. Demy 8vo, gilt top. 10*s.* 6*d.*

NEW BOOKS—*continued.*

The New Photography. By A. B. CHATWOOD. Illustrated 1*s.*

England's Wealth, Ireland's Poverty. By THOMAS LOUGH, M.P. Third and Revised Edition. With Coloured Diagrams. 1*s.*

The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington: A Memoir. By J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY. 2 vols. with an Autogravure Portrait. 21*s.*

The Life of Laurence Sterne. By PERCY FITZGERALD. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. 10*s.*

Boz-Land: Dickens' Places and People. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With a Portrait of "Boz" by G. CRUICKSHANK. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

A Cuban Expedition. By J. H. BLOOMFIELD. Imperial 16mo. 6*s.*

The Great Famine: A Retrospect of Fifty Years (1845-1895). By W. P. O'BRIEN, C.B. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland. With Portraits of Authors, and an Introduction and Biographical Notes by MARTIN MACDERMOTT. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Poems of J. Sheridan Le Fanu. With an Introduction by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. Fcap. 8vo, with a Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Sonnets and Love Poems. By the COUNTESS DE BRÉMONT. Extra crown 8vo, gilt top. 7*s.* 6*d.*

King Stork and King Log: A Study of Modern Russia. By STEPNIAK. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 15*s.*

NEW BOOKS—*continued.*

The Life of William Carleton. By D. J. O'Donoghue. With an Introduction by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. 2 vols. large post 8vo, with two Portraits. 25*s.*

Hyde Park from Doomsday Book to Date. By John Ashton. With numerous Illustrations by the Author. Demy 8vo, gilt top. 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Jorum of "Punch": with Some Account of Those Who Brewed It. By Athol Mayhew. Imp. 16mo, 5*s.*

The Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien: A Story of the Wars of King James. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. With 22 pages of Etchings by Phiz. Imp. 16mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

What the Cards Tell. By Minetta. Imp. 16mo. Printed in black and red. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Kanter Girls: A Book for Young People. By Mary L. B. Branch. Illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. Small 4to, gilt top. 6*s.*

The Little Green Man. A Fairy Tale. By F. M. Allen. Illustrated by B. S. Le Fanu. Imp. 16mo, gilt top. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Struggles and Adventures of Christopher Tadpole. By Albert Smith. With 26 Etchings by John Leech. Demy 8vo, gilt top.

Charles Lever's Novels. A limited edition in 37 vols., with all the Original Illustrations on steel and wood. 10*s.* 6*d.* per vol. net. Sold in sets only.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

DA
949
F3

Faly, Cormac Cahir O'Connor
Ninety-eight